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*POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS*

THOMAS RANDOLPH

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON





*Thomas Randolph*  
B.A. 1627-8

*Thomas Randolph*  
M.A. 1631-2

POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS RANDOLPH  
OF TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE

*Now First Collected and Edited from the early Copies and  
from MSS. with some Account of the Author  
and Occasional Notes*

BY  
W. CAREW HAZLITT

*Sæculis aut Ovidius duci meruit*  
JAMES DUFFERT

LONDON  
REEVES AND TURNER 195 STRAND  
1875



## PREFATORY NOTICE.



SO long ago as 1833, the late Mr Dyce, who cannot be suspected of an indiscriminating enthusiasm for our old writers, remarked "that Randolph's works deserve to be reprinted;"<sup>1</sup> the Rev. Joseph Hunter ("New Illustrations of Shakespeare," 1845) speaks of this poet as "less known than he deserves to be;" and that such a republication has not hitherto been attempted, while a crowd of obscurer and less valuable authors have found editors, appears to be one of those anomalies and caprices of fortune which it is impossible to account for. Of all the minor English poets of his century, Randolph may perhaps be considered as standing at the head. He was distinguished by his wealth and happiness of fancy, a fertile and racy wit, and a vein of thought the freshness of which always charms, while its mellowness and propriety in one so young cannot fail to take us agreeably by surprise. Possibly if he had lived to publish his works, he would have pruned some of the luxuriances of his too libertine muse. In the early development of his powers, and the precocity of his genius, he excelled even Browne, Suckling, and Carew; and on the whole, his writings must be allowed to

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<sup>1</sup> Shirley's Works, 1833, i lxxvii



hold a far higher place in our literature than those of the three poets just named.

The present edition embraces everything which is known to be extant from the poet's pen, both in prose and verse. All the early printed copies from 1638 to 1668 are more or less imperfect and inaccurate, and the following pages contain, with the fullest account of Randolph's life, much that has not hitherto been collected, and several pieces believed to be now printed for the first time. The portrait which faces the title has been carefully re-engraved from the original print attached to the edition of 1640.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr Henry Huth and Mr F. W. Cosens for the loan of several MSS. referred to in the course of the book; to Mr A. G. Greenhill, of St John's College, Cambridge, for his help in getting me the dates of Randolph's admission, &c., at Trinity; and to Mr H. R. Luard for a tracing of the autograph signatures of the poet from the College Register.

Colonel Chester obligingly informs me that he has made repeated search for the will of the poet at Doctors' Commons without success; but it is more than probable that Randolph died intestate.

W C H.

KENSINGTON, LONDON  
March 1875





BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS RANDOLPH

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THOMAS RANDOLPH.



THOMAS RANDOLPH, one of the most delightful lyric and dramatic poets of his age, was the second son of William Randolph, gentleman, of Hammes (now Hamsey), in the hundred of Barcombe, and rape of Lewes, county of Sussex, by his first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Smith, of Newnham-cum-Badley, near Daventry, Co. Northampton. The poet's father was steward to Edward Lord Zouch

The poet was born in 1605 at the house of his maternal grandfather, in whose descendants the place remained down to the early years of the present century.<sup>1</sup> Its site, in Baker the Northamptonshire historian's day, is shown by an illustration which he gives. "It stands," says he, "on a bank at the end of the lane leading to Dodford." Of the other members of Randolph's family we know nothing, except that he had a younger brother Robert who, according to Baker, took holy orders, and whose name will occur again.

Randolph was baptized on the 15th June 1605, received his education at Westminster as a King's Scholar, and was thence chosen into Trinity College,

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<sup>1</sup> Baker's "Northamptonshire," i. 261.

Cambridge. He was matriculated a pensioner of Trinity College July 8, 1624, and graduated B.A. in January 1627-8, his name appearing eighth on the list of bachelors. He was admitted a minor fellow 22d of September 1629, and major fellow 23d March 1631-2, when he proceeded M.A. In 1631-2 he was incorporated M.A. at Oxford, but the precise date seems to be wanting.

He very early began to exercise his poetical talents, if it be true, as it has been said, that a "History of the Incarnation of our Saviour," in verse, extant in Wood's time (it seems)<sup>1</sup> in the juvenile author's own handwriting, was composed at the age of nine or ten years. As he grew up, the ingenuity of his literary performances procured him the esteem, as we shall see by numerous testimonies, of all who had any pretensions to wit, among the rest of Ben Jonson,<sup>2</sup> who adopted him as one of his sons, Thomas Bancroft, Sir Aston Cokain, and Shirley the dramatist, but particularly of those private and attached acquaintances, the Hattons of Kirby and the Staffords of Blatherwick, in Northamptonshire, both of whom afforded him substantial tokens of their regard and affectionate friendship.

Among Randolph's works are three poetical effusions addressed to Jonson, of which one purports to have been composed on the occasion of his literary adoption, and another at the time when the veteran dramatist was out of humour with the public in consequence of the failure of the "New Inn." The third is entitled "An Eclogue to Mr Jonson," and is

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<sup>1</sup> "Athenæ," edit. Bliss, i. 564-6, and see "Fasti," under 1631.

<sup>2</sup> Among the verses which accompany the "Jealous Lovers," 1632, is a copy addressed to Randolph's master, Master Osboston. They are couched in grateful and respectful terms, and the young poet gives his tutor the merit of everything which he has written worthy of preservation. An amiable hyperbole!

the most interesting of all, since it portrays Randolph's early life and studies at Cambridge, before he came to the metropolis.

His lively and agreeable conversation had the unfortunate effect of drawing him into the company of boisterous and quarrelsome spirits, and in one instance, at some festive gathering, a fray arose, in which the poet lost one of his fingers. Upon this accident he wrote two copies of verses,<sup>1</sup> inserted in the editions of his works.

It is to be concluded that an irregular and too free mode of living had the effect of shortening Randolph's valuable and busy life. After residing with his father for some time at Little Houghton, Northamptonshire, he went to stay with William Stafford of Blatherwick, where (under what precise circumstances is not known) he died in March 1634-5, in his thirtieth year.<sup>2</sup> On the 17th of the month he was buried in an aisle adjoining to Blatherwick Church, among the Stafford family; and subsequently Sir Christopher (afterwards Lord) Hatton caused a monument of white marble, wreathed with laurel, to be erected to his friend's memory, with the following inscription, written by Peter Hausted, of Cambridge: <sup>3</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> Only one appears in the 4<sup>o</sup> of 1638, but both occur in the editions of 1640-3, '52, '64, '68. It also appears from a passage in one of his poems that latterly he was marked by the small-pox.

<sup>2</sup> Both Mr Dyce and Mr Collier point out the discrepancy between the date of Randolph's birth and death, as given in the biographies and the inscription upon Marshall's portrait, published in 1640, in which the poet is represented as having died in 1634, *an. æt.* 27; but perhaps the wording of this statement may have been careless, and the meaning may be that Randolph was twenty-seven when the likeness engraved after his decease was taken.

<sup>3</sup> Hausted was the author of a play called "The Rival Friends," printed in 1632, after a good deal of difficulty,

## Memoria Sacrum

THOMÆ RANDOLPHI (dum inter pauciores) Foelicissimi  
et facillimi ingenii Juvenis necnon majora promittentis si fata  
viri non invidissent sæculo.

Here sleepe thitteene  
Together in one tombe.  
And all these greate, yet quarrell not for rome :  
The Muses and y<sup>e</sup> Graces teares did meete  
And grav'd these letters on y<sup>e</sup> churlish sheete,  
Who having wept their fountaines drye  
Through the conduit of the eye,  
For their freind who here does lye,  
Crept into his grave and dyed,  
And soe the Riddle is untied.  
For w<sup>ch</sup> this Church, proud that the Fates bequeath  
Unto her ever-honour'd trust  
Soe much and that soe precious dust,  
Hath crown'd her temples with an Iuye wreath,  
W<sup>ch</sup> should have Laurelle beene,  
But y<sup>t</sup> the grieved plant to see him dead  
Tooke pet and withered.

Cujus cineres brevi hac (qua potuit) immortalitate donat Christopherus Hatton, Miles de Balneo et Musarū amator. Illius vero (quem dessemus) supplendā carminibus quæ marmoris et æris scandalum manebunt perpetuum."

The two anecdotes,<sup>1</sup> which I subjoin here, of the poet may be presumed to rest on some traditional foundation, and are at any rate worth quoting as the only things of the sort which appear to have been handed down—

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occasioned by some offence it gave when performed before the king and queen at Cambridge, 19th March 1631-2. Hausted did not contribute any of the laudatory poems prefixed to the early copies of Randolph's works. See Halliwell's "Dictionary of Old Plays," in v. A curious copy of verses upon Hausted's "Rival Friends" is inserted in Mr Huth's "Inedited Poetical Miscellanies," 1870. Hausted was also the author of a Latin drama called "Senile Odium," performed at Queen's College, Cambridge, and printed in 12°, 1633.

<sup>1</sup> Hazlitt's "New London Jest-Book," 1871, p. 338.

"Randolph, who was then a student in Cambridge, having stayed in London so long that he might truly be said to have had a parley with his empty purse, was resolved to see Ben Jonson with his associates who, as he heard, at a set time kept a club together at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar. Accordingly he went thither at the specified time; but, being unknown to them, and wanting money, which, to a spirit like Tom's, was the most daunting thing in the world, he peeped into the room where they were, and was espied by Ben Jonson, who, seeing him in a scholar's threadbare habit, cried out, 'John Bo-peep, come in' which accordingly he did. They immediately began to rhyme upon the meanness of his clothes, asking him if he could not make a verse, and withal to call for his quart of sack. There being but four of them, he immediately replied—

'I John Bo-peep,  
To you four sheep,  
With each one his good fleece,  
If that you are willing,  
I'll give me five shilling,  
'Tis fifteen pence a-piece'

'Why,' exclaimed Ben Jonson, 'I believe this is my son Randolph,' which being made known to them, he was kindly entertained in their company, and Ben Jonson ever after called him his son."

The other story is taken from the MS common-place-book of Henry Oxinden of Barnham, 1647, and is called "Randolph his answer to some merry companion"—

"Several wits being a drinking together, hearing that Randolph the poet was in the house, being desirous to make sport with him, sent for him into their company. Randolph came to them; they in their discourse propounded who was the best poet, so one said Virgil, another Horace, another Ovid, &c., and gave their reasons. Randolph being demanded his opinion, said he thought the sweet singer of Israel the best. They asked him why? He said because—

'From all the ills that I have done, Lord, quit me out of hand,  
And make me not a scorn to fools that nothing understand.'"

The following has been attributed to several poets, but Sir Aston Cokain, it will be presently seen, in his "Poems," 1658, gives it to Randolph; and elsewhere the (no doubt apocryphal) story is still further im-



proved, and acclimatised by the introduction in it of Henrietta Maria as the heroine—

“*Si verum hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet,  
In thalamis, regina, tuis hâc nocte jacerem*” —

*Englised.*

“Queen, in your chamber I should lie to-night,  
If a *poor man lies everywhere*, were right”

“*To Sir Robert Hilliard.*

“Who made this distich, it is fit I tell,  
Which I have Englised but indiff'rent well—  
I think Tom Randolph. Pardon what's amiss  
In my translation for my gift of his.  
Whom you and I so well did love and know,  
When Cambridge (for his wit) extoll'd him so.”

So far Cokain. The *jeu-d'esprit*, however, is far older than Randolph's time, and is to be found in Italian in Domenichi's “*Facetie, Motti, e Burle*,” 1565, p. 459, where the reply is attributed to the secretary of the Queen of Poland.

Cokain speaks of his personal acquaintance with Randolph—

“Donne, Suckling, *Randolph*, Drayton, Massinger,  
Habington, Sandys, May, my acquaintance were.  
Jonson, Chapman, and Holland I have seen”

And Thomas Bancroft, in his “*Two Books of Epigrams and Epitaphs*,” 1639, has the following—

“*On Thomas Randall.*

“Who knew not this brave spark of Phœbus? whose  
Both life and learning might detraction pose,  
Save only that he drank too greedily  
Of the Muses' spring, and left the Sisters dry?  
Who (smiling) therefore gave the Fates command  
His body to convert to pearly sand,  
And strew it in their fountain, there to shine  
Like his clear thoughts, and make this draught divine.”

In the Address to the Reader attached to the "Jealous Lovers," 1632, Randolph himself observes : "I do not aim at the name of a poet. I have always admired the free raptures of poetry ; but it is too unthrifty a science for my fortunes."

As elsewhere noticed,<sup>1</sup> Randolph is commemorated by George Daniel of Beswick among the choice spirits of his age—

"The noble Falkland, Digby, Carew, Mayne,  
Beaumont, Sands, *Randolph*, Allen, Rutter, May."

The opinions and feelings of men of the period who might have seen and known him, as some of them no doubt did, had and have their illustrative value. In some verses before Harding's "Sicily and Naples, or the Fatal Union," 1640, the writer places our poet on a sort of literary equality with Jonson—

"Thus, friend, the bays still flourish Jonson dead,  
Randolph deceas'd, they fall to crown thy head "

And Rowland Watkyns, in his "Poems without Fictions," 1662, has a piece entitled "The Poet's Condition," where Jonson and Randolph are set side by side, and both placed in very good company (p. 110)—

"A poet, and rich? that seems to be  
A paradox most strange to me  
A poet, and poor? that maxim's true,  
If we observe the canting crue.  
What lands had *Randolph*, or great *Ben*,  
That plow'd much paper with his pen?  
Wise *Chaucer*, as old records say,  
Had never but his length of clay.  
And by some men I have been told,  
That *Cleveland* had more brains than gold  
Show me a poet, and I'll show thee  
An emblem of rich poverty  
An hundred verses, though divine,  
Will never buy one pint of wine."

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<sup>1</sup> Carew's Poems, by Hazlitt, p. xlv.

An anonymous contributor to "Witts Recreations" (edit. 1817, p. 11), adopts a highly complimentary strain—

*"To Mr Thomas Randolph.*

"Thou darling of the Muses, for we may  
Be thought deserving, if, what was thy play  
Our utmost labours can produce, we will  
Freely allow thee heir unto the hill  
The Muses did assign thee, and think't fit  
Thy younger years should have the elder wit "

Winstanley says of Randolph: "He was one of such a pregnant wit, that the Muses may seem not only to have smiled, but to have been tickled at his nativity, such the festivity of his poems of all sorts."<sup>1</sup> Philips had, a few years before, given an equally favourable character of him. "Thomas Randolph, one of the most pregnant young wits of his time, flourishing in the University of Cambridge, the quiet conceit and clear poetic fancy discovered in his extant poems seemed to promise something extraordinary from him, had not his indulgence to the too liberal converse with the multitude of his applauders drawn him to such an immoderate way of living as, in all probability, shortened his days."<sup>2</sup>

Even if the memorials of the poet were more ample than they are, it would be improper to exclude the graceful and tender tribute offered to him, in the nature of an epitaph, by his early friend Dr James Duport. The lines have been transcribed from a volume by Duport little known to literary inquirers,

<sup>1</sup> "Lives of English Poets," 1687, p. 142. It is rather curious that Headley, in his "Select Beauties," 1787 and 1810, does not so much as name Randolph—an undoubted oversight Ellis, however, gives some specimens of him.

<sup>2</sup> "Theatrum Poetarum," 1675, edit. 1824, p. 16.

yet containing a good deal of useful and curious biographical information.<sup>1</sup>

"In obitum THOMÆ RANDOLPHI, M. A. Collegii Trinitatis Cantab. Socii, Poetæ Ingeniosissimi, et qui sæculi sui Ovidius dici meruit.

"Alpha Poetarum, Musarum sola voluptas  
Castalique decus delictumque Chori,  
Quam, Randolphe, novem te deperiere sorores,  
Et te certârunt æmula turba, frui;  
Zelotypæ tui Amatrices ' ita scilicet olim  
Me memini scenæ præcuisse tuæ.  
Cum nos Occidui eduxit Schola Regia Petri,  
Ingenium dispar anni, animique pares.  
Quando puer jussus tecum componere versus,  
Conjunctus toties anser olore fui.  
Quam facilis tibi vena fuit ' quam mobile plectrum '  
Quam leni et placido Musa tenore fluens '  
Credo ego Peligni genium migrâsse Poetæ  
In pectus, vates ingeniose, tuum  
Huic Ovidi et fatum tibi contigit exul ab urbe  
Qui nempè, et nobis, tam cito factus erat  
Nec tamen offensi rapuit te Cæsaris ira  
Nec tua te fecit ficta Corinna reum  
Te sed amicorum nobis malus abstulit error  
Ingenique tui non moderatus amor  
*Immodicus brevis est ætas, et rara senectus*  
Hæc tua culpa fuit, te placuisse nimis '.

In the absence of material for the formation of a definite or confident opinion as to Randolph's personal intimacies, it would be of course useless to advance any vague theories on the subject. It is sufficiently certain that Duport was one of the foremost of his early college friends, and that with Anthony Stafford and Sir Christopher Hatton the younger he was on the best and most affectionate terms. We do not believe that of Jonson, and the circle by which that poet was surrounded, Randolph ever knew actually much; and the very anecdote

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<sup>1</sup> "Musæ Subsecivæ," 1696, pp. 469-70

where the younger poet's adoption by Jonson is narrated seems to confirm such a view. Randolph probably, indeed, spent a good deal of his short time at the University or in Northamptonshire, and at the period to which the story referred to must belong—a period when our author had done quite enough to render his name celebrated—his appearance could not have been unfamiliar to Jonson and the rest, if Randolph had been at all in the habit of frequenting their society.

The sixth volume of the *Retrospective Review* has an excellent article, occupying twenty-seven pages, on Randolph, to whose high merits and qualities it does ample justice. As the *Review* now ranks among scarce books, it may be allowable to transcribe the more important parts of the article. "Thomas Randolph," observes the critic, "was one of those bright spirits which burn too fast, cast a vivid flash over their time, and then suddenly expire. He seems to have been so supplied with vigour, both mental and corporeal, as to have started, pursued, and ended his race by the time that the phlegmatic genius of other men is just ready for the course. He died before the age of twenty-nine, and yet can hardly be said to have lived a shorter time than other men, with such enjoyment did he consume his minutes, in such a state of excitement did he spend his days and nights, such a number of ideas flashed through his brain, so many kindred spirits doubled his gratifications by sharing his pleasures. He passed through the University, where the brilliancy of his wit and the liveliness of his manners made him a general favourite, and where his talents ensured him success, and his poetical productions brought him in a large harvest of fame which, on his removal from Cambridge to London, secured him a most cordial reception from the wits and poets of the metropolis. . . .

"In the University he was a fellow in one of the most wealthy and considerable foundations : when he died, he had a brother at Christ Church, Oxford : his death took place at the house of an ancient family in Staffordshire [Northamptonshire], with the ancestors of which he was buried, and had a monument erected to his memory at the charge of his friend [Sir Christopher, afterwards] Lord Hatton. . . .

"The qualifications of Randolph as a poet we fortunately need not rest on the word of a panegyrist. The poems speak for themselves. . . . They bear evidence of a most varied and highly-endowed nature ; for they are full of lively sallies of wit and fancy, deep learning, shrewd observations on man, and eloquent descriptions of passions "

The "*Aristippus*" and "*Conceited Peddler*," printed together in 1630, were probably early pieces of drollery, partly arising out of the author's academical reading, and partly out of a shrewd observation of the abuses of the time<sup>1</sup>. When Allot, the publisher of the tract, procured a licence for it at Stationers' Hall, in April 1630, he entered it in the books as the work of *Robert Davenport*; but an uncertainty, perhaps, as to the correctness of his ascription, or a disavowal on the part of the reputed writer, led subsequently to the issue of the small volume without any name attached. A MS. copy had probably found its way to London, and fell into the bookseller's hands without Randolph's knowledge or sanction.

In his "*Jealous Lovers*" the poet has adopted from

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<sup>1</sup> Randolph's "*Aristippus*" differs from the character portrayed by Gower in his "*Confessio Amantis*," and by Edwards in his "*Damon and Pithias*" (Hazlitt's *Dodsley* ~~iv~~). The original authority for him is Diogenes Laertius.

Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," 1601, the name of Asotus, and there are one or two indications that the later drama owed a few of its touches to its author's recollection of the earlier one. But far heavier obligations would not have deprived Randolph's work of its claim to be regarded as an original composition. Randolph seems to have been struck by the name Asotus, for we meet with it again among the *dramatis personæ* of "The Muses' Looking-Glass."

To the present collected edition two poems have been first added (among several others) · "The High and Mighty Commendation of a Pot of Good Ale," and "The Battle fought between the Norfolk Cock and the Wisbeach Cock" They were printed together, as by *Thomas Randall*, a very usual mode at that time of spelling the poet's name, in a 4<sup>o</sup> tract of four leaves, published in 1642, and their insertion appeared to be warranted, notwithstanding their exclusion from the editions after 1642, by the threefold consideration that all those editions were very negligently superintended, that we are without any ground for challenging the almost contemporary attribution, and that at the time of the publication of the first and second impressions, in 1638-40, the two pieces may have lain in MS. in the hands of some private acquaintance, to whom Randolph perhaps communicated them. At the same time, it would be improper to conceal the fact that, in an early MS. Miscellany in the library of Mr Huth, the "Combat of the Cocks" is (rightly or wrongly) said in the heading of the verses there to have taken place June 17, 1637, which would of course at once set Randolph's claim to them aside. These poetical commonplace-books are, however, not very trustworthy.

The only prose works known to be extant from Randolph's pen is the address prepared, and probably delivered, by him in 1632 as Cambridge "Prevaricator." It is couched in the facetious and satirical vein custom-

ary on such occasions, and introduces a notice of Peter Hausted's "Rival Friends" and "Senile Odium," the former of which the author met with some difficulty in publishing. Randolph also alludes to the suspension and incarceration of certain Oxford *Terræ Fili*, but the whole allocution is jocular and inconsequent. The "Oratio" is preserved in a small octavo MS in Mr Huth's library, distinguished elsewhere as the "Scatter-good MS." It has not been found in print.

Besides the works printed in the present volume, Randolph wrote a play entitled "The Prodigal Scholar," which was extant in MS. so late as 1660, on the 29th of June of which year it was licensed for the press. It seems to have perished. On the 8th April 1630, Robert Allot entered at Stationers' Hall a piece called the "Peddler," ascribing it to Robert Davenport, but doubtless this was an error on Allot's part, and the "Peddler" was no other than Randolph's production, printed at the end of his "Aristippus," 1630, of which Allot was the publisher.

From Randolph's "Conceited Peddler" Dodsley took the hint of his dramatic performance called "The Toy-shop."

Manuscript copies of many of Randolph's poems are preserved in public and private libraries, namely, for instance, in Ashmole MS 38, Harl MSS 3357 and 6918, Addit MS 11,811, three or four MSS Miscellanies in the library of Mr Henry Huth, and in one or two in that of Mr F. W. Cosens. But, as a general rule, the manuscript work of the seventeenth century is of very inferior importance to that of the preceding centuries, and presents, to a large extent in fact, a debased and corrupt text of the printed books of the period. Of course there are such matters as autograph originals, and other occasional exceptions; and there are, again, cases where the MSS. form our only resource. But where an author has been thought



worth paper and print by his own generation, the published volume contains, in nine instances out of ten, superior and purer readings, the MSS. being often derived merely from the printed text, with the accession of such blunders of every kind as an illiterate and slovenly scribe might be expected to perpetrate. With original prints it is otherwise, for the copy of a detached poem, contributed to a collection of University verses, or some other temporary demand, will be found more frequently or not freer from errors than the text inserted in a subsequent collected edition of the writer's works, and again, with singularly few reservations, the *editio princeps* of a poet is more correct than its successors, though the latter undoubtedly were set up from the parent volume. The earliest impression of Randolph, as Mr Heber (I believe) first pointed out, is also the best and most exempt from errors of the press

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ARISTIPPUS,  
OR  
THE JOVIAL PHILOSOPHER.

## EDITIONS.

*Aristippus, Or, The Ioviall Philosopher. Presented in a private Shew. To which is added, The Conceited Pedler. Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status et res. Semel insanivimus.* London. Printed for Robert Allot MDCXXX. 4°.

*Aristippus . . . . London, Printed for Robert Allot. MDCXXXI.* 4°.

*Aristippus . . . . London, Printed for Robert Allot. MDCXXXI.* 4°.

*Aristippus* is also included in the collected editions of Randolph, 1652-68.

Mr Halliwell remarks (*Dict. of Old Plays*, 1860, in v.)—" *Aristippus* would appear, from the quaintness of the title, to have been written humorously, to excuse those excesses to which the author was too fatally attached . . . . Its curiosity, in a literary point of view, we do not remember to have seen noticed. In addition to allusions to Muld Sack, Robin Goodfellow, Taylor the Water-Poet, Banks's horse, Scoggin's fleas, Skelton, Fennor, &c, there is a ridicule of the prologue of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, and at p 21 is a line which Milton has nearly verbally copied in his poem of *L'Allegro*. There is a copy of this play in the British Museum, MS Sloane, 2531."

Randolph's *Aristippus*, slight as it is in conception and structure, must be admitted to be a masterpiece of wit and pleasantry. It was probably an early production, yet it exhibits traces of tolerably wide reading, and possesses an abundant store of humorous and popular allusions. The same is to be said of the *Conceited Pedler*, which is a shrewd satire on the follies and vices of the age, as pungent as it is sparkling. Neither of these dramatic efforts was intended, it is to be presumed, for representation.



## THE PRÆLUDIUM.

*Shews having been long intermitted, and forbidden by authority for their abuses, could not be raised but by conjuring.<sup>1</sup>*

*Enter PROLOGUE, in a Circle.*

BE not deceiv'd, I have no bended knees,  
No supple tongue, no speeches steep'd in oil ;  
No candied flattery, nor honied words.  
I come, an armed Prologue · arm'd with Arts ;  
Who, by my sacred charms and my stick-skill,  
By virtue of this all-commanding wand,  
Stoln from the sleepy Mercury, will raise  
From black abyss and sooty hell that mirth  
Which fits their learned round. Thou long-dead Shew,  
Break from thy marble prison ; sleep no more  
In miry darkness , henceforth I forbid thee  
To bathe in Lethe's muddy waves : ascend  
As bright as morning from her Tithon's bed,  
And red with kisses that have stain'd thy cheek,  
Grow fresh again. What ! is my power contemn'd ?

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<sup>1</sup> Interludes, common shows, &c., were forbidden on Sundays, by a statute of Charles I., June 8, 1625. See it printed in "The English Drama and Stage," 1869, p. 59, and compare Collier, ii. i. 2. I suppose this to be the authoritative prohibition referred to.



Dost thou not hear my call, whose power extends  
To blast the bosom of our mother Earth ?  
To remove heaven's whole frame from off her hinges,  
And to reverse all Nature's laws ? Ascend,  
Or I will call a band of Furies forth,  
And all the torments wit of hell can frame,  
Shall force thee up.

*Enter SHOW, whipt by two Furies.*

*Show.* O, spare your too officious whips awhile,  
Give some small respite to my panting limbs.  
Let me have leave to speak, and truce to parley.  
Whose powerful voice hath forc'd me to salute  
This hated air. Are not my pains sufficient,  
But you must torture me with sad remembrance  
Of my deserts, the causes of my exile ?

*Pro.* 'Tis thy release I seek ; I come to file  
Those heavy shackles from thy wearied limbs,  
And give thee leave to walk the stage again,  
As free as Virtue Burn thy wither'd bays,  
And with fresh laurel crown thy sacred temples ;  
Cast off thy mask of darkness, and appear  
As glorious as thy sister Comedy  
But first with tears wash off thy guilty sin :  
Purge out those ill-digested dregs of wit,  
That use their ink to blot a spotless fame.  
Let's have no one particular man traduc'd :  
But, like a noble eagle, seize on vice,  
As she flies, bold and open—spare the persons.  
Let us have simple mirth and innocent laughter,  
Sweet smiling lips, and such as hide no fangs,  
No venomous biting teeth, or forked tongues.  
Then shall thy freedom be restor'd again,  
And full applause be wages of thy pain.

*Show.* Then from the depth of truth I here protest,  
I do disclaim all petulant hate and malice ;

I will not touch such men as I know vicious,  
Much less the good. I will not dare to say,  
That such a one paid for his fellowship,  
And had no learning but in's purse, no officer  
Need fear the sting of my detraction.  
I'll give all leave to fill their guts in quiet.  
I'll make no dangerous almanacks, no gulls,  
No posts with envious news and biting packets,  
You need not fear this show, you that are bad—  
It is no Parliament. You that nothing have,  
Like scholars, but a beard and gown, for me  
May pass for good, grand Sophies; all my skill  
Shall beg but honest laughter, and such smiles  
As might become a Cato: I shall give  
No cause to grieve that once more yet I live.

*Pro.* Go, then, and you, beagles of hell, avant,  
Return to your eternal plagues. [*Exeunt FURIES.*]

*Pro.* Here take these purer robes and, clad in these,  
Be thou all glorious, and instruct thy mirth  
With thy sweet temper; while I entreat  
Thy friends, that long lamented thy sad fates,  
To sit and taste, and to accept thy cates.

[*Exit SHOW.*]

*Pro.* Sit, see, and hear, and censure, he that will;  
I come to have my mirth approv'd, not skill:  
Your laughter['s] all I beg, and where you see  
No jest worth laughing at, faith, laugh at me.

*Aristippus.**Enter SIMPLICIUS.*

*SECUNDUM gradum compossibilitatis, et non secundum gradum incompossibilitatis.* What should this Scotus<sup>1</sup> mean by his possibilities and impossibilities? my Cooper, Rider, Thomas, and Minsheu, are as far to seek as myself not a word of *compossibilitas* or *incompossibilitas* is there. Well, I know what I'll do. I have heard of a great philosopher; I'll try what he can do. They call him Aristippus, Aristippus, Aristippus. Sure, a philosopher's name. But they say he lies at the Dolphin, and that, methinks, is an ill sign. yet they say, too, the best philosophers of the town never lie from thence. They say 'tis a tavern, too. For my part I cannot tell; I know no part of the town, but the Schools and Aristotle's well, but since I am come thus far, I will inquire, for this same *compossibilitas* or *incompossibilitas* sticks in my stomach [Knocks.

*Boy within.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Sim.* What philosophy is this? [Knocks.

*Boy.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Please you see a room, sir? what would you have, sir?

*Sim.* Nothing but Aristippus.

*Boy.* You shall, sir.

*Sim.* What is this? the Dolphin? now verily it

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<sup>1</sup> Duns Scotus.

looks like a green fish. What's yonder? Greek, too? now surely it is the Philosopher's motto: *Hippathi, hippathi, aut disce, aut discede incontinenter*—a very good disjunction.

*Boy.* A pint of Aristippus to the bar.

*Enter Boy again.*

*Boy* Here, sir.

*Sim.* Ha, what's this?

*Boy.* Did not you ask for Aristippus, sir?

*Sim.* The great Philosopher lately come hither.

*Boy.* Why, this is Aristippus.

*Sim.* Verily, then, Aristippus is duplex, *Nominalis et Realis*; or else the Philosopher lives like Diogenes in dolio, the President of Hogs-head College. But I mean one Aristippus *κατ' ἐξῆς*, the great Philosopher

*Boy.* I know not what you mean by losopher, but here be scholars in the house—I'll send them to you. Anon, anon, sir; I cannot be here and there, too. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Sim.* This boy would have put a fallacy upon me *in interrogatione plurium*—this boy is a mere animal; ha, ha, he! he has not a jot of language more than *Anon, anon, sir.* O Giggleswick, thou happy place of education! This poor wretch knows not what a philosopher means. To see the simpleness of these people! They do everything *ἀτλῶς*, and have not a jot, nor an inch of *κατὰ τί* in them. O, what had become of me, if I had not gone barefoot to my preceptor with a satchel at my back?

*Enter two SCHOLARS.*

*Slaves are they that heap up mountains,  
Still desiring more and more.*

*Still let's carouse in Bacchus' fountains,  
 Never dreaming to be poor.  
 Give us then a cup of liquor,  
 Fill it up unto the brim ;  
 For then (methinks) my wits grow quicker,  
 When my brains in liquor swim.*

Ha ! brave Aristippus,  
 Pox of Aristotle and Plato, a company of dry rascals !  
 But hey, brave Aristippus !

*Sim.* Certainly these are Aristippus his scholars !  
 Sir, pray can you resolve me what is *gradus compossibilitatis* ?

1st Schol. *What ails thee, thou musing man ?  
 Diddle diddle doo.*

2d Schol. *Quench thy sorrows in a can,  
 Diddle diddle doo.*

*Compossibilitas* ? why, that's nothing, man ; when you ne'er drink beyond your *poculum necessitatis*, you are *in gradu impossibili* to all good fellowship. Come, hang Scotus, we'll lead you to Aristippus. One epitome of his in quarto is worth a whole volume of these Dunces.

*Sim.* O gentlemen, you will bind me to thank you in *poculo gratiarum*. But what philosophy doth he read, and what hours doth he keep ?

1st Schol. None at all precisely, but indistinctly all ; night and day he pours forth his instructions, and fills you out of measure.

2d Schol. He'll make the eyes of your understanding see double, and teach you to speak fluently, and utter your mind in abundance.

*Sim.* Hath he many scholars, sir ?

1st Schol. More than all the philosophers in the town besides. He never rests but is still called for. Aris-

tippus, says one ; Aristippus, says another. He is generally asked for ; yea, and by doctors sometimes.

*2d Schol.* And as merry a man. There can be no feast but he is sent for ; and all the company are the merrier for him.

*1st Schol.* Did you but once hear him, you would so love his company, you would never after endure to stand alone.

*Sim.* O, pray help me to the sight of him.

*2d Schol.* We will, brave boy ; and when you have seen him, you'll think yourself in another world, and scorn to be your own man any longer.

*Sim.* But, I pray you, at what price reads he ?

*1st Schol.* Why, truly his price hath been raised of late, and his very name makes him the dearer.

*2d Schol.* A diligent lecturer deserves eightpence a pint tuition. Nay, if you will learn anything, scholarship must be paid for. Academical simony is lawful : nay, did you ever hear of a good preacher in a fat benefice, unless his purse were the leaner for it ? Make much of him, for we shall have no more such in haste.

*Enter WILD-MAN.*

*Sim.* But who is this ?

*1st Schol.* The University Ramist, a malt heretic, *alias* the Wild-man, that is grown mad to see the daily resort to Aristippus—but let us leave him to his frenzies.

*But come, you lads that love Canary,*

*Let us have a mud fegary :*

*Hither, hither, hither, hither,*

*All good fellows flock together.* [Exeunt.

*Wild-m.* Brains, wits, senses, all fly hence. Let fools live limed in cages ; I am the Wild-man, and I will be wild. Is this an age to be in a man's right wits, when the lawful use of the throat is so much

neglected, and strong drink lies sick on his death-bed ? 'Tis above the patience of a malt-house to see the contempt of barley, and not run mad upon't. This is Aristippus, Aristippus ! Now a devil or two take his red-nosed philosophy ! 'Tis he, my beer, that has vowed thee to the vinegar bottle ; but I'll be revenged. When next I meet him, I'll twist and twitch his bush-beard from his tavern face ; 'tis not his *Hypathie hapathie* can carry him out. Let him look to be soundlier dashed by me, than ever he was by Drawer, for his impudence I'll teach my Spanish *Don* a French trick ; I'll either plague him with a pox, or have some claret-whore burn him for an heretic, and make him challenge acquaintance of mulled sack. If he was not either sent hither from the British Politic, or be not employed by Spinola to seduce the king's lawful subjects from their allegiance to strong beer, let me hold up my hand at the bar, and be hanged at my sign-post if he had not a hand in the powder treason ! Well, I say nothing ; but he has blown up good store of men in his days, houses, and lands, and all. If they take no order with him here in the University, the poor country were as good have the man in the moon for their pastor as a scholar. They are all so infected with Aristippus his Arminianism, they can preach no doctrine but sack and red noses. As for the Wild-man, they have made him horn-mad already.

*Enter a Fellow crying wine-pots.*

Heyday, there goes the Hunts up ! this is the mandrake's voice that undoes me : you may hear him, in faith. This is the devil of his that goes up and down like a roaring sheephead to gather his Pewter Library. I'll fit him, i' faith. [*Beats him.*] Now you calves'-skin impudence, I'll thresh your jacket. [*Beats him out.*]

*Enter ARISTIPPUS and his two SCHOLARS.*

*Arist.* What a coil's here ! what fellow's that ? he looks like a mad hogshead of March-beer that had run out, and threatened a deluge. What's he ?

*1st Schol.* O, 'tis the Wild-man ! a zealous brother, that stands up against the persecution of barley-broth, and will maintain a degree above the reputation of *aqua vite*.

*2d Schol.* I have heard him swear by his *hora octava*, that sack and *Rosa solis* is but water-gruel to it.

*Wild-m.* O, art thou there, Saint Dunstan ? thou hast undone me, thou cursed Friar Bacon, thou hellish Merlin But I'll be revenged upon thee ! 'Tis not your Mephistopheles, nor any other spirits of ruby or carbuncle, that you can raise, nor your good father-in-law Doctor Faustus, that conjures so many of us into your wives' circle, that with all their magic shall secure you from my rage You have set a spell for any man's coming into my house now

*Arist.* Why, none of my credit hath choked up your doors !

*Wild-m.* But thou hast bewitched my threshold, disturbed my house, and I'll have thee hanged in gibbets for murdering my beer ! I'll have thee tried by a jury of tapsters, and hanged in anon, anon, sir, thou dismal and disastrous conjuror.

*Arist.* Why dost thou call me conjuror ? I send no fairies to pinch you, or elves to molest you : has Robin Goodfellow troubled you so much of late ? I scarce believe it ; for I am sure, since sack and I came to town, your house hath not been so much haunted.

*Wild-m.* I'll put out thine eyes, Don Canarios : I'll scratch thee to atoms, thou Spanish Guzman.

*Arist.* If he and his beer will not be quiet, draw 'um both out.



*Wild-m.* Yet I'll be revenged, you rascal. I do not fear the Spanish Inquisition : I'll run to the Council, and bewray thy villany. I'll carry thee bound for a traitor. But for you, sir, we had taken Cales, and might afterwards have conquered Lisbon and Seville. You notorious villain, I knew thee for a rogue at first, thy ruff looked so like the moon crescent in '88—thy very breath is invincible, and stinks of an Armada.

*Arist.* Kick him out of the presence : his company will metamorphose us to balderdash.

*Wild-m.* Well, Diogenes, you were best keep close in your tub ; I'll be revenged on you ; I'll complain on you for keeping ill hours ; I suffer none after eight, by St John, not I.

*1st Schol.* Well, domine, though the *hora octava* be not come, yet you may be gone. [*Kicks him. Exit.*]

*Arist.* Come, pupil, have you any mind to study my philosophy ?

*Sim.* Yes, *me Hercule*, sir, for I have always accounted philosophy to be *omnibus rebus ordine, naturâ, tempore, honore prius*, and these schoolmen have so puzzled me and my dictionaries, that I despair of understanding them either *in summo gradu* or *remisso* ; I lay sick of an *Hæcetas* a fortnight, and could not sleep a wink for't. Therefore, good sir, teach me as *ιστορίως* as you can, and pray let it be *conceptis verbis*, and *ex mente philosophi*.

*Arist.* I warrant thee, a good proficiency ; but, ere you can be admitted to my lectures, you must be matriculated, and have your name recorded in *Albo Academiae*.

*Sim.* With all my heart, sir, and *totaliter* ; for I have as great a mind as *materia prima* to be informed with your instructions.

*Arist.* Give him the oath.

*2d Schol.* Lay your hand on the book.

*Sim.* Will *tactus virtualis* serve the turn, sir ?

*2d Schol.* No, it must be *reale quid, et extra intellectum*.

*Sim.* Well, sir, I will do it *quoad potentiam obedientialem*.

*1st Schol.* First, you must swear to defend the honour of Aristippus, to the disgrace of brewers, alewives, and tapsters, and profess yourself a foe, *nominalis*, to maltmen, tapsters, and red lattices.

*2d Schol.* Kiss the book. [*He drinks.*]

*1st Schol.* Next, you shall swear to observe the customs and ordinances instituted and ordained by Act of Parliament in the reign of King Sigebert, for the establishing of good government in the ancient foundation of Mitre College.

*2d Schol.* Kiss the book. [*Drinks again.*]

*Sim.* Ay, sir, *Secundùm veritatem intrinsecam, et non æquivoce*.

*1st Schol.* That you keep all acts and meetings, *tam privatim*, in private houses, *quam publicè*, in the Dolphin schools; that you dispute *in tenebris*, yet be not asleep at reckonings but always and everywhere show yourself so diligent in drinking, that the proctor may have no just cause to suspend you for negligence.

*2d Schol.* Kiss the book. [*Drinks.*]

*1st Schol.* Lastly, that you never walk into the town without your habit of drinking, the fuddling cap and casting hood; especially when there is a convocation; and of all things, take heed of running to the assizes.

*Sim.* Is this the end, I pray you, sir? is this the *finis, rei inæ?*

*1st Schol.* It is *ultimum*, sir.

*Sim.* How, pray you, sir? *intentione* or *extentione*?

*1st Schol.* *Executione*, that follows the assizes.

*Sim.* But (methinks) there is one *scrupulum*; it seems to be *actus illicitus*, that we should drink so much, it being lately forbidden, and therefore *contra formam statuti*.

*2d Schol.* Ay ; but therefore you are sworn to keep customs—*non omnino secundum formam statuti.*

*Arist.* What, have you enrolled him *in Albo* ? have you fully admitted him into the society, to be a member of the Body Academic ?

*Sim.* Yes, sir ; I am one of your pupils now, *unitate numerica*, we have made an end of it, *Secundum ultimum complementum et actualitatem.*

*Arist.* Well, then, give the attendance.—Most grave audience, considering how they thirst after my philosophy, I am induced to let you taste the benefit of my knowledge, which cannot but please a judicious palate ; for the rest, I expel them, my scholars, as fitter to hear Thales and drink water.

*Sim.* We will attend, sir, and that *bibulis auribus.*

*Arist.* The many errors that have crept into the science, to distract the curious reader, are sprung from no other causes than small beer and sober sleeps ; whereas, were the laudible custom of sack-drinking better studied, we should have fewer gowns and more scholars.

*1st Schol.* A good note ; for we cannot see wood for trees, nor scholars for gowns.

*Arist.* Now the whole University is full of your honest fellows that, breaking loose from a Yorkshire belfry, have walked to Cambridge with satchels on their shoulders : there you shall have them study hard for four or five years, to return home more fools than they came : the reason whereof is drinking college tap-lash, that will let them have no more learning than they size, nor a drop of wit more than the butler sets on their heads.

*2d Schol.* 'Twere charity in him to sconce 'em soundly : they would have but a poor *quantum* else.

*Arist.* Others there be that spend their whole lives in Athens, to die as wise as they were born ; who, as they brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they

will carry none out on't. 'Tis beer that drowns their souls in their bodies. Hewson's cakes and Paix his ale hath frothed their brains. Hence is the whole tribe contemned, every prentice can jeer at their brave cassocks, and laugh the velvet-caps out of countenance.

*1st Schol.* And would it not anger a man of art to be the scorn of a *What lack you, sir?*

*Arist.* 'Tis beer that makes you so ridiculous in all your behaviour : hence comes the bridelike simpering at a Justice of Peace his table, and the not eating methodically, when, being laughed at, you show your teeth, blush, and excuse it with a rhetorical *hysteron proteron*.

*Sim.* 'Tis very true, I have done the like myself, till I have had a disgrace for my *mittimus*.

*Arist.* 'Tis beer that hath putrified our horsemanship, for that you cannot ride to Ware or Barkway, but your hackney's sides must witness your journeys. A lawyer's clerk or an Inns-a-Court gentleman, that hath been fed with false Latin and pudding-pie, contemns you, as if you had not learning enough to confute a *novus universi*.

*Sim.* *Per præsentem me Simplicium.*

*Arist.* If you discourse but a little while with a courtier, you presently betray your learned ignorance, answering him (he concludes) not syllogistically, and asking him in what mood and figure he speaks in, as if learning were not as much out of fashion at court, as clothes at Cambridge? Nor can you entertain discourse with a lady without endangering the half of your buttons. All these, and a thousand such errors, are the friends of beer, that nurse of barbarism and foe to philosophy.

*Sim.* O, I am ravished with this admirable metaphysical lecture. If ever I drink beer again, let me turn civil lawyer, or be powdered up in one of Luther's

barrels. Pray lend me the book again, that I may forswear it. Fie upon it. I could love Sir Giles for Aristippus, thou art equally divine *τῇ δυνάμει καὶ [κατ'] ἐπιλιχίαν*, the only father of *Quodlibets*, the prince of presenting those notorious ale-wives. O Aristippus, formalities. I ask my stars, whose influence doth govern this *orbem sublunarem*, that I may live with thee, and die like the royal Duke of Clarence, who was soused up to immortality in a butt of malmsey.

*2d Schol.* You interrupt him, sir, too much in his lecture, and prevent your ears of their happiness.

*Sim.* O heavens ! I could hear him *ad æternitatem*, and that, *tam à parte ante, quàm à parte post*. O, proceed, proceed ! thy instructions are mere orthodox[ic]al, thy philosophy canonical, I will study thy *scientiam* both *speculativam et practicam*. Pray, let me once more forswear the pollution of beer ; for it is an abominable heretic ; I'll be his perfect enemy, till I make him and bottle-ale fly the country.

*Arist.* But sack is the life, soul, and spirits of a man—the fire which Prometheus stole, not from Jove's kitchen, but his wine-cellar, to increase the native heat and radical moisture, without which we are but drowsy dust or dead clay. This is nectar, the very nepenthe the gods were drunk with ; 'tis this that gave Ganymede beauty, Hebe youth, to Jove his heaven and eternity. Do you think Aristotle drank perrey, or Plato cider ? Do you think Alexander had ever conquered the world, if he had been sober ? He knew the force and valour of sack—that it was the best armour, the best encouragement, and that none could be a good commander that was not double-drunk—with wine and ambition !

*1st Schol.* Only here's the difference : ambition makes them rise, and wine makes them fall. [*Aside.*

*Arist.* Therefore the garrisons are all drinking-schools, the soldiers trained up to the mustering of

pewter pots daily : learning to contemn death by accustoming to be dead-drunk. Scars do not so well become a captain as carbuncles ; a red nose is the grace of a serjeant-major ; and they unworthy the place of ensigns that have not good colours. The best shot to be discharged is the tavern bill ; the best alarm is the sounding of healths ; and the most absolute march is reeling.

*2d Schol.* And the best artillery-yard is the Dolphin.

*Arist.* Thus you may easily perceive the profit of sack in military discipline, for that it may justly seem to have taken the name of sack from sacking of cities.

*Sim.* O wonderful, wonderful philosopher ! If I be a coward any longer, let me swear a little to drink sack, for I will be as valiant as any of the knights-errant. I perceive it was only *culpa ignorantia*, not *prava dispositio*, that made me a coward. But, O enthusiastic, rare, angelical philosophy, I will be a soldier, a scholar, and everything. I will hereafter *nec peccare in materiâ, nec in formâ*. Beer, rascally beer, was the first parent of sophisters and the fallacies. But proceed, my Pythagoras, my *ipse dixit* of philosophy.

*Arist.* Next is the only elixir of philosophy, the very philosopher's stone : able, if studied by a young heir, *mutare rerum species*, to change his house, lands, livings, tenements, and liveries into *aurum potabile*. So that, though his lordships be the fewer for't, his manners shall be the more. Whose lands, being dissolved into sack, must needs make his soul more capable of divine meditation, he being almost in the state of separation by being purged and freed from so much earth.

*2d Schol.* Therefore, why should a man trouble himself with so much earth ? He is the best philosopher that can *omnia sua secum portare*.

*Arist.* And since it is the nature of light things to ascend, what better way, or more agreeing to nature, can be invented, whereby we might ascend to the height of knowledge, than a light head? A light head, being (as it were) allied with heaven, first found out that the motion of the orbs was circular, like to its own; which motions, *teste Aristotele*, first found that intelligence · so that I conclude all intelligence, intellect, and understanding to be the invention of sack and a light head. What mists of error had clouded philosophy, till the never-sufficiently-praised Copernicus found out that the earth was moved; which he could never have done, had he not been instructed by sack and a light head?

*Sim.* Hang me, then, when I turn grave.

*Arist.* This is the philosophy the great Stagyrity read to his pupil Alexander, wherein how great a proficient he was I call the faith of history to witness.

*Sim.* 'Tis true, *per fidem historicam*; for I have read how, when he had vanquished the whole world in drink, that he wept there was no more to conquer.

*Arist.* Now to make our demonstration to prove, no wine, no philosophy, is that admirable axiom, *In vino veritas*; and you know that sack and truth are the only butts which philosophy aims at.

*1st Schol.* And the hogshead is that *puteus Democriti*, from whence they might both be drawn.

*Arist.* Sack, claret, malmsey, white-wine, and hypocras, are your five predicables, and tobacco your *individuum*. Your money is your substance, full cups your quantity, good wine your quality; your relation is in good company, your action is beating, which produceth another predicament in the drawers, called passion; your *quando* is midnight, your *ubi* the Dolphin, your *situs* leaning, your *habitus* carousing; after-claps are your post-predicaments; your *priorums* breaking of jests, your *posteriorums*, of glasses; false

bills are your fallacies, the shot is *subtilis objectio*, and the discharging of it is *vera solutio*. Several humours are your moods and figures, where *quarta figura* or gallons must not be neglected ; your drinking is syllogism, where a pottle is the *major terminus*, and a pint the *minor*, a quart the *medium*, beginning of healths are the premises, and pledging the conclusion, for it must not be divided. Topics or common-places are the taverns, and Hamon, Wolf, and Farlows are the three best tutors in the University.

*Sim.* And if I be not entered, and have my name admitted into some of their books, let *forma musti* be beaten out of me.

*Arist.* To persuade the vintner to trust you, is good rhetoric, and the best figure is *synecdoche*, to pay part for the whole. To drink above measure is a science beyond geometry. Falling backward is star-gazing, and no Jacob's staff comparable to a tobacco-pipe. The sweet harmony of good fellowship, with now and then a discord, is your excellent music, sack itself is your grammar, sobriety a mere solecism ; and Latin, be it true or be it false, a very cudgel to your priscian's pates. The reckoning is arithmetic enough, a receipt of full cups are the best physic to procure vomit, and forgetting of debts an art of memory ; and here you have an encyclopædia of sciences, whose method being circular, can never be so well learned as when your head runs round.

*Sim.* If mine have any other motion, it shall be *præter naturam*, ay, and *contra* too, if I live : I like that art of music wondrous well ; life is not life without it ; for what is life but an harmonious lesson, played by the soul upon the organs of the body ? O witty sentence ! I am mad already : I see the immortality. Ha, brave Aristippus ! But in poetry it is the sole predominant quality, the sap and juice of the verse : yea, the spring of the Muses is the foun-



tain of sack ; for to think Helicon a barrel of beer is as great a sin as to call Pegasus a brewer's horse.

*Arist.* I know some of these halfpenny almanac-makers do not approve of this philosophy, but give you most abominable counsel in their beggars' rhymes, which you are bound to believe as faithfully as their predictions of foul and fair weather. You shall hear some of Erra Pater's poetry—

*I wish you all carefully  
Drink sack but sparingly :  
Spend your coin thriftily,  
Keep your health warily.  
Take heed of ebriety :  
Wine is an enemy .  
Good is sobriety,  
Fly baths and veneriy.*

*For your often potations much crudities cause  
By hindering the course of Mother Nature's laws.  
Therefore, he that desireth to live till October,  
Ought to be drunk in July ; but I hold it to be a great  
deal better that he went to bed sober.*

And let him alone, thou man in the moon ; yet hadst thou but read a leaf in this admired author, this *aureum flumen*, this *torrens eloquentiæ*, thou wouldst have scorned to have been of the water-poet's tribe, or Shelton's family. But thou hast never tasted better nectar than out of Fennor's wassail-bowl, which hath so transformed him, that his eyes look like two tunnels, his nose like a faucet with the spicket out, and therefore continually dropping. And the almanac-makers and physicians are alike grand enemies of sack. As for physicians, being fools, I cannot blame them if they neglect wine and minister simples ; but if I meet with you, I'll teach you another receipt.

*Sim.* Why, meet him, tutor ? You may easily meet him. I know him, sir, *et cognitione distinctâ et confusa*,

I warrant you. Do you not smell him, tutor? I know who made this almanac against drinking sack. Ha, Stroffe! have I found thee, Stroffe? You will show yourself, I see, when all is done, to be but a brewer's clerk.

*Arist.* But far better speaks the divine Ennius against your ale and barley-broth, who knew, too, full well the virtue of sack, when *nunquam nisi potus ad arma prosiluit dicenda*; his verses are in Latin, but because the audience are scholars, I have translated them into English, that they may be understood. Here, read them:—

1st Schol. *There is a drink made of the Stygian Lake,  
Or else of the waters the Furies do make,  
No name there is bad enough by which it to call,  
But yet as I wist, it is ycleped ale;  
Men drink it thuck, and piss it out thin ·  
Mickle filth, by Saint Loy, that it leaves within  
But I of complexion am wondrous sanguine,  
And will love by th' morrow a cup of wine:  
To live in delight was ever my wone,  
For I was Epicurus his own son,  
That held opinion, that plainly delight  
Was very felicity perfite.  
A bowl of wine is wondrous good cheer,  
To make one blithe, buxom, and debonair;  
'Twill give me such valour and so much courage,  
As cannot be found 'twixt Hu'l and Carthage.*

*Arist.* But above the wit of humanity, the divine Virgil hath extoll'd the encomium of sack in these verses:—

2d Schol. *Fill me a bowl of sack with roses crown'd,  
Fill't to the brim, I'll have my temples bound  
With flowery chaplets, and this day permit  
My genius to be free, and frolic it.*

*Let me drink deep ; then fully warm'd with wine  
 I'll chaunt Æneas' praise, that every line  
 Shall prove immortal, till my moistened quill  
 Melt into verse, and nectar-like distil :  
 I'm sad or dull, till bowls brim-fill'd infuse  
 New life in me, new spirit in my muse ;  
 But once reviv'd with sack, pleasing desires,  
 As in my childhood, kindle such active fires,  
 That my grey hairs seem fled, my wrinkled face  
 Grown smooth as Hebe's : youth and beauty's grace :  
 To my shrunk veins fresh blood and spirits bring,  
 Warm as the summer, sprightly as the spring.  
 Then all the world is mine. Cræsus is poor,  
 Compar'd with me, he's rich that asks no more.  
 And I in sack have all, which is to me  
 My home, my life. health, wealth, and liberty.  
 Then I have conquer'd all ; I boldly dare  
 My trophies with the Pelcan youth compare,  
 Him I will equal. As his sword, my pen :  
 My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men.  
 Do not, Atrides, Nestors ten desire,  
 But ten such drinkers as that aged sire ;  
 His stream of honeyed words flow'd from the wine,  
 And sack his counsel was, as he was thine,  
 Whoever purchas'd a rich Indian mine,  
 But Bacchus first, and next the Spanish wine ?  
 Then fill my bowl, that, if I die to-morrow,  
 Killing cares to-day, I have out-liv'd my sorrow.*

*Arist.* Thus, resting in the opinion of that admirable poet, I make this draught of sack this lecture's period.  
*Dixi.*

*Sim.* *Dixi*, dost thou say ? Ay, and I'll warrant thee the best *Dixi* in Cambridge. Who would sit poring on the learned barbarism of the schoolmen, that by one of thy lectures might confute them all, *pro* and *con* ? I begin to hate distinction *et actu*-

*aliter et habitualiter*; yet (a pox!) to see I cannot leave them *nec principaliter nec formaliter*: yet I begin to love the fox better than subtleness. O tutor, tutor, well might Fox be a college porter, that he might open the gates to none but thy pupils. Come, fellow-pupils, if I did not love you, I were ἀμαρτημα της φύσεως, and an absurdity in the abstract. Let's practise, let's practise, for I'll follow the steps of my tutor night and day. By this sack, I shall love this philosophy. Before I heard this lecture, Banks his horse was an Aristotle in comparison of me: I can laugh to think what a foolish Simplicius I was this morning, and how learnedly I shall sleep this night.

*2d Schol.* Sleep to-night! why, that's no point of your philosophy; we must sit up late, and roar till we rattle the welkin. Sleep! what have we to do with Death's cater-cousin? Do you think Nature gave stars to sleep by? Have you not day enough to sleep in, but you must sleep in the night too? 'Tis an arrant paradox!

*Sim.* A paradox? Let me be cramped if I sleep, then. But what, must we sleep in the day, then?

*1st Schol.* Yes, in the morning.

*Sim.* And why in the morning?

*2d Schol.* Why, a pox of the morning, what have we to do with the sober time of the day?

*Sim.* 'Tis true, I see we may learn something of our fellow-pupils. And what must we do now, fellow-pupils, what must we do now?

*1st Schol.* Why, confer our notes.

*Sim.* What is that?

*2d Schol.* Why, conferring of notes is drinking of cups; half-pots are saying of parts; and the singing of catches is our repetition.

*Sim.* Fellow-pupil, I'll confer a note with you.

*1st Schol.* Gramercy, brave lad, and it's a good one—excellent criticism; I would not have lost it for

Eustathius and his bishopric : it's a general rule, and true without exception.

*Sim.* Fellow-pupil, I'll confer a note with you too.

*1st Schol.* Faith, let me have it; let's share and share, like boon rascals.

*Sim.* I'll say my part to you both.

*2d Schol.* By my troth, and you have a good memory; you have conned it quickly, sir.

*Sim.* But what shall we have for repetitions now?

*2d Schol.* Ay, what for repetitions?

*1st Schol.* Why, the catch against the schoolmen, in praise of our tutor Aristippus. Can you sing, Simplicius?

*Sim.* How begins it, pray you?

*1st Schol.* *Aristippus is better.*

*Sim.* O God, sir, when I was in the state of ignorance, I conned it without book, thinking it had been a proposition :—

*Aristippus is better in every letter*

*Than Faber Parisiensis,*

*Than Scotus, Socinus, and Thomas Aquinas,*

*Or Gregory Gandavensis :*

*Than Cardan and Ramus, than old Paludanus,*

*Albertus and Gabriella :*

*Than Pico Mercatus, or Scaliger Natus,*

*Than Nyphus or Zabarella*

*Hortado, Tromberus, were fools, with Tolernus,*

*Zanardus, and Will de Hales :*

*With Occam, Javellus, and mad Argazellus,*

*Philoponus and Natalis.*

*The Conciliator was but a mere prater,*

*And so was Apollinaris .*

*Tandunus, Plotinus, the Dunce Eugubinus .*

*With Masius, Savil and Suarez*

*Fonseca, Durandus, Baconus, Holandus,*

*Peierius, Avienture ,*

*Old Trismegistus (whose volumes have miss'd us)*  
*Ammonius, Bonaventure,*  
*Mirandula comes, with Proclus and Somes,*  
*And Guido the Carmelit-a ;*  
*The nominal schools and the college of fools,*  
*No longer is my delight-a.*  
*Hang Brewerwood and Carter in Crackenthorp's garter :*  
*Let Keckerman, too, bemoan us.*  
*I'll be no more beaten for greasy Jack Seaton,*  
*Or conning of Sandersonus.*  
*The censure of Catos shall never amate us,*  
*Their frosty beards cannot nip us.*  
*Your ale is too muddy good sack is our study*  
*Our tutor is Aristippus.*

*Enter the WILD-MAN, with two BREWERS.*

*Wild-m.* There they be ; now, for the valour of brewers ! knock 'um soundly The old rogue ; that's he. Do you not see him there ? soundly, soundly ; let him know what companions good beer has.

*[They beat out ARISTIPPUS and the SCHOLARS.]*

*WILD-MAN solus.*

Now let them know that beer is too strong for them , and let me be hanged if ever I be milder to such rascals. They shall find these but stale courtesies. How now ? what's here ? *[He finds pots]* the learned library, the philosophical volumes ? These are the books of the black art ; I hate them worse than Bellarmine, the Golden Legend, or the Turkish Alcoran. I wonder what virtue is in this pewter-faced author, that it should make every one fall in love with it so deeply ? I'll try if I can find any *philtrum*, any love-potion in it : by my *Domine*, not a drop ! *[He finds empty papers.]* *O stultum ingenium hominum*, to delight in such vanities ! Sure, these are com-

ments upon tobacco, dry and juiceless vanities ! I'll try again. By my *bonâ fide*, but this doth relish some learning. Still better, an admirable witty rogue, a very flash ! I'll turn another leaf : still better ! Has he any more authors like this ? What's here ? Aristippus ? a most incomparable author. O Bodley, Bodley, thou hast not such a book in all thy library ! Here's one line worth the whole Vatican. O Aristippus, would my brains had been broken out when I broached thy hogshead ! O curst brewers ! and most accursed am I, to wrong so learned a philosopher as Aristippus ! What penance is enough to clear me from this unpardonable offence ? twenty purgations are too little. I'll suck up all my beer in toasts to appease him, and afterwards live by my wife and hackneys. O, that I had never undertook this selling of beer ! I might have kept my house with fellows' commons, and never have come to this ; but now I am a wild man, and my house a bedlam ! Aristippus, Aristippus, Aristippus !

*Enter MEDICO DE CAMPO.*

*Med.* How now, neighbour Wild-man !

*Wild-m.* O Aristippus, Aristippus ! what shall I do for thee, Aristippus ?

*Med.* What is this ?

*Wild-m.* O Aristippus, Aristippus ! what shall I do for thee, Aristippus ?

*Med.* Why, neighbour Wild-man ? disclose your griefs to me. I am a surgeon, and perchance may cure 'em.

*Wild-m.* O, cry you mercy ! you are the welcomest man on earth, Sir Signior Medico de Campo, the welcomest man living, the only man I could have wished for. O Aristippus, Aristippus !

*Med.* Why, what's the matter, neighbour ? O, I

hear he has seduced away your parishioners ; is this the cause of your lamentation ?

*Wild-m.* O no, sir : a learned philosopher, one that I love with my soul : but in my rage I cannot tell you, sir ; it is a dismal tale, the sharpest razor in your shop would turn edge at it.

*Med.* Never fear it ; I have one was sent from a —— faith, I cannot think on's name, a great emperor—he that I did the great cure on , you have heard on't, I am sure ? I fetched his head from China, after it had been there a fortnight buried, and set it on his shoulders again, and made him as lively as ever I saw him in my life ; and yet to see I should not think on's name ! O, I have it now !—Prester John, a pox on't ! Prester John, 'twas he, i' faith ; 'twas Prester John. I might have had his daughter, if I had not been a fool, and have lived like a prince all the days of my life ; nay, and perchance have inherited the crown after his death , but, a pox on't, her lips were too thick for me ; and that I should not think on Prester John !

*Wild-m.* O Aristippus, Aristippus ! pox on your Prester John ! sir, will you think on Aristippus ?

*Med.* What should I do with him ?

*Wild-m.* Why, in my rage, sir, I have almost killed him, and now would have you cure him in sober sadness.

*Med.* Why, call him out, sir.

*Enter SIMPLICIUS.*

*Wild-m.* Sir, yonder comes one of his pupils.

*Med.* *Salve, Magister Simplicius.*

*Sim.* *Salve* me ! 'tis but a surgeon's compliment, Signior Medico de Campo ; but you are welcome, sir ; my tutor wants help. Are you there, you usquebaugh rascal, with your metheglin juice ? I'll teach you, sir, to break a philosopher's pate ; I'll make you leave your distinctions as well as I have done.



*Wild-m.* O, pardon, pardon me ; I repent, sir, heartily. O Aristippus, Aristippus, I have broken thy head, Aristippus, but I'll give thee a plaister, Aristippus, Aristippus.

*Med.* I pray, sir, bring him out in his chair, and if the house can furnish you with barber's provision, let all be in readiness. *[Exit SIMPLICIUS.]*

*Wild-m.* Pray, sir, do you think you can cure him ?

*Med.* Him ? why, neighbour, do you not remember the thumb ?

*Wild-m.* What of the thumb ? I have not heard of it as yet, sir.

*Med.* Why, the thumb—the thumb ; do you not know the cure of the thumb ?

*Wild-m.* No, sir, but, I pray, tell the cure of the thumb : do you still remember't, sir ?

*Med.* Remember't ? ay, and perfectly. I have it at my fingers' ends, and thus it is. Two gentlemen were fighting ; one lost his thumb ; I, by chance coming by, took it up, put it in my pocket ; some two months after, meeting the gentleman, I set on his thumb again, and if he were now in Cambridge, I could have his hand to show for't. Why, did you ne'er hear of the thumb, sir ? 'tis strange you never heard me speak of the thumb, sir.

*Enter three SCHOLARS, bringing forth ARISTIPPUS in his chair.*

*1st Schol.* Signior de Medico Campo, if you have any art or skill, show it now ; you never had a more deserving patient.

*Med.* Yet I have had many, and royal ones, too ; I have done many cures beyond seas, that will not be believed in England.

*2d Schol.* Very likely so ; and cures in England, -

that will not be believed beyond seas, nor here neither; for in this kind half the world are infidels.

*Med.* The great Turk can witness, I am sure, the eyes that he wears were of my making.

*1st Schol.* He was then an eye-witness; but I hope he wears spectacles, signior?

*Med.* Why, won't you believe it? why, I tell you I am able to say't; I saw it myself. I cured the King of Poland of a wart on's nose, and Bethlem Gabor of a ringworm.

*1st Schol.* The one with raw beef, and the other with ink-horns.

*Med.* Pox of your old wives' medicines! the worst of my ingredients is an unicorn's horn, and bezoar stone. Raw beef and ink-horns! Why, I cured Sherley in the grand Sophy's court in Persia, when he had been but twice shot through with ordnance, and had two bullets in each thigh: and so quickly, that he was able at night to lie with his wife, the Sophy's niece, and beget a whole church of Christians. And could this be done with raw beef and ink-horns?

*Sim.* No, sure, this could not have been done without eggs and green sauce, or an oatmeal poultice at least.

*Med.* The King of Russia had died of the worms, but for a powder I sent him.

*2d Schol.* Some of that, you mean, that stuck on the bullet which you took out of Sherley's legs.

*Med.* In the siege of Ostend, I gave the Duchess of Austria a receipt to keep her smock from being animated, when she had not shifted it for a twelve-month.

*1st Schol.* Believe me, and that was a cure beyond Scoggin's fleas.

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<sup>1</sup> This passage is quoted in "Old English Jest-Books," vol. ii. ("Scoggin's Jests," p. 84).

*Med.* I am able, by the virtue of one salve, to heal all the wounds and breaches in Bohemia.

*2d Schol.* Ay, and close up the bung-hole in the great tub at Heidelberg, I warrant you.

*Med.* I cured the State of Venice of a dropsy, the Low Countries of a lethargy ; and if it had not been treason, I had cured the fistula, that it should have dropt no more than your nose. By one drachm on a knife's point, I restored Mansfeldt to his full strength and forces, when he had no men left, but was only skin and bones. I made an arm for Brunswick with so great art and skill, as Nature herself could not have mended it ; which, had it not come too late after his death, would have done him as much service as that which was shot off.

*2d Schol.* I easily believe that, i' faith.

*Med.* I could make purgation that should so scour the seas, that never a Dunkirk durst show his head.

*1st Schol.* By my faith, and that would be a good State glyster.

*Med.* I have done as great wonders as these when I extracted as much chastity from a sanctimony in the English Nunnery as cured the Pope of his lechery.

*2d Schol.* And yet had as much left as served five cardinals on fasting-days.

*Med.* And there was no man in the realm of France, either French or Spanish, or Italian doctors, but myself, that durst undertake the King of France his corns ; and afterwards, having cured him, I drank a health to him.

*Sim.* Would we had the pledging on't. O happy man, that has conferred a note with the King of France !

*Med.* And do you seem to misdoubt my skill, and speak of my art with ifs and ands ? Do you take me

for a mountebank? and hath mine own tongue been so silent in my praise that you have not heard of my skill?

*2d Schol.* No, pardon us, signior: only the danger our tutor is in makes us so suspicious. We know your skill, sir; we have heard Spain and your own tongue speak loud on't; we know, besides, that you are a traveller, and therefore give you leave to relate your words with authority.<sup>1</sup>

*Med.* Danger? what danger can there be when I am his surgeon?

*1st Schol.* His head, sir, is so wonderfully bruised, it is almost past cure.

*Med.* Why, what if he had never a head? Am not I able to make him one? Or if it were beaten to atoms, I could set it together, as perfectly as in the womb.

*Wild-m.* Believe me, neighbour, but that would be as great a wonder as the thumb, or Prester John's head.

*Med.* Why, I'll tell you, sir, what I did—a far greater wonder than any of these—I was a traveller——

*2d Schol.* There was no such great wonder in that, but what may be believed.

*Med.* ——and another friend of mine travelled with me; and (to be short) I came into the country of the cannibals, where, missing my friend, I ran to seek him, and came at last into a land, where I saw a company feeding on him. They had eaten half of him. I was very pensive at his misfortune, or rather mine: at last I bethought me of a powder that I had about me. I put it into their wine, they had no sooner drunk of it, but they presently disgorged their stomachs, and fell asleep; I, sir, gathered up

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<sup>1</sup> Alluding, of course, to the proverb, "A traveller may lie with authority."

the miserable morsels of my friend, placed them together, and restored him to be a perfect man again; and if he were here still alive, he were able to witness it himself; and do you think I cannot cure a ten-groats' damage or a cracked crown?

*1st Schol.* Good signior, make no such delay; cure him, and have one wonder more to fill up your legend.

*Med.* Here, [you] hold the basin, you the napkins, and you, Master Simplicius, the boxes. What shall we have to lay his feet upon? By my troth, sir, he is wonderfully hurt. His pia mater, I perceive, is clean out of joint; of the twenty bones of the cranium, there is but three only whole; the rest are miserably crushed and broken, and two of his sutures are clean perished. Only the sagittal remains free from violence, the four tunicles of his eyes are threadbare; the meninx of his ear is like a cut drum, and the hammer's lost. There is not a cartilago in his head worth threepence; the top of his nose is dropt away; there is not a muscle left in the cavities of his nostrils, his *dentes molares* are past grinding; his palate is lost, and with it his gurgulio. Yet, if he can swallow, I warrant his drinking safe. Help, open his mouth. So, so; his throat is sound. He's well, I warrant you; now give him a cup of sack. So, let me chafe his temples: put this powder into another glass of sack, and (my life for his) he is as sound as the best of us all. Let down his legs. How do you, sir?

*Arist.* Why, as young as the morning, all life and soul, not a drachm of body. I am newly come back from hell, and have seen so many of my acquaintance there, that I wonder whose art hath restored me to life again.

*1st Schol.* The Catholic Bishop of Barbers, the very Metropolitan of Surgeons, Signior de Medico Campo.

*2d Schol.* One that hath engrossed all arts to himself, as if he had the monopoly.

*1st Schol.* The only Hospital of Sores.

*2d Schol.* And spital-house of infirmities, Signior de Medico Campo.

*1st Schol.* One that is able to undo the Company of Barber-Surgeons and College of Physicians, by making all diseases fly the country.

*2d Schol.* Yea, he is able to give his skill to whom he please by act of deed, or bequeath it by legacy ; but he is determined as yet to entail it to his heirs male for ever.

*1st Schol.* Sir, death itself dares not anger him, for fear he should beggar the sextons by suffering no grave to be made ; he can choose whether any shall die or no.

*2d Schol.* And he does't with such celerity, that a hundred pieces of ordnance in a pitched field could not in a whole day make work enough to employ him an hour. You owe him your life, sir, I'll assure you.

*Arist.* Sir, I do owe you my life, and all that is mine. Think of anything that lieth in the compass of my philosophy, and 'tis your own.

*Med.* I have gold enough, sir, and philosophy enough, for my house is paved with philosophers' stones, mine only desire is, that you forgive the rage of this wild man, who is heartily sorry for his offence to you.

*Wild-m.* O reverend philosopher and alchemy of understanding, thou very sack of sciences, thou noble Spaniard, thou Catholic Monarch of Wines, Archduke of Canary, Emperor of the Sacred Sherry, pardon me, pardon my rudeness, and I will forswear that Dutch heresy of English beer, and the witchcraft of Middleton's water ; I'll turn myself into a gown, and be a professed disciple of Aristippus.

*Arist.* Give him a gown, then, ere we admit him to our lecture hereafter. Now, noble Signior Medico de Campo, if you will walk in, let's be very jovial and

merry. 'Tis my second birthday ; let's in and drink  
a health to the company.

*[Exeunt, and sing within.]*

*We care not for money, riches, or wealth  
Old sack is our money, old sack is our health.  
Then let's flock hither,  
Like birds of a feather—  
To drink, to sing,  
To laugh and sing,  
Conferring our notes together,  
Conferring our notes together.  
Come let us laugh, let us drink, let us sing,  
The winter with us is as good as the spring.  
We care not a feather  
For wind or for weather,  
But night and day  
We sport and play,  
Conferring our notes together,  
Conferring our notes together.*

*Sim.* Hark, they are drinking your healths within,  
and I must have it too. I am only left here to offer  
my *supplicat* to you, that my grace may pass, and  
then, if I may commence in your approbation, I will  
take a degree in drinking, and because I am turned  
a jovial mad rascal, I have a great desire to be a mid-  
summer bachelor—I was only staying to ask your  
leave to go out. *[Exit.]*

THE CONCEITED PEDDLER.



FOR the editions of this unique production, see the notice prefixed to "Aristippus," to all the impressions of which it is annexed.

Dodsley was indebted to Randolph's "Conceited Peddler" for the idea and outline of his dramatic performance called "The Toy-Shop"



## *The Conceited Peddler.*

*As it was presented in a strange Show.*

—o—

GENEROUS GENTLEMEN,—

SUCH is my affection to Phœbus and the ninety-nine Muses, for the benefit of this Royal University I have strolled over three of the terrestrial globes with my geometrical rambling, viz, the Asia of the Dolphin, the Africa of the Rose, and the America of the Mitre, besides the *terra incognita* of many an ale-house. And all for your sakes, whom I know to be the divine brats of Helicon, the lawful-begotten bastards of the thrice-three sisters, the learned filly-foals to Monsieur Pegasus, Arch-hackney to the students of Parnassus. Therefore I charge you, by the seven deadly sciences, which you more study than the three and four liberal sins, that your *ha, ha, he's* may be recompense of my ridiculous endeavours.

I have been long in travail, but, if your laughter give my embryon jests but safe deliverance, I dare maintain it in the throat of Europe, Jeronymo rising from his naked bed was not so good a midwife.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> An allusion to a well-known declamatory passage in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy."

But I see you have a great desire to know what profession I am of. First, therefore, hear what I am not. I am not a lawyer, for I hope you see no buckram honesty about me, and I swear, by these sweet lips, my breath stinks not of any stage actions. I am no soldier, although my heels be better than my hands; by the whips of Mars and Bellona, I could never endure the smell of saltpetre since the last gunpowder treason; the voice of a mandrake to me is sweeter music than those maxims of wars, those terrible cannons. I am no townsman, unless there be rutting in Cambridge, for you see my head without horns. I am no alderman, for I speak true English. I am no Justice of Peace, for I swear, by the honesty of a *Mittimus*, the venerable Bench ne'er kissed my worshipful buttocks. I am no alchemist; for, though I am poor, I have not broke out my brains against the philosopher's stone. I am no lord, and yet (methinks) I should, for I have no lands. I am no knight, and yet I have as empty pockets as the proudest of them all. I am no landlord, but to tenants-at-will. I am no inns-of-court gentleman, for I have not been stewed thoroughly at the Temple, though I have been half coddled at Cambridge. Now do you expect that I should say I am a scholar? but, I thank my stars, I have more wit than so. Why, I am not mad yet: I hope my better Genius will shield me from a threadbare black cloak, it looks like a piece of Beelzebub's livery. A scholar? What, I do not mean my brains should drop through my nose. No, if I was what I wish I could but hope to be: but I am a noble, generous, understanding, royal, magnificent, religious, heroical, and thrice-illustrious peddler.

But what is a peddler? Why, what's that to you? yet, for the satisfaction of him whom I most respect, my right honourable self, I will define him.

A peddler is an *individuum vagum*, or the *primum mobile* of tradesmen, a walking-burse or movable exchange, a Socratical citizen of the vast universe, or a peripatetical journeyman, that, like another Atlas, carries his heavenly shop on's shoulders.

*I am a peddler, and I sell my ware* [He sings.  
*This brave Saint Barthol or in Sturbridge Fair.*  
*I'll sell all for laughter, that's all my gains,*  
*Such chapmen should be laugh'd at for their pains.*  
*Come, buy my wits, which I have hither brought.*  
*For wit is ne'er good till it be bought.*  
*Let me not hear all back, buy some the while;*  
*If laughter be too dear, take't for a smile.*  
*My trade is jesting now, or quibble-speaking,*  
*Strange trade, you'll say, for it's set up with breaking.*  
*My shop and I am all at your command*  
*For lawful English laughter paid at hand.*  
*Now will I trust no more, it were in vain*  
*To break, and make a Craddock of my brain.*  
*Half have not paid me yet: first, there is one*  
*Owes me a quart for his declamation,*  
*Another morning's draught is not yet paid*  
*For four epistles at the election made;*  
*Nor dare I cross him, who does owe as yet*  
*Three ells of jests to line Priorum's wit.*  
*But here's a courtier has so long a bill,*  
*'Twill fright him to behold it, yet I will*  
*Relate the sums. Item, he owes me first*  
*For an Imprimis: but what grieves me worst,*  
*A dainty epigram on his spaniel's tail*  
*Cost me an hour, besides five pots of ale.*  
*Item, an anagram on his mistress' name.*  
*Item, the speech wherewith he courts his dame.*  
*And an old blubber'd scolding elegy*  
*Upon his master's dog's sad exequy.*

*Nor can I yet the time exactly gather,  
 When I was paid for an epitaph on's father :  
 Besides he never yet gave me content  
 For the new-coming of's last compliment.  
 Should I speak all (be't spoken to his praise),  
 The total sum is, what he thinks or says.  
 I will not let you run so much o' th' score,  
 Poor Duck-Lane brain, trust me, I'll trust no more.  
 Shall's jest for nought ? have you all conscience lost ?  
 Or do you think our sack did nothing cost ?  
 Well, then, it must be done as I have said,  
 I needs must be with present laughter paid.  
 I am a free man ; for by this sweet rhyme,  
 The fellows know I have secured the time.  
 Yet if you please to grace my poor adventures,  
 I'm bound to you in more than ten indentures.*

But a pox on Skelton's fury ! I'll open my shop in honest prose ; and first, gentlemen, I'll show you half a dozen of incomparable points. I would give you the definition of points, but that I think you have them at your fingers'-ends ; yet for your better understanding—a point is no body, a common term, an extreme friend of a good man's longitude, whose centre and circumference join in one diametrical opposition to your equilateral doublet or equicrural breeches. But to speak to the-point, though not to the purpose :—1. The first point is a point of honesty, but is almost worn out, and has never been in request since trunk-hose and codpiece breeches went out of fashion. It's made of simplicity-ribbon, and tagged with plain dealing. If there be any knaves among you (as I hope you are not all fools), faith, buy this point of honesty, and the best use you can put it to is to tie the band of affection. But I fear this point will find no chapman. Some of you had rather sell, than with Demosthenes buy honesty at too dear a

rate. O, I would wish that the breeches of bursers, stewards, taxers, receivers, and auditors were trussed with these honesty-points; but some will not be tied to it. But whist, Tom; it is dangerous untrussing the time.

2. The next is a point of knavery; but I have enough of them already; yet because I am loth to carry mine any longer about me, who gives me most shall take it, and the devil give him good on't. This point is cut out of villanous sheep's-skin parchment in a scrivener's shop, tagged with the gold of a ring which the pillory robbed him of when it borrowed his ears. If he do but fasten this to the new doublet of a young squire, it will make him grow so corpulent in the middle, that there will be nothing but waste. This point of knavery has been a man in his days, and the best of the parish. fourteen of them go to a baker's dozen.

The definition of him may be this: A point of knavery is an occult quality tied on a riding-knot, the better to play fast and loose; he was born in buckram, he has run through all offices in the parish, and now stands to be president of Bridewell, where I leave him, hoping to see him trussed at Tyburn.

3. Among all my points, the point of ignorance is the very alderman of the dozen. This is the richest point in my pack, and is never out of fashion at inns-of-court. If you buy this point, you are arrant fools; for I'll give you this gift, that you shall have it in spite of your teeth.

4. The next is a point of good manners, that has been long lost amongst a crowd of clowns, because it was only in fashion on this side Trent. This point is almost found in our college, and I thank the heavens for't, it begins to be tagged with Latin, it hath been much defiled, but I hope to see it clean washed away

with the soap of good government. This point, to give you a little inkling of it, begins from the due observance of a fresh man to sophisters; and there it ends with a *cede majoribus*.

5. Next point is a point of false doctrine, snatched from the codpiece of a long-winded puritan; the breath of Arminius will rot in him. Tag him with a piece of Apocrypha, and he breaks in sunder. Truss him to the surplice, and his breeches will presently fall down with the thought of the Whore of Babylon. He hates unity and church discipline so far, that you cannot tie a true love's-knot on him, cut off his tags, and he will make excellent strings for a Geneva Bible. I would have these points anathematised from all the religious breeches in the company. 'Tis made of a dangerous stubborn leather, tagged at one end with self-conceit, at the other with wilful opinion. This point is fit for no service, but Lucifer's Cacotruces. But why talk I so long of this point? it is pity it is not licensed.

6. If you like my points, why do you not buy? If you would have a more full point, I can furnish you with a period: I have a parenthesis (but that may be left out). I know not how you affect those points, but I love them so well, that I grieve at the ignorance of my infancy, when my most audacious toes durst play at spurn-point.

*Who will not pity points, when each man sees  
To begging they are fall'n upon their knees?  
Though I beg pity, think not I do<sup>1</sup> fear  
Censuring critic whelps, no point, monsieur!  
If you hate points, and these like merry speeches,  
You may want points for to truss up your breeches.*

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<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *think I do not*

*And from the close stool, maybe, never move,  
That hating points doth clasps and keepers love.  
But if my points have here at all offended,  
I'll tell you a way how all shall be amended.  
Speak to the point, and that shall answer. Friend,  
All is not worth a point ; and there's an end.*

Then the PEDDLER brought forth a looking-glass.

The next is a looking-glass ; but I'll put it up again ; for I dare not be so bold as to show some of you your own faces. Yet I will, because it hath strange operations, viz., if a cracked chamber-maid dress herself by this looking-glass, she shall dream the next night of kissing her lord, or making her mistress a she-cuckold, and shall marry a chaplain, the next living that falls. If a stale court-lady look on this reflection, she may see her old face through her new complexion. An usurer cannot see his conscience in it, nor a scrivener his ears. If a townsman peep into it, his Acteon's furniture is no longer invisible. Corrupt takers of bribes may read the price of their consciences in it. Some fellows cannot see the face of a scholar in it. If one of our jewel-nosed, carbuncled, rubricked Bonifaces<sup>1</sup> can venture the danger of seeing their own faces in't, the poor basilisks will kill themselves by reflection. If a blind man see his face in this, he shall recover his eyesight. But I see no pleasure in the contemplation of it, for when I look into it, I find myself inclined to such a dangerous disease, that I fear I cannot live here above four years longer. Howsoever, I hope, after my decease we shall drink the parting blow.—

*If any this looking-glass disgrace,  
It is because he dares not see his face :*

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *rubruk bonifac't.*



*Then what I am, I will not see, (faith) say ;  
'Twas the wiore's argument, when she threw't away.*

Then the PEDDLER brought forth a box of cerebrum.

But now, considering what a philosophical *vacuum* there is in most of our Cambridge noddles, I have here to sell a sovereign box of cerebrum, which by Lullus his alchemy was extracted from the quintessence of Aristotle's *pericranium*, sod in the *sinciput* of Demosthenes; the fire being blown with the long-winded blast of a Ciceronian sentence, and the whole confection boiled from a pottle to a pint in the pipkin of Seneca. We owe the first invention of it to Sir John Mandeville, the perfection of it to Tom of Odcombe, who fetched it from the grey-headed Alps in the Hobson's waggon of experience. I swear (as Persians use) by this my coxcomb, this magazine of immortal roguery—but for this box of brains, you had not laughed to-night. Buy this box of brains, and the tenure of your wit shall be socage, whereas now it is but fee-simple. These brains have very admirable virtues and very strange operations. four drops of it in the ear of a lawyer will make him write true Latin; three grains will fill the capital of an University gander; the terrestrial head of a High Constable will be content with half a drachm, three scruples and a half will fill the brain-pan of a Banbury brother

*Come, buy my brains, you ignorant gulls,  
And furnish here your empty skulls.  
Pay your laughter as it's fit,  
To the learned peddler of wit.  
Quickly come and quickly buy;  
Or I'll shut my shop, and, fools, you'll die.  
If your coxcombs you would quoddle,  
Here buy brains to fill your noddle.*

*Who buys brains, learns quickly here  
 To make a problem in a year :  
 Shall understand the prelicable  
 And the predicamental rabble :  
 Who buys them not shall die a fool,  
 An exoteric in the school .  
 Who has not these shall ever pass  
 For a great acromatical ass.  
 Buy then this box of brains . who buys not it,  
 Shall never surfeit upon too much wit.*

Then the PEDDLER brought forth a whetstone.

But (leaving my brains) I come to a more profitable commodity ; for, considering how dull half the wits of the University be, I thought it not the worst traffic to sell whetstones. This whetstone will set such an edge upon your inventions, that it will make your trusty iron brains purer metal than your brazen faces. Whet but the knife of your capacities on this whetstone, and you may presume to dine at the Muses' ordinary, or sup at the Oracle of Apollo. If this be not true, I swear by the doxies' petticoats, that I'll never hereafter presume of a better location than to live and die the miserable factor of coney-skins.

Then the PEDDLER brought out gloves.

I have also gloves of several qualities : the first is a pair of gloves made for a lawyer, made of an entire loadstone, that has the virtue to draw gold unto it. They were perfumed with the conscience of an usurer, and will keep scent till wrangling have left Westminster Hall ; they are seamed with indenture by the needlework of mortgage, and fringed with *noverint universi*. I would show you more, but it is against the statute, because a *Latitat* hath been served

lately upon them ; and few of you need any gloves ; for you wear Cordovant hands.

[He brings out] nightcaps.

My next commodities are several nightcaps ; but they dare not come abroad by candle-light. The first is lined with fox-fur, which I hope to sell to some of the sophisters. It hath an admirable faculty for curing the crapula, above the virtue of ivy or bitter almonds ; nay, the pottage-pot's not comparable unto it. I have another fit for an alderman, which Acteon by his last will and testament bequeathed to the city as a principal charter. It was of Diana's own making : Albumazar's *otacousticon* was but a chamber-pot in comparison. I could fit all heads with nightcaps, except your grave, over-wise, metaphysical heads. Marry, they are so transcendant, that they will not be comprehended within the predicament of a night-cap.

[He brings out] ruffs.

I have also several ruffs. First, a ruff of pure Holland for a Dutch drunkard, a ruff of cobweb-lawn for the University statutes. I have a ruff for the College, too, but by this badge of our college (my reverend lambskins) our backbiters say, our college-ruffs are quite out of stock. I have no more ruffs but one, and that is a ruff of strong hemp ; you may have them, who will, at the Royal Exchange of Tyburn. As for plain bands, if you find any in a scrivener's shop, there is good hopes honesty will come in fashion again. But you will not bestow your money on such trifles ? why, I have greater wares. Will you buy any parsonages, vicarages, deaneries, or prebendaries ? The price of one is his lordship's cracked chamber-maid ; the other is the reserving of his worship's

tithes : or you may buy the knight's horse three hundred pounds too dear, who, to make you amends in the bargain, will draw you on fairly to a vicarage. There be many tricks ; but the downright way is three years' purchase. Come, bring in your coin. Livings are *majori in pretio* than in the days of Doomsday Book. You must give presents for your presentations. There may be several means for your institutions ; but this is the only way to induction that ever I knew. But I see you are not minded to meddle with any, my honest, levitical farmers.

The PEDDLER took out a wench made of alabaster.

But now expect the treasures of the world, the treasures of the earth digged from the mines of my more than Indian paunch. Wipe your eyes, that no envious clouds of musty humours may bar your sight of the happiness of so rare an object—

*Come from thy palace, beauteous Queen of Greece :  
Sweet Helen of the world. Rise like the morn,  
Clad in the smock of night, that all the stars  
May lose their eyes, and then, grow blind,  
Run weeping to the man i' th' moon,  
To borrow his dog to lead the spheres a begging.  
Rare empress of our souls, whose charcoal flames  
Burn the poor coltsfoot of amazed hearts,  
I'ew the dumb audience thy beauty spies,  
And then, amaz'd with grief, laugh out thine eyes.*

Here's now rare beauty. O, how all your fingers itch who should be the first chapman ! This will be a dainty friend in a corner. And were't not better to embrace this pretty shambles for beauty, this errant poultry of perfection, than to tumble our soapy laundresses ? Is this like your draggle-tailed bed-makers ? when a man shall lie with sea-coal ashes,

and commit adultery with the dust of his chamber? Methinks this peerless paragon of complexion should be better countenanced; she should set a sharper edge on your appetites than all the threepenny cutlers in Cambridge. I am a man as you are, and this naughty flesh and blood will never leave tempting; yet I protest, by the sweet soul of this incomparable she, I never had any acquaintance with the pretty libraries of flesh, but only this. This is the subject of my muse; this I adorned with costly epigrams and such curious encomiums as may deserve immortality in the chamber-pots of Helicon. And thus my *furor poeticus* doth accost her—

*Fair madam, thou, whose everything  
Deserves the close-stool of a king -  
Whose head is fair as any bone,  
White and smooth as pumice-stone.  
Whose natural baldness scorns to wear  
The needless excrements of hair.  
Whose forehead streaks our heart's commands.  
Like Dover Cliffs or Goodwin Sands.  
While from those dainty glow-worm eyes  
Cupid shoots plum-pudding pies,  
While from the arches of thy nose  
A cream-pot of white nectar flows.  
Fair dainty lips, so smooth, so sleek,  
And truly alabaster cheek,  
Pure saffron teeth—happy the meat  
That such pretty millstones eat!  
O, let me hear some silent song,  
Tun'd by the Jew's-trump of thy tongue.  
O, how that chin becomes thee well,  
Where never hairy beard shall dwell;  
Thy coral neck doth statelier bow,  
Than Io's, when she turn'd a cow:  
O, let me—or I shall ne'er rest—*

*Suck the black bottles of thy breast ;  
 Or lay my head, and rest me still  
 On that dainty hogmagog hill.  
 O curious and unfathom'd waist !  
 As slender as the stateliest mast ;  
 Thy fingers, too, breed my delight,  
 Each wart a natural margarite.  
 O, pity then my dismal moan,  
 Able to melt thy heart of stone.  
 Thou know'st how I lament and howl,  
 Weep, snort, condole, look sad, and scowl ;  
 Each night so great my passions be,  
 I cannot wake for thought of thee.  
 Thy gown can tell how much I lov'd,  
 Thy petticoat to pity mov'd.  
 Then let thy peddler mercy find  
 To kiss thee once, though it be behind.  
 Sweet kiss, sweet lips, delicious sense :  
 How sweet a Zephyrus blows from thence !  
 Blest petticoat, more blest her smock,  
 That daily busseth her buttock .  
 For now the proverb true I find,  
 That the best part is still behind.  
 Sweet, dainty soul, deign but to give  
 The poor peddler this hanging sleeve :  
 And in thine honour (by this kiss)  
 I'll daily wear my pack in this,  
 And quickly so bear thee more fame,  
 Than Quixote, the knight-errant's dame :  
 So farewell, sweet , deign but to touch,  
 And once again rebless my pouch.*

Is it not pity such ware should not be bought ?  
 Well, I perceive the fault is in the emptiness of your  
 learned pockets. Well, I'll to the Court, and see  
 what I can sell there, and then carry the relics to  
 Rome.

The PEDDLER calls for his colestaff.

*Some friend must now perforce  
Make haste, and bid my boy  
To saddle me my wooden horse,  
For I mean to conquer Troy.*

THE JEALOUS LOVERS.



## EDITIONS.

*The Jealous Lovers. A Comedie presented to their gracious Majesties at Cambridge, by the Students of Trinity Colledge. Written by Thomas Randolph, Master of Arts, and Fellow of the House.*

— *valeat res ludicra, si me  
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum*

*Printed by the Printers to the University of Cambridge. Anno Dom 1632 4°*

*The Icalous Lovers A Comedie presented to their gracious Majesties at Cambridge, by the Students of Trinity-Colledge. Written by Thomas Randolph, Master of Arts, and Fellow of the House.*

— *valeat res ludicra, si me  
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum*

*Printed by the Printers to the University of Cambridge Anno Dom 1634. And are to be sold by Rich Irland 4°.*

This piece is annexed to the editions of the "Poems," printed in 1640-68. That of 1643 has, in the copy employed on the present occasion, a title as follows: "The Jealous Lovers A Comedie Presented to Their gracious Majesties at Cambridge by the Students of Trinity-Colledge. Written by Thomas Randolph, Master of Arts, and Fellow of the House. *Valeat . . .* London, Printed for Richard Royston . . . 1646"

"This play," says Halliwell ("Dictionary of Old Plays," 1860, in *v*), "which is esteemed the best of our author's works, is commended by no less than nine copies of English, and seven of Latin, verses from the most eminent wits of both Universities, and was revived with great success in 1682."

The original 4° edition of the "Jealous Lovers," as we learn from the Notice to the Reader, was published at sixpence—the usual price.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL  
MR DOCTOR COMBER,<sup>1</sup>

*Dean of Carlisle, Vice-Chancellor of the University of  
Cambridge, and Master of Trinity College*



RIGHT WORSHIPFUL.

I HAVE observed in private families, that the careful father, disposing of his children to several employments, sendeth some to school, some to his plough, some to his flocks, while perchance the youngest, as incapable of greater business, has the liberty to play in his hall. So is it in our society (which joyfully acknowledgeth you our careful and indulgent parent) those of stronger abilities, more reading, and longer experience, are busied some in one, some in another of the graver and more serious studies, while I, the last of that learned body, am tasked to these lighter exercises. Accept, sir, a thing born at your command, and preserved by your patronage. Not but that I vow the fruits of my more precious hours to your service: for when I consider the magnificence of her buildings, the riches of her

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<sup>1</sup> Thomas Comber, Dean of Carlisle, was presented to that dignity 28th August 1629. He lost all his preferments at the Revolution of 1641, and died in 1653-4. See Le Neve's "Fasti," edit. Hardy, iii. 247

endowments, the great examples of those before me, and all these blessed in your auspicious government, I find a fire kindled in my breast, whose flame aimeth higher, and telleth me, so glorious a hive the royal founders meant not to shelter drones. So wishing our whole body long happy in so provident a governor, I rest, what my oath and peculiar engagements have bound me to be, yours devoted in all dutiful observance,

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

## *TO THE READER.*



### COURTEOUS READER :

I BEG thy pardon, if I put thee to the expense of a sixpence and the loss of an hour. If I could by mine own industry have furnished the desires of my friends, I had not troubled the press. 'Tis no opinion of the worth that wrought me to it. If I find thee charitable, I acknowledge myself beholding to thee. if thou condemn it of weakness, I cannot be angry to see another of my mind. I do not aim at the name of a poet. I have always admired the free raptures of poetry, but it is too unthrifty a science for my fortunes, and is crept into the number of the seven to undo the other six. That I make so many dedications, think not that I value it as a present rich enough to be divided ; but know whom I am in piety bound to honour. That I admit so many of my friends' approbations, is not that I itched for praise and love-rubbing, but that I was willing thou shouldst have something worth thy reading. Be to me as kind as my audience who, when they might have used their censures, made choice of their mercies and so I must acknowledge myself indebted to thy clemency.

I confess no heights here, no strong conceits ; I speak  
the language of the people—

*Neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,  
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.*

No, bestow the honour of this glorious title on those  
that have abler wits, diviner inventions, and deeper  
mouths. Leave me to the privacy of my studies,  
and accept for thy unknown friend

T. R.

*To that complete and noble Knight  
Sir Kenellam Digby.<sup>1</sup>*

SIR, when I look on you, methinks I see  
 To the full height how perfect man may be.  
 Sure all the arts did court you, and you were  
 So courteous as to give to each their share.  
 While we lie lock'd in darkness, night and day  
 Wasting our fruitless oil and time away :  
 Perchance for skill in grammar, and to know  
 Whether this word be thus declin'd, or no.  
 Another cheats himself, perchance to be  
 A pretty youth, forsooth, in fallacy.  
 This on arithmetic doth hourly lie,  
 To learn the first great blessing, multiply,  
 That travels in geometry, and tires,  
 And he above the world a map admires.  
 This dotes on music's most harmonious chime,  
 And studying how to keep it, loses time.  
 One turns o'er histories, and he can show  
 All that has been, but knows not what is now  
 Many in physic labour, most of these  
 Lose health to know the name of a disease.  
 Some (too high wise) are gazing at a star,  
 And if they call it by his name, they are  
 In heaven already, and another one  
 That cries Melpomene, and drinks Helicon,  
 At poetry throws wit and wealth away,  
 And makes it all his work to write a play.  
 Nay, on Divinity many spend their powers,  
 That scarce learn anything, but to stand two hours.

---

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated writer His name is spelled in this unusual manner in all the old copies. Randolph, among his poems, has an elegy on Sir Kenelm's wife, the Lady Venetia Digby.

How must we, sir, admire you then, that know  
 All arts, and all the best of these can show !  
 For your deep skill in State, I cannot say ;  
 My knowledge there is only to obey.  
 But I believe 'tis known to our best peers,  
 Amaz'd to see a Nestor at your years.  
 Mars claims you, too : witness the galleon  
 That felt your thunderbolts at Scanderon,  
 When Neptune frighted let his trident fall,  
 And bid his waves call you their general.  
 How many men might you divide your store  
 Of virtues to, and yet not leave you poor,  
 Though enrich them ! Stay here. How dare I then  
 To such an able judgment show my pen ?  
 But 'tis, sir, from a muse that humbly prays,  
 You'll let her ivy wait upon your bays.  
 Your admiring servant, T. R.

---

*To the truly noble Knight Sir  
 Chr. Hatton.<sup>1</sup>*

TO you (whose recreations, sir, might be  
 Others' employments ; whose quick soul can see  
 There may, besides a hawk, good sport be found,  
 And music heard, although without a hound)  
 I send my muse : be pleas'd to hear her strain,  
 When y' are at truce with time. 'Tis a low vein ;  
 But were her breast enrag'd with holier fire,  
 That she could force, when she but touch'd her lyre,

---

<sup>1</sup> Cousin and heir of Queen Elizabeth's dancing Chancellor. He erected a handsome monument to the poet's memory. In 1643 Sir Christopher was created Baron Hatton of Kirby, Co. Northampton.

The waves to leap above their cliffs, dull earth  
 Dance round the centre and create new birth  
 In every element, and outcharm each sphere;  
 'Twere but a lesson worthy such an ear. T. R.

---

*To his honoured friend Mr  
 Anth. Stafford.*

SIR, had my muse gain'd leisure to confer  
 With your sharp judgment, ere I ventur'd her  
 On such an audience, that my comedy  
 Had suffer'd by thy obelisk and thee;  
 It needed not of just applause despair,  
 Because those many blots had made it fair.  
 I now implore your mercy to my pen,  
 That should have rather begg'd your rigour then.  
 T. R.

---

*Colendissimo viro, et juris municipalis  
 peritissimo, Magistro Richardo Lane.<sup>1</sup>*

SIR, if the Term be done, and you can find  
 Leisure to hear my suit, pray be so kind  
 To give this toy such courteous acceptation,  
 As to be made your client i' th' vacation.  
 Then if they say I break the comic laws,  
 I have an advocate can plead my cause.

T. R.

---

<sup>1</sup> Among the poems occurs one in which Randolph apologises for an unfulfilled prediction, that "his Aunt Lane" would have a son. Probably this Richard Lane, a lawyer it appears from the present lines, was that lady's husband.



*Venerabili viro Magistro Olboston,  
Præceptori suo semper observando.*

*SI bene quid scripsi, tibi debeo; si male quicquam,  
Hæc erit in vitiis maxima culpa meis.  
Naufragium meruit, qui non bene navigat æquor,  
Cui tu Pierium per freta Tiphys eras. T. R.*

---

*To his dear friend, Thomas Riley.<sup>1</sup>*

I WILL not say I on our stage have seen  
A second Roscius; that too poor had been.  
But I have seen a Proteus, that can take  
What shape he please, and in an instant make  
Himself to anything: be that or this  
By voluntary metamorphosis.  
When thou dost act, men think it not a play,  
But all they see is real. O, that day,

---

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Riley, of Trinity College, Cambridge, an occasional writer of the time, and (as it appears from Randolph's lines to him) a clever actor. He performed in the present drama when placed on the stage at the University. The poet seems to acknowledge himself under obligations to Riley for his able impersonation of the part taken by him. In 1638 appeared a Latin play, entitled "*Cornelianum Dolium*," purporting on the well-phrased title to be by T. R. "*Lepidissimo hujus avi Coryphæo*." It seems to have been edited by R. Braithwaite, who added some of his peculiar touches. As Randolph was then dead, his name, printed at length on the first page, could scarcely have failed to stimulate the sale of this little book, and as Riley was less famous probably in London, and his initials were the same, it becomes a question whether Riley was not really the author of the drama. The evidence is pretty strong, as it seems to me, both against Braithwaite and against Randolph.

(When I had cause to blush that this poor thing  
 Did kiss a queen's hand, and salute a king)  
 How often had I lost thee! I could find  
 One of thy stature, but in every kind  
 Alter'd from him I knew; nay, I in thee  
 Could all professions and all passions see.  
 When thou art pleas'd to act an angry part,  
 Thou fright'st the audience; and, with nimble art  
 Turn'd lover, thou dost that so lively too,  
 Men think that Cupid taught thee how to woo.  
 To express thee all would ask a better pen;  
 Thou art, though little, the whole map of men  
 In deeper knowledge and philosophy  
 Thou truly art what others seem to be,  
 Whose learning is all face, as 'twere thy fate  
 There not to act where most do personate  
 All this in one so small! Nature made thee  
 To show her cunning in epitome;  
 While others, that seem giants in the arts  
 (Such as have stronger limbs, but weaker parts)  
 Are like a volume that contains less in't,  
 And yet looks big, 'cause 'tis a larger print.  
 I should myself have too ungrateful shown,  
 Sent I not thee my book — Take't, 'tis thine own:  
 For thus far my confession shall be free,  
 I write this comedy, but 'twas made by thee.  
 Thy true friend, T. R.

---

*Amico suo charissimo, ingeniosissimo, T.  
 Randolpho, liberum de ejus Comædiâ  
 judicium.*

*A*UDEBIT proprios negare odores  
 Myrrhæ fasciculus, sudæque mellis  
 Mendicare medulla suavitates,

*Prius quàm his Veneres deesse credam,  
 Quæ præ se placidos ferunt Amores.  
 Æternum vigeat, vicens amore.  
 Quod si quis lapides loquatur, istum  
 Jamjam aptum Tumulo scias libellum  
 En ! noster bona verba portat autor :  
 Illas vult dare, quas recepit, auras,  
 Ridentes, nivebque perjocosæ  
 Vincentes Charitas nitore frontis.  
 Amores simul elegantidsque  
 Ad partus properare tum putetis,  
 Cùm risus popularis et theatri  
 Plausus suppeditârît obstetricem.*

**D**ESERT keeps close, when they that write by  
 guess  
 Scatter their scribbles and invade the press.  
 Stage-poets ('tis their hard, yet common hap)  
 Break out like thunder, though without a clap.  
 Here 'tis not so ; there's nothing now comes forth,  
 Which hath not for a licence its own worth.  
 No swagg'ring terms, no taunts, for 'tis not right  
 To think that only toothsome which can bite.  
 See how the lovers come in virgin dye  
 And rosy blush, ensigns of modesty !  
 Though once beheld by such with that content,  
 They need not fear others' disparagement.  
 But I'll not tell their fortunes, whate'er't be ;  
 Thou must needs know't, if skill'd in palmetry.  
 Thus much—where king applauds, I dare be bold  
 To say, 'Tis petty treason to withhold.

EDWARD HIDE.

*To his dearest friend the Author,  
after he had revised his Comedy.*

THE more I this thy masterpiece peruse,  
The more thou seem'st to wrong thy noble Muse  
And thy free Genius. If this were mine,  
A modest envy would bid me confine  
It to my study or the critics' court,  
And not make that the vulgar people's sport,  
Which gave such sweet delight unto the king,  
Who censur'd it not as a common thing.  
Though thou hast made it public to the view  
Of self-love, malice, and that other crew,  
It were more fit it should impaled lie  
Within the walls of some great library ;  
That if by chance, through injury of time,  
Plautus and Terence, and that fragrant thyme  
Of Attic wit<sup>1</sup> should perish, we might see  
All those reviv'd in this one comedy—  
The Jealous Lovers. Pander, Gull and Whore .  
The doting Father, Shark, and many more,  
Thy scene doth represent unto the life,  
Beside the character of a curst wife :  
So truly given, in so proper style,  
As if thy active soul had dwelt a while  
In each man's body, and at length had seen  
How in their humours they themselves demean.  
I could commend thy jests, thy lines, thy plot,  
Had I but tongues enou' ; thy names—what not ?  
But if our poets, praising other men,  
Wish for an hundred tongues, what want we then,  
When we praise poets ? This I'll only say,  
This work doth crown thee laureate to-day.

---

<sup>1</sup> Aristophanes.

In other things how all, we all know well :  
Only in this thou dost thyself excel.

EDWARD FRAUNCES.

---

*To his dear friend Mr Thomas Randolph,  
on his Comedy called The Jealous Lovers.*

FRIEND, I must grieve your poems injur'd be  
By that rare vice in poets, modesty.  
If you dislike the issues of your pen,  
You have invention, but no judgment then.  
You able are to write, but 'tis as true,  
Those that were there can judge as well as you.  
You only think your gold adulterate,  
When every scale of judgment finds it weight,  
And every touchstone perfect. This I'll say,  
You contradict the name of your own play.  
You are no lover of the lines you writ,  
Yet you are jealous still of your own wit.

RICH BENEFIELD, F.C.

---

*To his ingenuous Friend, the Author,  
concerning his Comedy.*

THE Muses, Tom, thy Jealous Lovers be,  
Striving which has the greatest share in thee.  
Euterpe calls thee hers ; such is thy skill  
In pastoral sonnets and in rural quill.  
Melpomene claims thee for her own, and cries,  
Thou hast an excellent vein for elegies.  
'Tis true ; but then Calliope disdains,  
Urging thy fancy in heroic strains,

Thus all the Nine : Apollo by his laws  
 Sits judge, in person to decide the cause :  
 Beholds thy comedy, approves thy art,  
 And so gives sentence on Thalia's part.  
 To her he dooms thee only of the Nine ;  
 What though the rest with jealousy repine ?  
 Then let thy comedy, Thalia's daughter,  
 Begin to know her mother Muse by laughter,  
 Out with't, I say, smother not this thy birth,  
 But publish to the world thy harmless mirth.  
 No fretting frontispiece, nor biting satire [nature.  
 Needs usher't forth : born tooth'd ? fie ! 'tis 'gainst  
 Thou hast th' applause of all : king, queen, and Court,  
 And University, all lik'd thy sport.  
 No blunt preamble in a cynic humour  
 Need quarrel at dislike, and (spite of rumour)  
 Force a more candid censure, and extort  
 An approbation, maugre all the Court.  
 Such rude and snarling prefaces suit not thee ,  
 They are superfluous : for thy comedy,  
 Back't with its own worth and the author's name,  
 Will find sufficient welcome, credit, fame.

JAMES DUPORT.<sup>1</sup>

---

*Randolpho suo.*

*A N quæram monumenta firmiora  
 Nostri nominis ut supersit ætas,  
 Cùm scriptus legar in tuo libello,*

---

<sup>1</sup> Author of versions of the Psalms and Song of Solomon in Latin, and of occasional verses, most of which were collected in a volume, entitled "Musæ Subsecivæ," 8°, 1696, in which, at p. 469, is an elegy on Randolph, headed : "*In Obitum Thomæ Randolphi, M.A., Collegii Trinitatis Cantab. Socii, Poetæ ingeniosissimi, et qui sæculi sui Ovidius dici meruit.*"

*Et tecum similis futurus ævi,  
 Qui jam vita cluis scholæ et theatri ?  
 Nolo : Marmor erit mihi poeta,  
 Mausolæa mihi mei Menandri  
 O, quàm æterna salis liber perennis !  
 Non quæram monumenta firmiora,  
 Nostri nominis ut supersit ætas.*

THOMAS RILEY.

*AGMINE non tanto paupertas multa beatam,  
 Divitis et pransam vexat ubique domum,  
 Quot tua quotidie pulsarunt limina chartæ ;  
 Fervidus à tergo et quisque rogator adest.  
 Prodeat audacter, repetitèque vulnera præli  
 Fabula, quæ meruit sustinuisse, ferat.  
 Non horret tantùm tua Musa, aut mutat, ut esset  
 Turpior ornatu rustica Nympha suo.*

CAR. FOTHERBIE, J. Coll.

*Amico suo ingeniosissimo  
 Tho. Randolph.*

*FINGITO zelotypos, quos pulchrè fingis, amores ;  
 Sed nil de Musa suspicionis habe.  
 Fac dominam ut plures norint, et adultera fiet ;  
 Musa, licet fuerit publica, casta manet.*

FR. MERES.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Was this the same person who wrote "Palladis Tamia," 1598, and a little work called "God's Arithmetic," 8<sup>o</sup>, 1597 ? Meres was M.A. of both Universities.

*Fratrī suo Thom. Randolph.*

*NON* satis est quod te dederit natura priorem,  
*Ni simul et natu major et arte fores?*  
*Illā, sciens noster quān non sit magnus agellus,*  
*Ingenio tenues jure rependit opes.*

RO. RANDOLPH. æd. Chr. Oxon.

*Autori.*

*HEI* mihi! quos fluctus, quod tentas æquor, amice?  
*Quis te jactandum das malesanus aquis?*  
*Irritata juvat quid possit lectio scire?*  
*Æmula vel de te dicere lingua velit?*  
*I felix, oculos dudum prædatus, et aures,*  
*Censurāque ipsam sub jugā mitte gravem.*  
*Qui meruit CAROLO plausum spectante, popello*  
*Non est cur metuat displicuisse rudī.*  
*Dirige victorem captivō Cæsare currum,*  
*Augeat et titulos vincta MARIA tuos.*  
*Triste supercalium lævo nictantis oculo*  
*Mitte sibi. Momus est placuisse nefas.*

THOM. VINCENT.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Vincent, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was the author of a Latin drama, entitled "Paria," acted before Charles I. in 1627, and printed in 1648. See *Retrospective Review*, xii. 34-5.



## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*



TYNDARUS, son of Demetrius, and supposed brother to Pamphilus, enamoured of Evadne.

PAMPHILUS, supposed son to Demetrius, but son indeed to Chremylus.

EVADNE, supposed daughter to Chremylus.

TECHMESSA, daughter to Chremylus

DEMETRIUS, an Athenian, in the disguise of an astrologer

CHREMYLUS, an old man.

DIPSAS, his wife.

SIMO, an old doating father.

ASOTUS, his prodigal son.

BALLIO, a pander, and tutor to Asotus.

PHRYNE, a courtesan, and mistress to Asotus.

PHRONESIUM, a merry chamber-maid

HYPERBOLUS, } two soldiers.

THRASYMACHUS, }

BOMOLOCHUS, } two poets.

CHARYLUS, }

A Sexton.

STAPHYLA, his wife.

PAGNIUM, a page

A Priest.

Officers.

Servants.

The Scene, THEBES.



## *The Jealous Lovers.*



### ACT I., SCENE I.

SIMO, ASOTUS, BALLIO.

*Sim.* **H**OW thrives my boy Asotus? Is he capable  
Of your grave precepts?

*Bal.* Sir, I never met  
A quicker brain, a wit so neat and spruce.

*Sim.* Well, get thee home, old Simo : go and kneel :  
Fall on thy aged knees, and thank the gods  
Th' hast got a boy of wax, fit to receive  
Any impressions.

*Aso* As I am a gentleman,  
And first of all our family, you wrong me, dad,  
To take me for a dunce.

*Sim.* No, good Asotus,  
It is thy father's care (a provident care),  
That wakes him from his sleeps to think of thee ;  
And when I brooding sit upon my bags,  
And every day turn o'er my heaps of gold,  
Each piece I finger makes me start, and cry,  
This—this—and this—and this—is for Asotus.

*Aso.* Take this, and this, and this, and this again :  
Can you not be content to give me money,  
But you must hit me in the teeth with't, 'slid?

*Bal.* Nay, good Asotus, such a loving father

That does not bless you with a sweaty palm  
Clapt on your head, or some unfruitful prayer ;  
But lays his blessings out in gold and silver,  
Fine white and yellow blessings !

*Aso.* Prythee, Ballio,  
I could endure his white and yellow blessings,  
If he would leave his prating.

*Sim.* Do you hear him ?  
How sharp and tart his answers are ? Old Simo,  
Th' hast got a witty-witty wag, yet dear one.  
When I behold the vastness of my treasure,  
How large my coffers, yet how cramm'd with wealth,  
That every talent sweats as in a crowd,  
And grieves not at the prison, but the narrow-  
ness——

*Aso.* If I make not room for 'em, ne'er trust me.

[*Aside.*

*Sim.* When I see this, I cannot choose but fear  
Thou canst not find out ways enou' to spend it :  
They will outvy thy pleasures.

*Bal.* Few such fathers !  
I cannot choose but stroke my<sup>1</sup> beard, and wonder,  
That having so much wealth, you have the wit  
To understand for whom you got it.

*Aso.* True  
And I have so much wit to understand  
It must be spent, and shall, boys.

*Sim.* Pray heaven it may !

*Aso.* I'll live to spend it all ; and then—perhaps  
I'll die !

And will not leave the purchase of a sheet,  
Or buy a rotten coffin.

*Bal.* Yes, dear pupil,  
Buy me an urn ; while yet we laugh and live,  
It shall contain our drink, and when we die,

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *your*.

It may preserve our dust. 'Tis fit our ashes  
Should take a nap there where they took their liquor.

*Sim.* Sage counsel this—observe it, boy—observe it.

*Aso.* I live in Thebes, yet I dare swear all Athens  
Affords not such a tutor : thou may'st read  
'To all the young heirs in town or city.

*Sim.* Ah, Ballio ! I have lived a dunghill wretch,  
Grown poor by getting riches, mine own torture—  
A rust unto myself, as to my gold :  
To pile up idle treasure starv'd my body  
Thus to a wrinkled skin and rotten bones,  
And spider-like have spun a web of gold  
Out of my bowels ; only knew the care,  
But not the use of gold. Now, gentle Ballio,  
I would not have my son so loath'd a thing.  
No, let him live and spend, and buy his pleasures  
At any rate. Read to him, gentle Ballio,  
Where are the daintiest meats, the briskest wines,  
The costliest garments. Let him dice, and wench  
But with the fairest, be she wife or daughter  
To our best burgess : and if Thebes be scarce,  
Buy me all Corinth for him. When I sleep  
Within my quiet grave, I shall have dreams—  
Fine pleasant dreams, to think with how much pleasure  
Asotus spends what I with care have got.

*Aso.* Sure, I were a most ungracious child now,  
If I should spoil the dreams of a dead father.  
Sleep, when thou wilt, within thy quiet urn,  
And thou shalt dream thou seest me drink sack plenty,  
Encircled round with doxies plump and dainty.

*Sim.* How thrives my boy ? How forward in his  
studies ?

*Bal.* Troth, with much industry I have brought  
him now

That he is grown past drinking ?

*Sim.* How, man, past drinking ?

*Bal.* I mean he is grown perfect in that science.

*Sim.* But will he not forget?

*Aso.* No, I warrant you, I know I shan't forget ;  
Because i' th' morning I ne'er remember  
What I did o'er-night.

*Sim.* How feeds my boy?

*Bal.* Troth, well : I never met  
A stomach of more valour, or a tooth  
Of such judicious knowledge.

*Sim.* Can he wench, ha ?

*Bal.* To say the truth, but rawly.

*Aso.* Rawly ? I'm sure  
I have already made my dad a grandsire  
To five and twenty : and if I do not  
Out of mere charity people all the hospitals  
With my stray babes, then geld me ! Woe to the parish  
That bribes me not to spare it.

*Bal.* Then for the die—  
He throws it with such art, so pois'd a hand,  
That had you left him nothing, that one mystery  
Were a sufficient portion.

*Aso.* Will you see me ?  
Set me a bag. These were an usurer's bones.

*Bal.* In this behold what frailty lives in man :  
He that rubb'd out a life to gather trash,  
Is after death turn'd prodigal.

*Sim.* Throw, Asotus.

*Aso.* Then have at all, and 'twere a million. All !  
Fortune was kind : the precious dirt is mine.

*Sim.* And take it, boy—and this—and this, beside.  
And, 'cause desert may challenge a reward,  
This for your pains, dear Balho.

*Bal.* My endeavours,  
Although to my best power, alas ! come short  
Of any merit. Sir, you make me blush,  
And this reward but chides my insufficiency.  
Pray, urge it not.

*Sim.* A modest, honest—honest man :

I'll double it ; in faith, I will. I am  
The joyfull'st father !

*Bal.* See how the good man weeps !

*Aso.* So he will weep his gold away—no matter.

*Sim.* Come hither, dear ; come, let me kiss my son.

*Aso.* There's a sweet kiss indeed ! this 'tis to want  
A tutor. Had you had my education,  
You would have ta'en me by the lily hand,  
Then gaz'd a while upon my flaming eyes,  
As wondering at the lustre of their orbs ;  
Then humbly begg'd in language strow'd with flowers,  
To taste the cherries of my ruby lip—  
God-a-mercy for this, tutor.

*Sim.* I am o'rejoic'd, I am o'rejoic'd.

[*Exit SIMO.*]

## SCENE II.

### ASOTUS, BALLIO.

*Aso.* Well, go thy ways, I may have a thousand  
fathers,  
And never have the like. Well, pockets, well,  
Be not so sad ; though you are heavy now,  
You shall be lighter.

*Bal.* Pupil, I must tell you,  
I do repent the loss of those good hours,  
And would call back the study I have ta'en  
In moral alchemy, to extract a gentleman  
Almost out of a dunghill. Still do I see  
So much of peasant in you ?

*Aso.* Angry, tutor ?

*Bal.* Teem'd my invention all this while for this ?  
No better issue of my labouring brain  
After so many and such painful throes ?  
Another sin like this, and be transform'd  
Mere clown again !

*Aso.* The reason, dear instructor?

*Bal.* Have I not open'd to you all the mysteries,  
The precise rules and axioms of gentility,  
And all methodical? Yet you still so dull,  
As not to know you print eternal stains  
Upon your honour, and corrupt your blood  
(That cost me many a minute the refining)  
By carrying your own money? See these breeches,  
A pair of worthy, rich and reverend breeches,  
Lost to the fashion by a lump of dross.  
I'll be your bailiff rather.

*Aso.* Out, infection!

*Bal.* Who, that beheld those hose, could e'er  
suspect

They would be guilty of mechanic metal?  
What's your vocation? Trade you for yourself?  
Or else whose journeyman or prentice are you?

*Aso.* Pardon me, tutor: for I do repent,  
And do protest hereafter I will never  
Wear anything that jingles—but my spurs.

*Bal.* This is gentle.

*Aso.* Away, mechanic trash!  
I'll kick thee, son of earth. Thus will I kick thee  
For torturing my poor father. Dirt, avaunt!  
I do abandon thee.

*Bal.* Blest be thy generous tongue!  
But who comes here? This office must be mine:  
I'll make you fair account of every drachm.

*Aso.* I'll not endure the trouble of account:  
Say all is spent, and then we must have more.

### SCENE III.

TYNDARUS, ASOTUS, BALLIO.

*Tyn.* What Fury shot a viper through my soul  
To poison all my thoughts? Civil dissension

Wars in my blood : here Love with thousand bows  
 And twenty thousand arrows lays his siege  
 To my poor heart which, mann'd with nought but  
     fear,

Denies the great god entrance. O Evadne !  
 Canst thou, that risest fairer than the morn,  
 Set blacker than the evening? Weak jealousy !  
 Did e'er thy prying and suspicious sight  
 Find her lip guilty of a wanton smile,  
 Or one lascivious glance dart from her eye?  
 The blushes of her cheeks are innocent,  
 Her carriage sober, her discourse all chaste.  
 No toyish gesture, no desire to see  
 The public shows, or haunt the theatre !  
 She is no popular mistress ; all her kisses  
 Do speak her virgin ! such a bashful heat  
 At several tides ebbs, flows : flows, ebbs again,  
 As 'twere afraid to meet our wilder flame.  
 But if all this be cunning (as who knows  
 The sleights of Syrens ?) and I, credulous fool,  
 Train'd by her songs to sink in her embraces,  
 I were undone for ever. Wretched Tyndarus !

*Aso.* Ha, ha, ha, he ! This is an arrant coxcomb,  
 That's jealous of his wife before he has got her,  
 And thinks himself a cuckold before marriage.

*Bal.* Want of a tutor makes unbridled youth  
 Run wildly into passions. You have got  
 A skilful pilot (though I say it), pupil,  
 One that will steer both you and your estate  
 Into safe harbour. Pray, observe his humour.

*Tyn.* Away, foul sin ! 'Tis atheism to suspect  
 A devil lodg'd in such divinity.

Call snow unchaste, and say the ice is wanton,  
 If she be so ! No, my Evadne, no ;  
 I know thy soul as beauteous as thy face.  
 That glorious outside which all eyes adore,  
 Is but the fair shrine of a fairer saint.



O, pardon me thy penitent infidel !  
 By thy fair eyes (from whom this little world  
 Borrows that light it has), I henceforth vow  
 Never to think sin can be grown so bold  
 As to assault thy soul.

*Aso.* This fellow, tutor,  
 Waxes and wanes a hundred times a minute !  
 In my conscience, he was got in the change of the  
 moon.

#### SCENE IV.

CHREMYLUS, DIPSAS. ASOTUS, BALLIO, TYNDARUS.

*Dip.* Rot in thy grave, thou dotard : I defy thee.  
 Curst be our day of marriage, shall I nurse  
 And play the mother to another's brat ?  
 And she to nose my daughter ? Take Evadne,  
 Your pretty-precious by-blow, fair Evadne,  
 The minion of the town. Go and provide her  
 A place i' th' spital.

*Chrem.* Gentle wife, have patience.

*Dip.* Let them have patience that can have  
 patience,  
 For I will have no patience. 'Slid, patience,  
 patience !

*Chrem.* You know her daughter to our dearest  
 friend :

And should my son committed to his care  
 Thus suffer as the poor Evadne does,  
 The gods were just so to revenge her wrong.

*Dip.* I will not have my house afflicted with her :  
 She has more suitors than a pretty wench in an Uni-  
 versity,  
 While my daughter has leisure enough to follow her  
 needle.

*Chrem.* Wife, I must tell you you're a peevish woman.

*Dip.* And I must tell you you're an arrant coxcomb

To tell me so. My daughter nos'd by a slut !

*Aso.* There will be a quarrel, tutor ; do you take The old man's part ; I am o' th' woman's side.

*Chrem.* Were every vein in poor Evadne fill'd With blood deriv'd from those whose ancestors Transmitted in that blood a hate to us, A lineal hate to all our family ;

Yet (trusted to my care) she is my daughter, And shall share equal blessings with mine own.

*Dip.* Then a perpetual noise shall fill thy house ; I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink, But I will torture thee with a peal of chiding. Thou shalt confess the troubled sea more calm ; That thunder with less violence cleaves the air ; The ravens, screech-owls, and the mandrake's voice Shall be thy constant music. I can talk. Thy friends that come to see thee shall grow deaf With my loud clamours. Heaven be prais'd for tongue !

No woman in all Thebes is better weapon'd, And't shall be sharper , or were any member Needed <sup>1</sup> besides my tongue, I would employ it In thy just torment. I am vex'd to think My best revenge age hath prevented now ; Else every man should read it in thy brow.

*Chrem.* I will not wind you up, dear 'larum. Go : Run out your line at length, and so be quiet.

[*Exit* CHREMYLUS.]

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<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *Not dead.*

## SCENE V.

DIPSAS, TYNDARUS, ASOTUS, BALLIO.

*Tyn.* Here is an argument, Tyndarus, to incite  
And tempt thy free neck to the yoke of love.  
Are these the joys we reap i' th' nuptial bed?  
First in thy bosom warm the snake, and call  
The viper to thy arms. O gentle death!  
There is no sleep blest and secure but thine.  
Wives are but fair afflictions, sure, this woman  
Was woo'd with protestations, oaths, and vows,  
As well as my Evadne—thought as fair,  
As wise and virtuous as my soul speaks her?  
And may not she or play the hypocrite now,  
Or after turn apostate? Guilty thoughts,  
Disturb me not. For were the sex a sin,  
Her goodness were sufficient to redeem  
And ransom all from slander.

*Dip.* Gentle sir,  
I pity the unripeness of your age,  
That cast your love upon a dangerous rock—  
My daughter; but I blush to own the birth,  
And curse the womb so fruitful to my shame.  
You may be wise and happy—or repent.  
[*Exit* DIPSAS.]

## SCENE VI.

TYNDARUS, ASOTUS, BALLIO.

*Aso.* This woman is a devil, for she hates her own  
children.

*Bal.* In what an ecstasy stands that grieved wight!

*Aso.* In troth, I shall into compunction melt.

Will not a cup of Lesbian liquor rouse  
His frozen spirits to agility?

*Bal.* Spoke like a son of Æsculapius !

*Aso.* My father's angels guard thee ! We have gold  
To cure thy dumps, although we do not mean  
It should profane these breeches. Sure, his soul  
Is gone upon some errand, and has left  
The corpse in pawn till it come back again.

*Tyn.* Cold jealousy, I shall account thee now  
No idle passion, when the womb that bare her  
Shall plead her guilt. I must forget her name.  
Fly from me, memory :<sup>1</sup> I will drink oblivion  
To lose the loath'd Evadne.

*Aso.* Generous sir.

A pottle of elixir at the Pegasus  
Bravely carous'd is more restorative.  
My tutor shall disburse.

*Tyn.* Good impertinent.

*Aso.* Impertinent ? Impertinent in thy face !  
Danger accrues upon the word impertinent.  
Tutor, draw forth thy fatal steel, and slash  
Till he devour the word impertinent.

*Bal.* The word impertinent will not bear a quarrel ;  
The epithet of good hath mollified it.

*Aso.* We are appeas'd, be safe. I say, be safe.

*Tyn.* Be not rash, Tyndarus. This malicious woman  
May as well hate her daughter as her husband.  
I am too sudden to conclude her false  
On such slight witness. Shall I think the sun  
Has lost his crown of light, because a cloud  
Or envious night hath cast a robe of darkness  
'Twixt the world's eye and mine ?

*Aso.* Canst thou, royal boy,  
Burn out the remnant of a day with us ?

*Tyn.* I am resolved upon a safer trial.

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<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *my memory*.

Sir, you are courtly, and no doubt the ladies  
Fall out about you : for those rare perfections  
Can do no less than ravish.

*Aso.* I confess

I cannot walk the streets, but straight the females  
Are in a tumult. I must leave thee, Thebes,  
Lest I occasion civil wars to rage  
Within thy walls ; I would be loth to ruin  
My native soil.

*Bal.* Sir, what with my instructions,  
He has the wooing character.

Could you now

But pull the maiden-blossoms of a rose  
Sweet as the spring it buds in, fair Evadne ;  
Or gain her promise, and that grant confirm'd  
By some slight jewel, I shall vow myself  
Indebted to the service, and live yours.

*Aso.* She cannot stand the fury of my siege.

*Bal.* At first assault he takes the female fort.

*Aso.* And rides love's conqueror though the streets  
of Thebes. I'll tell you, sir : you would not think  
how many gentlemen-ushers have and do daily en-  
danger their little legs, by walking early and late to  
bring me visits from this lady and that countess.  
Heaven pardon the sin ! Ne'er a man in this city  
has made so many chambermaids lose their voices as  
I ha' done.

*Tyn.* As how, I pray ?

*Aso.* By rising in the cold night to let me in to  
their madams. If you hear a waiting-woman coughing,  
follow her : she will infallibly direct you to some that  
has been a mistress of mine.

*Bal.* I have read love's tactics to him, and he  
knows

The military discipline of wooing :  
To rank and file his kisses : how to muster  
His troops of compliments, and——

*Tyn.* I do believe you.  
Go on ; return victorious. O poor heart,  
What sorrows dost thou teem with ! Here she comes.

## SCENE VII.

TYNDARUS, ASOTUS, BALLIO, EVADNE.

*Tyn.* And is it possible so divine a goddess  
Should fall from heaven to wallow here in sin  
With a baboon as this is ? My Evadne,  
Why should a sadness dwell upon this cheek  
To blast the tender roses ? spare those tears  
To pity others ; thy unspotted soul  
Has not a stain in't to be wash'd away  
With penitent waters. Do not grieve , thy sorrows  
Have forc'd mine eyes too to this womanish weakness.

*Aso.* A pretty enemy ! I long for an encounter.  
Who would not be valiant, to fight under such colours ?

*Evad.* My lord, 'tis guilt enough in me to challenge  
A sea of tears, that you suspect me guilty.  
I would your just sword would so courteous be  
As to unrip my heart ; there you shall read  
In characters sad lovers use to write,  
Nothing but innocence and true faith to you.

*Tyn.* I have lost all distrust. Seal me my pardon  
In a chaste turtle's kiss. The doves that draw  
The rosy chariot of the Queen of Love,  
Shall not be link'd in whiter yokes than we.  
Come let us kiss, Evadne. Out, temptation !  
There was too much and that too wanton heat  
In thy lascivious lip. Go to the stews ;  
I may perchance be now and then a customer,  
But do abjure thee from my chaster sheets.

[Exit TYNDARUS.

## SCENE VIII.

EVADNE, BALLIO, ASOTUS.

*Evad.* Then from the world abjure thyself, Evadne,  
And in thy quiet death secure the thoughts  
Of troubled Tyndarus. My womanish courage  
Could prompt me on to die, were not that death  
Doubled in losing him. Th' Elysian fields  
Can be no paradise, while he's not there :  
The walks are dull without him.

*Aso.* Such a qualm  
O' th' sudden !

*Bal.* Fie, turned coward ? Resolution  
Is the best sword in war.

*Aso.* Then I will on,  
And boldly. Yet——

*Bal.* What ? will you lose the day  
Ere you begin the battle ?

*Aso.* Truly, tutor,  
I have an ague takes me every day,  
And now the cold sits on me.

*Bal.* Go home and blush,  
Thou son of fear.

*Aso.* Nay, then I'll venture on,  
Were she ten thousand strong. Hail ! heavenly Queen  
Of Beauty ; most illustrious Cupid's daughter  
Was not so fair.

*Bal.* His mother.

*Aso.* 'Tis no matter.  
The silly damsel understands no poetry. [*Aside.*]  
Deign me thy lip, as blue as azure bright.

*Bal.* As red as ruby bright.

*Aso.* What's that to the purpose ?  
Is not azure blue as good as ruby red ?

*Evad.* It is not charitable mirth to mock

A wretched lady's griefs. The gods are just,  
And may requite you with a scorn as great  
As that you throw on me.

*Aso.* Not kiss a gentleman?  
And my father worth thousands! Resolution,  
Spur me to brave achievements.

*Evad.* Such a rudeness  
Some ladies by the valour of their servants  
Could have redeem'd. Ungentle God of Love,  
Write me not down among the happier names;  
I only live a martyr in thy flames. [*Exit.*]

*Aso.* This is such a masculine feminine gender.

*Bal.* She is an Amazon both stout and tall.

*Aso.* Yet I got this by struggling. If I fit you  
not, [*A diamond ring out of her ear.*]  
Proud squeamish coyness! Tutor, such an itch  
Of kissing runs all o'er me. I'll to Phryne,  
And fool away an hour or two in dalliance.

*Bal.* Go, I must stay to wait on fair Techmessa:  
Who is as jealous of young Pamphilus  
As Tyndarus of Evadne.

*Aso.* Surely, tutor,  
I must provide me a suit of jealousy:  
It will be all the fashion.

## SCENE IX.

TECHMESSA, BALLIO.

*Tech.* Bless me! what uncouth fancies toss my  
brain!  
As in yon arbour sleep had clos'd mine eyes,  
Methought within a flowery plain were met  
A troop of ladies, and myself was one.  
Amongst them rose a challenge, whose soft foot  
Should gentliest press the grass, and quickest run,



The prize for which they strove—the heart of Pamphilus.

The victory was doubtful : all perform'd  
 Their course with equal speed, and Pamphilus  
 Was chosen judge to end the controversy.  
 Methought he shar'd his heart, and dealt a piece  
 To every lady of the troop but me—  
 It was unkindly done.

*Bal.* I have descried——

*Tech.* What ?

*Bal.* A frost in his affections  
 To you, but heat above the rage of Dog-days  
 To any other petticoat in Thebes.  
 I do not think but were the pox a woman  
 He would not stick to court it.

*Tech.* O my soul !  
 Thou hast descried too much. How sweet it is  
 To live in ignorance !

*Bal.* I did sound him home,  
 And with such words profan'd your reputation,  
 Would whet a coward's sword. One that ne'er saw you  
 Rebuk'd my slanderous tongue—I feel the crab-tree  
 still—

While he sat still unmov'd.

*Tech.* It cannot be.

*Bal.* I'll undertake he shall resign his weapon,  
 And forswear steel in anything but knives,  
 Rather than venture one small scratch to save  
 Your wounded honour, or (to prove you chaste)  
 Encounter with a pin.

*Tech.* I am no common mistress, nor have need  
 To entertain a multitude of champions  
 To draw in my defence. Yet, had he lov'd me,  
 He could not hear me injur'd with such patience.  
 Ballio, one trial more : bring me his sword  
 Rather resign'd than drawn in my defence,  
 And I shall rest confirm'd.

*Bal.* Here's a fine business.  
 What shall I do? Go to a cutler's shop,  
 And buy a sword like that. O, it will not do.  
*Tech.* Will you do this?  
*Bal.* It is resolv'd. I will  
 One way or other. Wit, at a dead list help me.

## SCENE X

PÆGNIUM, TECHMESSA, BALLIO.

*Pæg.* Madam, the wretched Pamphilus.  
*Tech.* What of him?  
*Pæg.* Is through your cruelty and suspicion dead.  
*Bal.* That news revives me.  
*Tech.* Haste, Techmessa, then :  
 What dost thou here, when Pamphilus is dead ?  
 Cast off this robe of clay, my soul, and fly  
 To overtake him, bear him company  
 To the Elysian groves. the journey thither  
 Is dark and melancholy : do not suffer him  
 To go alone.  
*Pæg.* Madam, I joy to see  
 With how much sorrow you receive his death.  
 I will restore you comfort : Pamphilus lives.  
*Bal.* If Pamphilus lives, then Ballio's dead again.  
*Tech.* Do you put tricks upon me? we shall have  
 you,  
 On a little counterfeit sorrow and a few drops  
 Of woman's tears, go and persuade your master  
 I am deeply in love with him.  
*Pæg.* If you be not,  
 You ought in justice.  
*Tech.* I'll give thee a new feather,  
 And you tell me what were those three ladies' names  
 Your master entertain'd last night.

*Pag.* 'Three ladies?

*Tech.* You make it strange now.

*Pag.* Madam, by all oaths

My master bears a love so firmly constant  
To you, and only you ; he talks, thinks, dreams  
Of nothing but Techmessa. When he hears  
The sound of your blest name, he turns chameleon,  
And lives on that sweet air. Here he has sent me

*[He lays down his sword to pull out his letters.]*

With letters to you , which I should deliver  
I know not, nor himself. For first he writes,  
And, when the letter likes him not, begins  
A second style, and so a third and fourth,  
And thus proceeds ; then reads them over all,  
And knows not which to send—perchance tears all.  
The paper was not fair enough to kiss  
So white a hand that letter was too big,  
A line uneven , all excuse prevail'd.  
Language, or phrase, or word, or syllable,  
That he thought harsh and rough. I have heard him  
wish

Above all blessings heaven can bestow  
(So strange a fancy has affection taught him)  
That he might have a quill from Cupid's wing  
Dipp'd in the milk of Venus, to record  
Your praises and his love. I have brought you here  
Whole packets of affections.

*Bal.*

Blessed occasion !

*[He steals away the sword.]*

Here is a conquest purchas'd without blood.  
Though strength and valour fail us, yet we see  
There may a field be won by policy.

*[Exit.]*

*Tech.* Go, Pægnium, tell your master I could wish  
That I was his , but bid him choose another.  
Tell him he has no hope e'er to enjoy me ;  
But bid him not despair. I do not doubt  
His constant love to me ; yet I suspect

His zeal more fervent to some other saint.

Say I receive his letters with all joy,

But will not take the pains to read a syllable. [*Exit.*

*Pag.* If I do not think women were got with riddling, whip me! hocus-pocus, here you shall have me, and there you shall have me! A man cannot find out their meaning without the sieve and shears. I conceive them now to be engendered of nothing but the wind and the weathercock. What! my sword gone? Ah, well! This same panderly rogue Ballio has got it. He sows suspicions of my master here, because he cudgels him into manners, and that old scold Dipsas hires him to it. How could such a devil bring forth such an angel as my Lady Techmessa? unless it were before her fall. I know all their plots, and yet they cannot see 'em. Heaven keep me from love, and preserve my eyesight. Go; plot, engineers, plot on—

I'll work a countermine, and 'twill be brave,

An old rogue overreach'd by a young knave!

[*Exit.*

## ACT II., SCENE I.

ASOTUS, BALLIO.

*Aso* Revenge, more sweet than muscadine and eggs,

To-day I will embrace thee! Healths in blood

Are soldiers' mornings-draughts! Proud, proud Evadne

Shall know what 'tis to make a wit her foe,

And such a wit as can give overthrow

To male or female, be they—man or woman.

This can my tutor do, and I or—no man.

*Bal.* And Pamphilus shall learn by this dear knock His liberal valour late bestowed upon me.

Invention lies at safer ward than wit :

This sword shall teach not to provoke the cruel.

*Aso.* And by this gem shall I confound a jewel.

'Slid, tutor, I have a wit too. Here was a jest *ex tempore* !

## SCENE II.

ASOTUS, BALLIO, TYNDARUS.

*Tyn.* Physicians say there's no disease so dangerous  
As when the patient knows not he is sick.  
Such, such is mine : I could not be so ill,  
Did I but know I were not well. The fear  
Of dangers but suspected is more horrid  
Than present misery. I have seen a man,  
During the storm, shake at the thoughts of death :  
Who when his eyes beheld a certain ruin,  
Died hugging of the wave. Were Evadne true,  
I were too blest ; or could I say she's false,  
I could no more be wretched. I am well  
My pulse beats music, and my lively blood  
Dances a healthful measure. Ha ! what's this  
Gnaws at my heart ? What viperous shirt of Nessus  
Cleaves to my skin, and eats away my flesh ?  
'Tis some infection.

*Aso.* Tutor, let's be gone.  
O' my life, we are dead men else.

*Tyn.* My Asotus !

*Aso.* Keep your infection to yourself.

*Tyn.* 'Tis love  
Is my infection.

*Aso.* Nay, then I care not, Tyndarus :  
For that is an epidemical disease,  
And is the finest sickness in the world  
When it takes two together.

*Tyn.* Dear, dear self !  
How fares the darling of the age ? Say, what success ?

*Aso.* Did not I tell you, sir, that I was born  
With a caul upon my face ? My mother wrapp'd me  
In her own smock. The females fall before me  
Like trembling doves before the towering hawk,  
While o'er the spoils in triumph thus I walk.

*Bal.* So he takes virgins with his amorous eye,  
As spider's web entraps the tender fly.

*Aso.* True, tutor, true : for I woo 'em with cobweb-  
lawn.

*Tyn.* I know the rest of women may be frail,  
Brittle as glasses : but my Evadne stands  
A rock of Parian marble, firm and pure.  
The crystal may be tainted, and rude feet  
Profane the Milky Way : the phoenix self,  
Although but one, no virgin—ere I harbour  
Dishonourable thoughts of that bright maid !  
No, Tyndarus, reflect upon thyself :  
Turn thine eyes inward, see thine own unworthiness,  
That does thy thoughts to this suspicion move :  
She loves thee not, 'cause thou deserv'st no love.

*Aso.* I do not know where the enchantment lies,  
Whether it be the magic of mine eyes,  
Or lip, or cheek, or brow : but I suppose  
The conjuration chiefly in my nose.  
Evadne, sir, is mine, and woo'd me first.  
Troth, 'tis a pretty lass ; and for a woman  
She courts in handsome words ; and now and then  
A polite phrase, and such a feeling appetite  
That, having not a heart of flint or steel,  
As mine's an easier temper, I consented  
To give her, in the way of alms, a night  
Or so—you guess the meaning.

*Tyn.* Too-too well.  
And must her lust break into open flames,  
To lend the world a light to view her shames ?

Could not she taste her page? or secretly  
 Admit a tough-back'd groom into her arms?  
 Or practice with her doctor, and take physic  
 In a close room? But thus, good heavens, to take  
 Her stallions up i' th' streets! While sin is modest,  
 It may be healed; but if it once grow impudent,  
 The fester spreads above all hopes of cure.  
 I never could observe so strange a boldness  
 In my Evadne. I have seen her cheeks  
 Blush as if modesty herself had there  
 Lain in a bed of coral. But how soon  
 Is virtue lost in women!

*Bal.* Mistake us not,  
 Dear Tyndarus: Evadne may be chaste  
 To all the world—but him. And as for him,  
 Diana's self or any stricter goddess  
 Would lose the virgin-zone. I have instill'd  
 Magnetic force into him, that attracts  
 Their iron hearts, and fashions them, like steel  
 Upon the anvil, to what shape he please.  
 He knows the minute—the precise one minute—  
 No woman can hold out in. Come to me, sir,  
 I'll teach you in one fortnight by astrology  
 To make each burgess in all Thebes your cuckold.

*Aso.* As silly lambs do fill the wolves' black jaw,  
 And fearful harts the generous lions' paw,  
 As whales eat lesser fries, so may you see  
 The matrons, maids and widows stoop to me.

*Tyn.* O, do not hold me longer in suspense.  
 The prisoner at the bar may with less fear  
 Hear the sad sentence of his death pronounc'd,  
 Than stand the doubtful trial. Pray, confirm me.

*Aso.* Know you this jewel?

*Tyn.* O, my sad heart-strings crack!

*Aso.* If your Evadne be a phoenix, Tyndarus,  
 Some ten months hence you may have more o' th'  
 breed.

*Tyn.* This did I give her, and she vow'd to keep it  
 By all the oaths religion knew. No deity  
 In all the court of heaven but highly suffers  
 In this one perjury. The diamond  
 Keeps his chaste lustre still, when she has soil'd  
 A glory of more worth than all those toys  
 Proud folly gave such price to.

*Aso.* This? a pretty toy;  
 But of no value to my other trophies  
 That the frail tribe has sent me. Your best jewels  
 Are to be found, sir, in the weaker vessels;  
 And that's a mystery: I have sweat out such  
 Variety of trifles, their several kinds  
 Would pose a learned lapidary. My closet  
 By some, that knew me not for Cupid's favourite,  
 Has been mistaken for a jeweller's shop.

*Bal.* And then for ribbons, points, for knots and  
 shoe-strings,  
 Or (to slip higher) garters, no Exchange  
 Affords such choice of wares.

*Aso.* Phœbus, whip  
 Thy lazy team; run headlong to the west,  
 I long to taste the banquet of the night.  
 Sir, if you please, when I am surfeited,  
 To take a pretty breakfast of my leavings——

*Tyn.* Where art thou, patience? Hence, contagious  
 mists,  
 That would infect the air of her pure fame!  
 My sword shall purge you forth, base dross of men,  
 From her refined metal.

*Aso.* Bless me, tutor!  
 This is not the precise minute.

*Tyn.* Why should I  
 Afflict myself for her? No, let her vanish.  
 Shall I retain my love, when she has lost  
 The treasure of her virtue? Stay, perchance  
 Her innocence may be wrong'd. Said I, perchance?



That doubt will call a curse upon my head  
To plague my unbelief. But here's a witness  
Of too-too certain truth stands up against her.  
Methinks the flame that burnt so bright dies in me.  
I am no more a captive : I have shak'd  
My fetters off, and broke those gyves of steel  
That bound me to my thralldom. My fair prison,  
Adieu ! How sweetly breathes this open air !  
My feet, grown wanton with their liberty,  
Could dance and caper, till I knock'd at heaven  
With my advanced head. Come, dear Asotus,  
There are no pleasures but they shall be ours.  
We will dispeople all the elements  
To please our palates. Midnight shall behold  
Our nightly cups, and wear a blacker mask,  
As envious of our jollities. The whole sex  
Of women shall be ours. Merchants shall proffer  
Their tender brides : mothers shall run and fetch  
Their daughters (ere they yet be ripe) to satisfy  
Our liquorish lusts. Then Tyndarus happy call,  
That (losing one fair maid) has purchas'd all.

*Aso.* You have an admirable method, tutor ;  
If this fellow has not been i' my heart, I'll be hang'd,  
He speaks my mind so pat. Ha, *buon corragio !*

*Bal.* You see what more than miracles art can do.

*Tyn.* And when we have run o'er the catalogue  
Of former pleasures, thou and I, and Ballio,  
Will sit and study new ones. I will raise  
A sect of new and rare philosophers,  
Shall from my name be call'd Tyndarides.

*Aso.* And I will raise another sect like these,  
That shall from me be called Asotides.  
Tutor, my fellow-pupil here and I  
Must quaff a bowl of rare philosophy,  
To pledge the health of his Tyndarides.

*Tyn.* Come, blest restorer of my liberty !

*Aso.* If any friend of yours want liberty

In such a kind as this, you may command me ;  
 For if the brave Tyndarides be not free,  
 Th' Asotides shall grant them liberty.

*Tyn.* We will be frolic, boy ; and ere we part,  
 Remember thee, thou mighty man of art.

[*Exeunt* TYNDARUS and ASOTUS.]

### SCENE III.

BALLIO, TECHMESSA.

*Bal.* There is (besides revenge) a kind of sweetness

In acting mischief. I could hug my head,  
 And kiss the brain that hatches such dear rogueries,  
 Such loving—loving rogueries. Silly Pamphilus,  
 With thine own sword I'll kill thee, and then trample  
 On thy poor foolish carcass. Techmessa here ?  
 Then, fortune, wait on my designs, and crown 'm  
 With a success as high as they deserve.

*Tech.* Methinks sometimes I view my Pamphilus,  
 Clothed (angel-like) in white and spotless robes ;  
 And straight upon a sudden my chang'd fancy  
 Presents him black and horrid, all a-stain,  
 More loathsome than a leper.

*Bal.* And that fancy  
 Presents him in his likeness. All the sinks  
 And common sewers in Thebes are cleanly to him.

*Tech.* Peace, thou foul tongue !

*Bal.* Nay, if you be so squeamish,  
 I have no womanish itch to prate. Farewell.

*Tech.* Nay, do not leave me unresolv'd, good Ballio.

*Bal.* Why, I did set you out in more vile colours  
 Than ever cunning pencil us'd to limn  
 Witch, hag, or fury with.

*Tech.* Thou couldst not do't, and live.

*Bal.* I am no ghost, flesh and blood still.  
I said you had a pretty head of hair,  
And such as might do service to the State,  
Made into halters ! that you had a brow  
Hung o'er your eyes like fly-flaps : that your eyes  
Were like two powdering-tubs, either running o'er,  
Or full of standing brine : your cheeks were sunk  
So low and hollow, they might serve the boys  
For cherry-pits !

*Tech.* Could Pamphilus hear all this,  
And not his blood turn choler ?

*Bal.* This ? and more—  
I said your nose was like a hunter's horn,  
And stood so bending up, a man might hang  
His hat upon't : that I mistook the year,  
And always thought it winter when I saw  
Two icicles at your nostrils !

*Tech.* Have I lost  
All woman, that I can with patience hear  
Myself thus injur'd ?

*Bal.* I could beat myself  
For speaking it ; but 'twas to sound him, madam.  
I said you had no neck : your chin and shoulders  
Were so good friends, they would ha' nothing part  
'em :

I vow'd your breasts for colour and proportion  
Were like a writhel'd pair of o'erworn footballs.  
Your waist was slender, but the ambitious buttock  
Climbs up so high about, who sees you naked  
Might swear you had been born with a vardingale.

*Tech.* I am e'en frighted with thy strange description.

*Bal.* I left, asham'd and weary. He goes on—  
There be more chops and wrinkles in her lips  
Than on the earth in heat of dogdays ; and her teeth  
Look like an old park-pale. She has a tongue  
Would make the deaf man bless his imperfection,  
That frees him from the plague of so much noise,

And such a breath (heaven shield us !) as outvies  
The shambles and bear-garden for a scent !

*Tech.* Was ever such a fury ?

*Bal.* For your shoulders,  
He thinks they were ordain'd to underprop  
Some beam o' th' Temple ; and that's all the use  
Religion can make of you ! Then your feet  
(For I am loth to give the full description)  
He vows they both are cloven !

*Tech.* Had all malice  
Dwelt in one tongue, it could not scandal more.  
Is this the man adores me as his saint ?  
And pays his morning orisons at my window  
Duly, as at the temple ? Is there such hypocrisy  
In love's religion, too ? Are Venus' doves  
But white dissemblers ? Is this that Pamphilus  
That shakes and trembles at a frown of mine  
More than at thunder ? I must have more argument  
Of his apostacy, or suspect you false.

*Bal.* Whose sword is this ?

*Tech.* 'Tis his ; and this I tied  
About the hilt, and heard him swear to fight  
Under those colours, the most faithful soldier  
The fields of Mars or tents of Cupid knew.  
False men, resign your arms. Let us go forth  
Like bands of Amazons ; for your valours be  
Not upright fortitude, but treachery !

*Bal.* I urg'd him in a language of that boldness,  
As would have fir'd the chillest veins in Thebes,  
To stand in your defence, or else resign  
The fruitless steel he wore. He bid me take it,  
He had not so much knight-errant in him,  
To vow himself champion to such a doxy.

*Tech.* Then, love, I shoot thy arrows back again ;  
Return 'em to thy quiver, guide thy arm  
To wound a breast will say the dart is welcome,  
And kiss the golden pile. I am possess'd

With a just anger. Pamphilus shall know  
My scorn as high as his.

*Bal.* Bravely resolv'd.  
Madam, report not me to Pamphilus  
Author of this : for valour should not talk,  
And fortitude would lose itself in words.

*Tech.* I need no other witness than his sword.

#### SCENE IV.

BALLIO, ASOTUS, TYNDARUS, TECHMESSA.

*Tyn.* Techmessa, never did I understand  
The sweets of life till now. I will pronounce  
This for my birthday.

*Tech.* And this happy minute  
Has clear'd my soul too of the same disease.

*Aso.* Then do as Tyndarus did, and go with me ;  
We'll drink a pottle to Liberty, and another  
Pottle to the Asotides, and a pottle  
To the Tyndarides, and a fourth to the  
She-philosophers yclept Techmessides.

#### SCENE V.

*Enter PAMPHILUS.*

*Tyn.* Pamphilus, welcome , shake thy sorrows off :  
Why in this age of freedom dost thou sit  
A captiv'd wretch ? I do not feel the weight  
Of clay about me. Am I not all air,  
Or of some quicker element ? I have purg'd out  
All that was earth about me, and walk now  
As free a soul as in the separation.

*Pam.* Brother, if any stream of joy can mix  
With such a sea of grief as mine, and lose not

His native sweetness, 'tis a joy for you.  
But I am all bitterness.

*Bal.* Now, Asotus, the comedy begins.

*Pam.* When will my sufferings  
Make my atonement with my angry goddess ?  
Do you (celestial forms) retain an anger  
Eternal as your substance ?

*Tech.* O fine hair !  
An amorous brow, a pretty lovely eye,  
A most delicious cheek, a handsome nose !  
How nectar-sweet his lips are ! and his teeth,  
Like two fair ivory pales, enclose a tongue  
Made up of harmony Then he has a chin  
So full of ravishing dimples, it were pity  
A beard should overgrow it : and his feet  
Past all expression comely.

*Pam.* Do not add  
Contempt to cruelty. Madam, to insult  
Upon a prostrate wretch is harder tyranny  
Than to have made him so.

*Tech.* And then a shoulder  
Straight as the pine or cedar

*Pam.* Courteous death,  
Take wings, thou art too slow.

*Tech.* I could not hear  
Those precious parts defam'd, but I durst fight  
In the just quarrel.

*Tyn.* 'Tis a touchy tiger  
How happy am I that I have 'scap'd the dens  
Of these she-wolves !

*Bal.* Now my safety lies  
Upon a ticklish point--a woman's secrecy.  
Madam, my reputation is dear to me.

*Pam.* In what a maze I wander ! how my sorrows  
Run in a labyrinth !

*Tech.* I'll unriddle it.

*Bal.* Hist, hist ! the honour of a man-at-arms.

*Tech.* Then know, thou perjur'd Pamphilus, I have learnt

Neglect from thee.

*Pam.* Madam, I am all love ;  
And if the violence of my flame had met  
With any heart but marble, I had taught it  
Some spark of my affection.

*Bal.* Now it heats.

*Tech.* No doubt the flame is violent, and must work

Upon a breast so capable as mine.

*Aso.* I think Cupid be turned juggler. Here's nothing but hocus-pocus, *Præsto, begone, Come again, Jack,* and such feats of activity.

*Tech.* But I must tell you, you are false and perjur'd,

Or, what is more, a coward. Tell me, sir,

[*To ASOTUS.*

(For I suppose you of a nobler soul)

If you should hear your mistress by rude tongues  
Wrong'd in the graces both of mind and beauty,  
Could you have suffered it ?

*Aso.* Madam, were you made  
From bones of Hercules and brawn of Atlas,  
And daughter were unto Gargantua great,  
And wrong my mistress, you should hear my rage  
Provoke my blade, and cry, *Blade, canst thou sleep  
In peaceful scabbard ? Out, thou beast of terror !  
And, lion-like, roar this disdainful wight  
To Pluto's shades and ghosts of Erebus !*

*Tech.* Yet you, my valiant champion, could resign  
This (if you know it) rather than endure  
The terror of your own steel to redeem  
My bleeding honours.

*Pam.* How am I betray'd,  
And fall'n into the toils of treachery !  
Give me a man bold as that earthborn race

That bade Jove battle, and besieg'd the gods ;  
 And if I make him not creep like a worm  
 Upon his belly, and with reverence  
 Lick up the dust you scatter from your shoe,  
 May I for ever lose the light I live in,  
 The sight of you !

*Tech.* I'll try your spirits ; Phronesium !  
*[Intrat PHRONESIUM, et exeat rursus, et statim intrat  
 cum gladio.]*

*Tyn.* That blood of goats should soften adamant !  
 And poor weak woman with an idol<sup>1</sup> face  
 Should make the soldier to forget his valour,  
 And man his sex !

## SCENE VI.

*Enter PHRONESIUM.*

*Tech.* Here's a champion for you.

*Phron.* Come, sir, this sword be yours ; and if you  
 dare

Maintain in the lists against me, as I fear  
 Your blood is whey by this time, by your valour  
 You may redeem your honour and your sword.

*Aso.* This is another Hercules come from the  
 distaff !

*Phron.* If not, I do proclaim thee here no knight,  
 But mean to post thee up for a vile varlet  
 And the disgrace of chivalry.

*Pam.* O, my shame !

*Aso.* A dainty lady-errant.

*Bal.* A fine piece  
 Of female fortitude.

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<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *idle*. *Idol face* appears to be intended in the same sense as we would say a *doll face*, and, in fact, *doll* is merely a corruption of *idol*.



*Phron.* If this stir thee not,  
Thy mistress is the blemish of her sex,  
A dirty, filthy huswife.

*Pam.* Would it were not  
Dishonour now to kill thee!

*Phron.* If your valour  
Lie in your back-parts, I will make experience  
Whether a kick will raise it. Pray, go fetch him  
Some *aqua vitæ*. for the thought of steel  
Has put him in a swoon. Nothing revive you?  
Then will I keep thy sword and hang it up  
Amongst my buskpoints, pins, and curling-irons,  
Bodkins and vardingales, a perpetual trophv.  
[Exit PHRONESIUM.]

How brave a knight you are!

*Pam.* Where shall I run  
And find a desert, that the foot of man  
Ne'er wander'd in, to hide from the world's eyes  
My shame; 'sdeath, every page and sweaty footman  
And soapy chambermaid will point and laugh at me.

*Tyn.* I joy to think that I shall meet Evadne  
Turn'd on the sudden Moor. How black and vile  
She will appear!

## SCENE VII

*Enter EVADNE.*

*Tyn.* O heavens! who will not dare  
Henceforth to scorn your powers, and call sacrilege  
Merit and piety? I do not see  
A hair deform'd, no tooth or nail sustain  
The brand of her deserved shame. You punish'd  
The queen of beauty with a mole; but certainly  
Her perjury hath added to her form,<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> In the sense of the Lat. *forma*, beauty.

And that the abus'd gods bribe her with beauty,  
As the wrack'd tenant strives to buy the favour  
Of his imperious landlord.

*Evad.* Gentle Tyndarus,  
Load not weak shoulders with too great a burden.

*Tyn.* O lust ! on what bright altars blaze thy flames,  
While chastity lets her cold fires glow out  
In deform'd temples and on ruin'd altars !  
Tempt me not, strumpet : you that have your hirelings,  
And can with jewels, rings, and other toys  
Purchase your journeymen-lechers.

*Evad.* My chaste ear  
Has been a stranger to such words as these.  
I have not sin enough to understand 'em,  
And wonder where my Tyndarus learn'd that language.

*Tyn.* I am turn'd eagle now, and have an eye  
Dares boldly gaze on that adulterate sun  
I must be short—who durst this ring direct<sup>1</sup>  
Into your guilty sheets ?

*Evad.* I do not know,  
How I should lose that pledge of my lord's love ;  
But 'tis not in the power of any thief  
To steal away the heart I have vowed yours :  
And would to all the gods I had kept it there !

*Asa.* Come, blush not, bashful belly-piecer. I will  
meet thee :

I ever keep my word with a fair lady.  
I will requite that jewel with a richer.  
'The glorious heavens, array'd in all their stars,  
Shall not outshine thee. Be not, girl, ashamed.  
These are acquainted with it. I would vex 'em  
To-night with the remembrance of those sports

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<sup>1</sup> We have here, it appears, an allusion to the well known story first related in English in "A C. Mery Talys" (1525). See "Old English Jest-Book," 1. 19, or Webster's Works, by Hazlitt, 1. 178-9. Old copies, *must*.

We shall enjoy. Then pleasures double rise,  
When both we feed, and they shall tantalise.

*Evad.* It is not manly in you, sir, to ruin  
A virgin's fame with hazard of your own.

*Aso.* Tut, lass, no matter, we'll be manly anon.

*Tyn.* A fine dissembler! Ha! what tumult's here?

### SCENE VIII.

*Enter PÆGNIUM and OFFICERS*

*Pæg.* That's he; I charge you, apprehend the  
villain.

*1st Officer.* Villain, we reprehend thee.

*Bal.* Slaves, for what?

*2d Officer.* For an arrant cutpurse: you stole away  
this little gentleman's sword; and being done by  
chance-medley, 'tis flat felony by statute.

*Pam.* I thank thee, innocence. Though earth dis-  
claim

Thy title, heaven denies thee not protection.

*Pæg.* Confess, or I will have thee instantly  
Hang'd for a sign on thine own post.

*Bal.* Well, villany,

Thou wilt not thrive, sir, for 'twas you I wrong'd.

I do confess the sword by which I rais'd

So strange a scandal on you, was by me

Stolen from your page, as he delivered letters

From you to your Techmessa, and the plot

Was fashion'd by her mother, though ill-fortune

Made me the unlucky instrument.

*Aso.* Curs'd tutor!

Thou hast read nothing to me worth the learning,

But th' highway to th' gallows. There shall we

Hang up like vermin. Little did I think

To make the women weep and sob to see

Th' untimely end of two such proper men.  
 This mouth was never made to stand awry,  
 And sure my neck was long enough before.  
 Lady, upon my humbled knees I beg  
 Pardon for faults committed. I acknowledge  
 That, striving with felonious intent  
 To steal a kiss or two from your sweet lips,  
 From your sweet ear I stole a ring away.

*Pag.* For which your sweet neck must endure the  
 halter.

*Tyn.* I am again thy servant, mighty love !  
 O my Evadne, how shall I appear  
 So bold as but to plead in mine own cause ?  
 It is so foul, that none can seal my pardon,  
 But you that should condemn me.

*Evad.* Sir, you know  
 The power I have is yours · be your own judge,  
 And seal your pardon here.

*Tyn.* 'Tis double life  
 Granted by such a seal.

*Tech.* What punishment  
 Shall we inflict on these ?

*Aso* Gentle lady,  
 E'en what you please, but hanging ; that's a death  
 My enemies will hit me in the teeth with.  
 Besides, it makes a man look like a cat,  
 When she cries mew.

*Bul.* I'll bark and bite awhile,  
 Before the dog's death choke me.

*Aso.* Pray, dismiss  
 This pack of hounds ; and since we both are guilty,  
 Let us bestow on one another's shoulders  
 The good and wholesome counsel of a cudgel.

*Pag.* Pray, let me intercede.

*Aso.* Thanks, pretty little gentleman.

*Tyn.* Officers, you are discharged.

*Aso.* Are the mad dogs gone ? [*Exeunt OFFICERS.*]

Come, tutor, I must read awhile to you  
Under correction. Not so hard, good tutor.

*Tyn.* Enough.

*Aso.* Nay, one bout, I beseech you, more  
To make up satisfaction.

*Bal.* Well, for this  
I'll have one engine more ; my bad intents  
Mend not, but gather strength by punishments.

*Tyn.* Your satisfaction now is full and ample.

*Aso.* Nay, we must have the health i' th' crab-tree  
cup too.

One to the Tyndarides, another to the Asotides,  
And one, my dear instructor, to the Techmessides.

*Pam* Nay, now your penance doth exceed your  
crime.

*Aso.* Say you so ? nay, then here's a health to the  
Pamphilides too ;  
And, for his noble sake, to the Evadnides,  
And all philosophic sects, whate'er they be.

*Evad* Your justice to yourselves is too severe.

*Aso.* Then I ha' done · farewell, and hearty thanks.  
But, tutor, stay ; this little gentleman  
Has been forgot. Pray, sir, what may I call you ?

*Pæg.* My name is Pægnium.

*Aso.* I were most unthankful  
To pass o'er you. To the Pægniades, tutor,  
You have brought us to a fair pass, tutor.

*Bal.* Tush !  
'Twas but to exercise your passive valour

*Aso.* Your passive valour ? give me your active  
valour :

I do not like your black-and-blue valour,  
When bones shall ache with magnanimity.

[*Exeunt* ASOTUS, BALLIO, and PÆGNIUM.]

## SCENE IX.

TYNDARUS, PAMPHILUS, EVADNE, TECHMESSA.

*Tyn.* Brother, I find my soul a troubled sea,  
Whose billows are not fully quieted,  
Although the storm be over. Therefore, Pamphilus,  
By the same womb that bred us, and the breasts  
Of our dead mother Lalage, I conjure thee,  
With all the charms that love can teach thee,  
Assault Evadne's faith. If thou report her  
Constant, I end my jealousy ; if frail,  
The torrent of my love shall bend his course  
To find some other channel.

*Pam.* By that love  
That made us twins, though born at several births,  
That grew along with us in height and strength,  
I will be true. Farewell.

*Tyn.* Be sudden, Pamphilus. [*Exit TYNDARUS.*]

*Evad.* Methinks this should confirm you.

*Tech.* That he was not  
Guilty of this, acquits him not of all.  
To prove a man free from an act of theft,  
Assails him not of murder. No, no, sister ;  
Tempt him with kisses, and what other dalliance  
Craft and indulgent nature hath taught woman  
To raise hot youth to appetite ; if he yield not,  
I will put off distrust. I do not know  
Whom I durst trust but you.

*Evad.* Though mine own love  
Find me enough of business, yet in hope  
That you'll second me in my occasions,  
I undertake the task.

*Tech.* Take heed, Evadne,  
Lest, while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle  
A real fire. I dare not be too confident.  
Hence will I closely pry into their actions,

And overhear their language ; for if my sister  
 See with my eyes, she cannot choose but love him  
 In the same height with me. [*Aside.*]

## SCENE X.

PAMPHILUS, EVADNE, TECHMESSA *in insidiis*.<sup>1</sup>

*Pam.* It grieves me that a lady of your worth :  
 Young, soft, and active as the spring—the star  
 And glory of our nation, should be prodigal  
 Of your affections, and misplace your love  
 On a regardless boy.

*Evad.* Sir, the same pity  
 I must return on you. Were I a man,  
 Whom all the ladies might grow rivals for ,  
 (As less you cannot be) I would not lose  
 My service to a mistress of so coy  
 And proud an humour. True, she is my sister ;  
 But the same womb produces several natures.  
 I should have entertain'd so great a blessing  
 With greater thankfulness

*Pam.* That my stars should be  
 So cross unto my happiness !

*Evad.* And my fate  
 So cruel to me !

*Pam.* Sweet, it is in us  
 To turn the wheel of Fortune , she's a goddess  
 That has no deity, where discretion reigns

*Evad.* But shall I wrong my sister ?

*Pam.* Do not I  
 Give just exchange, and lose a brother for her ?  
 Our sufferings have been equal, and their prides ,  
 They must be equal necks than can draw even  
 In the same yoke.

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<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* , In concealment

*Evad.* I have observ'd the chariot  
Of the great Cyprian queen links not together  
The dove with sparrows ; but the turtle joins  
With turtles, and the sparrow has his mate.

*Pam.* See if one softness kiss not in our lips.

*Evad.* One lip not meets the other with more sympathy  
Than yours met mine.

*Pam.* Let's make the second trial.

## SCENE XI.

*Enter TECHMESSA from her concealment.*

*Tech.* I can endure no longer. Gentle sister !

*Evad.* I cannot blame your jealousy : for I find——

*Tech.* Too much of sweetness in his amorous lips  
There is no tie in nature ; faith in blood  
Is but a thing that should be. Brothers, sisters,  
Fathers and mothers, are but specious names  
Of love and duty . you and I have been  
But guests in the same womb, that at first meeting  
Change kind and friendly language, and next morning  
Fall out, before they part, or at least ride  
Contrary roads.

*Evad.* Will you then misconstrue  
The service I perform'd at your request ?

*Tech.* Henceforth I'll set the kite to keep my  
chickens,  
And make the wolf my shepherd.

## SCENE XII.

*Enter TYNDARUS.*

*Tyn.* Pamphilus, how is't ?

*Pam.* I know not how to answer thee.  
She met me with more courtship than I tender'd.



*Tech.* Sir, we are both abus'd, and the same womb  
 That gave us life was fruitful to our ruin.  
 Your traitor wears the mask call'd brother : mine  
 As cunning a disguise—the name of sister :  
 These eyes are witness, that descried them kissing  
 Closer than cockles, and in lustful twines  
 Outbid the ivy or the circling arms  
 Of winding vines. Their hot embraces met  
 So near, and folded in so close a knot,  
 As if they would incorporate, and grow one.

*Tyn.* Then farewell all respect of blood ! and, friend-  
 ship,

I do pronounce thee stranger. If there can be  
 Valour in treachery, put thy trust in steel,  
 As I do, not in brothers. Draw, or die.

*Pam.* Brother !

*Tyn.* I hate the name : it is a word  
 Whets my just anger to a sharper edge.

*Pam.* Hear me.

*Tyn.* I will no pleading but the sword.  
 Wert thou protected by Apollo's temple,  
 Or hadst the altar for security,  
 Religion should not bind me from thy death.  
 Couldst thou retreat into my mother's womb,  
 There my revenge should find thee. I am sudden,  
 And talk is tedious.

*Pam.* Bear me witness, heaven .  
 This action is unwilling.

### SCENE XIII.

*Enter to them* CHREMYLUS *and* DIPSAS.

*Chrem.* Put up for shame those rude unhallowed  
 blades,  
 And let not rash opinion of a valour  
 Persuade you to be patricides. Pray, remember

You thirst but your own blood. He that o'ercomes,  
Loses the one-half of himself.

*Tyn.* Dear Chremylus,  
The reverence to your age hath tied my hands .  
But were my thread of life measur'd by his,  
I'd cut it off, though we both fell together,  
That my incensed soul might follow his,  
And to eternity prosecute my revenge.

*Pam.* Brother, at your entreaty I adventured  
To court Evadne ; and, because I found her  
(Against my mind) too easy to my suit,  
Your rage falls heavy on me.

*Tch.* On my knees  
I beg, dear father, cloister me in darkness,  
Or send me to the desert to converse  
With nothing but a wilderness ; or expose me  
To the cold mercy of the wind and wave,  
So you will free me from the company  
Of a false sister.

*Evad.* Sir, with much persuasion  
She wrought on me to personate a love  
To Pamphilus, to find if I could stagger  
The faith he vow'd to her. This have I done,  
And this so much hath mov'd her.

*Chrem.* Here you see  
The fruits of rashness. Do you find your error ?  
But the foul spring, from whence these bitter streams  
Had their first head (I fear) is from you, Dipsas.

*Dip.* I will no more deny it : I have sown  
Those seeds of doubt, wishing to see dissension  
Ripe for the sickle. For what cause, I now  
Forbear to speak. But henceforth I will strive  
To clear those jealousies, and conclude their loves  
In a blest nuptial.

*Tyn.* O, how frail is man !  
One sunny day the exhalation rears  
Into a cloud : at night it falls in tears.

[*Exeunt all save DIPSAS and TYNDARUS.*]

## ACT III., SCENE I.

DIPSAS, TYNDARUS.

*Tyn.* If it be not immodesty to demand  
So bold a question, I would be resolv'd  
Of one doubt yet.

*Dip.* Speak boldly . by all holiness,  
My answer shall be true.

*Tyn.* When you were young,  
And lively appetite revelled in your blood,  
Did you not find rebellion in your veins?  
Did not the same embraces tedious grow,  
And cause a longing in your thoughts to taste  
Varieties of men?

*Dip.* I blush : I cannot answer  
With a denial. Not a proper gentleman  
But forc'd my goatish eye to follow him :  
And, when I had survey'd his parts, I would  
With any loss of honour, wealth, and friendship,  
Have brought him to my bed : and truly, sir,  
'Twas cheap at any rate.

*Tyn.* Steel'd impudence !  
What fruit can I expect the bough should bear,  
That grows from such a stock ?

*Dip.* I had of late  
A moneth's mind, sir, to you. Y' have the right make  
To please a lady.

*Tyn.* Sure, this old piece of lust,  
When she is dead, will make her grave a brothel,  
And tempt worms to adulterate her carcass.

*Dip.* And that's the reason I have cross'd my  
daughter  
To further mine own love. Pity me, sir ;  
For though the fuel's spent, there is a spark  
Rak'd up i' th' embers. But I now desist.

Please you to go to Ballio's house, my daughter  
 Shall meet you there. I hope that out of duty  
 She will not grudge her mother a good turn,  
 When she is married, now and then. [Exit.

*Tyn.* Is there no house  
 To meet at but this Ballio's? Is Evadne  
 Acquainted there? Is that the rendezvous  
 Of her hot meetings. Yet I still suspect  
 This woman's malice to her child not lost.  
 I will bestow some time, and go to see  
 The strange event of this dark mystery. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

DIPSAS, BALLIO.

*Dip.* Ballio!*Bal.* Madam!

*Dip.* See your house be stor'd  
 With the deboisest<sup>1</sup> roarers in the city:  
 Let every room be fill'd with noise and quarrelling,  
 For Tyndarus is to meet Evadne there.  
 You guess the rest; if not, this purse of gold  
 Better inform you. [Exit.

*Bal.* Most celestial lady!  
 Though I have practised villany from my cradle,  
 And from my dug suck'd mischief more than milk,  
 This fury still outdoes me. I am vex'd—  
 Vex'd to the heart, to see a silly woman  
 Carry more devils in her than myself.  
 And yet I love thee—thou she-rogue, I love thee.  
 Had I but such a wife, what a fine brood  
 Of toads could I beget!

<sup>1</sup> Most debauched.

## SCENE III.

*Enter SIMO.*

*Bal* Here comes my mole,  
 The son of earth, that digs his mother's entrails  
 To turn up treasure for his boy and me ;  
 That with industrious eyes searches to hell  
 To buy us heaven on earth. [*Aside.*] Welcome,  
 welcome,  
 Thou age of gold : how do the bags at home ?  
 Are all the chests in health ? thrives the purse still ?  
 And says it to the talents, Multiply ?

*Sim.* Thanks to my providence, like a swarm.  
 Wealth falls

Not in small drops upon me, as at first,  
 But (like a torrent) overthrows the bank,  
 As it would threat a deluge. Were it not pity  
 My boy should not invent sluices enou'  
 To drain the copious stream ?

*Bal.* A thousand pities  
 That you should lose the fruits of so much care.

*Sim.* True, Balho, true.

*Bal.* Trust me, what art can do  
 Shall not be wanting

*Sim.* I'll not be ungrateful.  
 It lies in you to turn these silver hairs  
 To a fresh black again, and by one favour  
 Cut forty years away from the great<sup>1</sup> sum.

*Bal.* I had rather  
 Cut off all, and be our own carvers. [*Aside.*]  
 Sir, if I had Medea's charms to boil  
 An aged ram in some enchanted cauldron  
 Till he start up a lamb, I would recall

---

<sup>1</sup> Edits., *gray*.

Your youth, and make you (like the aged snake)  
Cast off this wrinkled skin, and skip up fresh  
As at fifteen.

*Simo.* All this you may, and more.  
If you will place me where I may unseen  
Make my eye witness of my son's delight :  
I shall enjoy the pleasures by beholding 'em.

*Bal.* True, sir, you know he's but your second self,  
The same you might have been at one-and-twenty :  
The bliss is both's alike.

*Simo* Most philosophical !

*Bal.* Place yourself there

*Simo* I ha' no words but these  
To thank you with. [*Gives money.*]

*Bal.* This is true rhetoric.

## SCENE IV.

ASOTUS, BOMOLOCHUS, CHARYLUS, THRASYMACHUS,  
HYPERBOLUS. BALLIO and SIMO in *angulis*.<sup>1</sup>

*Aso* Come forth, my rascals Let the thriving lord  
Confine his family unto half a man,  
Yclep'd a page. Our honour be attended  
With men of arts and arms. Captains and poets  
Shall with the Bilboa blade and grey goose-quill  
Grace our retinue ; and, when we grow surly,  
Valour and wit fall prostrate at our frown.  
Crouch, imps of Mars and frogs of Helicon !

*Simo.* How they adore him ! and the perilous wag  
Becomes his state. To see what wealth can do  
To those that have the blessing how to spend it !

[*Aside.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> i.e., In a corner, or behind a screen.

*Bal.* Your blessing was the wealth : the art of spending  
He had from me.

*Simo.* Once more I give thee thanks. [*Aside.*

*Thras.* Who dares offend thee, lord of fortitude,  
And not pay homage to thy potent toe,  
Shall be a morsel for the dogs.

*Aso.* Stoutly deliver'd,  
My brave *Thrasymachus* ! Thou for this shalt feed.  
I will not suffer valour to grow lean,  
And march like famine. I have seen an army  
Of such a meagre troop, such thin-chapp'd starvelings,  
Their barking stomachs hardly could refrain  
From swallowing up the foe, ere they had slain him.

*Hyp.* If thou command our service, we will dye  
Dull earth with crimson, till the tears of orphans,  
Widows and mothers wash it white again -  
We'll strow thy walks with legs and arms, and thighs,  
And pay thee tribute thousand heads a day,  
Fresh bleeding from the trunk ; and panting hearts  
(Not dead) shall leap in thy victorious paw.

*Aso.* Then say thou too to Hunger Friend, adieu !  
Ballio, condemn a bag , let trash away,  
See 'em both arm'd in scarlet *cap-a-pie*.  
Strike topsail, men-of-war.

*Bal.* We must divide :  
We that serve great men have no other shifts  
To thrive ourselves, but gelding our lords' gifts.

*Simo.* Now I am rich indeed , this is true treasure.  
[*Aside.*

*Aso.* Ha ! has *Melpomene* ta'en cold of late,  
That you are silent, my *Parnassian* beagles ?  
Is *Clio* dumb, or has *Apollo's Jew's-trump*  
By sad disaster lost her melodious tongue ?

*Char.* Your praise all tongues desire to speak ;  
but some—  
Nay all, I fear—for want of art grow dumb.

The harp of Orpheus blushes for to sing,  
And sweet Amphion's voice hath crack'd a string.

*Aso.* A witty solecism ! reward the error.  
Harp and sing, voice and string !

*Bom.* Give me a breath of thunder , let me speak  
Sonorous accents, till their clamours break  
Rocks with the noise obstreperous. I will warble  
Such bouncing notes shall cleave obdurate marble  
Upon Mount Caucasus' heavens-knocking head ;  
Boreas shall blow my trumpet, till I spread  
Thy fame, grand patron of the thrice-three sisters :  
Till envy's ears shall hear it, and have blisters.

*Aso.* O rare close ! a high sublime conceit !  
For this I'll sheathe thee in a new serge scabbard,  
Blade of the fount Pegasean !

*Simo.* What an honour  
Will our blood come to !—I have satisfied  
For all the orphans, widows, and what others  
My sacred hunger hath devour'd.

[*Aside.*

*Aso.* Ballio,  
Bless him with twenty drachms : yet forbear.  
Money may spoil his poetry. Give's some wine,  
Here is a whetstone both for wit and valour :  
A health to all my beadsmen of the sword !

*Thras Hyp.* This will engage the men-of-arms to fight.

*Aso.* This to the Muses and their threadbare tribe.

*Char. Bom* Thou dost engage the learn'd troop<sup>1</sup> to  
write.

*Aso.* Go, sons of Mars, with young Apollo's brood,  
And usher in my Venus : wine hath warm'd  
My blood, and wak'd it to an itch of sporting

[*Exeunt BOMOLOCHUS, HYPERBOLUS, CHARYLUS,*  
*THRASYMACHUS, for to fetch in PHRYNE.*

*ASOTUS the while is putting on his armour.*

*Bal.* Some twenty ages hence 'twill be a question

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *troups*.



Which of the two the world will reverence more :  
 You for a thriving father, or Asotus  
 So liberal a son.

*Simo.* Good, Ballio, good !  
 But which will they prefer ?

*Bal.* They cannot, sir,  
 But most admire your fist, which grip'd so much  
 That made his hand so open.

*Simo.* Gracious stars !  
 How blest shall I be twenty ages hence—  
 Some twenty ages hence !

*Bal.* You shall be call'd  
 A doating coxcomb twenty ages hence. [*Aside.*]

## SCENE V.

CHARYLUS, BOMOLOCHUS, *before, personating two Mercuries*, PHRYNE, *in an antique robe and coronet, guarded in by* HYPERBOLUS and THRASYMACHUS.

*Aso.* How bright and glorious are the beams my  
 star  
 Darts from her eye ! Lead up my queen of beauty—  
 But in a softer march—sound a retreat.  
 Lead on again : I'll meet her in that state  
 The God of War puts on when he salutes  
 The Cyprian queen : these, that were once the postures  
 Of horrid battles, are become the muster  
 Of love and beauty. Say, sweet brace of Mercuries,  
 Is she th' Olympic or the Paphian goddess ?

*Bal.* Where are you, sir, where are you ? [*Aside.*]

*Simo.* In Elysium, in Elysium.

*Char.* This is no goddess of the Olympic hall.

*Bom.* Nor may you her of Neptune's issue call.

*Char.* For she nor Syren is, nor Amphitrite.

*Bom.* Nor wood-nymph that in forest takes delight.

*Char.* Nor is she Muse.

*Bom.* Nor Grace.

*Char.* Nor is she one of these  
That haunt the springs—the beauteous Naiades.

*Bom.* Nor Flora, lady of the field, is she.

*Char.* Nor bright Pomona, th' orchard's deity.

*Bom.* No, she is none of these

*Char.* O, then prepare  
To hear her blessed name.

*Both.* 'Tis Phryne fair.

*Aso.* Phryne the fair? O peace! if this be she,  
Go forth and sing the world a lullaby  
For thy dear sake, in whom is all delight,  
I will no more the trembling nations fright  
With bellowing drums and groans of slaughter'd men.  
My father brings the golden age again.

*Phryne.* Pardon me, dreadful deity of war;  
'Twas love of you that forc'd me from my sphere,  
And made me leave my orb without her influence,  
To meet you in the fury of the fight,  
Sweating with rage, and reeking in the blood  
Of wretches sacrificed to the Stygian flood.

*Aso.* Come forth, thou horrid instrument of death.

*Bal.* Do you hear him, sir? *[Aside.]*

*Simo.* Ay, to my comfort, Ballo.

*Aso.* I will dispeople earth, and drown the world  
In crimson floods and purple deluges.

The old, the young, the weak, the lusty wight:  
Soldiers and scholars, fair and foul together,  
Men, women, children, infants—all shall die,  
I will have none survive that shall have left  
Above one eye, three-quarters of a face,  
And half a nose. I will carve legs and arms,  
As at a feast. Henceforth to all posterity  
Mankind shall walk on crutches.

*Phryne.*

Cruel Mars!

Let the conjunction of my milder star  
 Temper the too malignant force of thine.  
 The drum, the fife, and trumpet shall be turn'd  
 To lutes and citherns. We will drink in helmets,  
 And cause the soldier turn his blade to knives,  
 To conquer capons and the stubble goose :  
 No weapons in the age to come be known,  
 But shield of bacon and the sword of brawn.  
 Deign me a kiss, great warrior. *[Kisses him.]*

*Aso.* Hogsheads of nectar  
 Are treasur'd in the warehouse of her lips.  
 That kiss hath ransom'd thousands from the grave.

*Phryne.* Let me redeem more thousands with a  
 second. *[Kisses him again.]*

*Aso.* Rage melts away I pardon half the world

*Phryne* O, let me kiss away all rigour from thee.  
*[Kisses him]*

*Aso* Live, mortals, live. Death has no more  
 to do

And yet (methinks) a little rigour's left.

*Phryne* Thus shall it vanish *[Kisses him.]*

*Aso.* Vanish, rigour, vanish !

Harness the lions · make my chariot ready  
 Venus and I will ride.

*Phryne.* How ? drawn by lions ?

*Aso* Ay, thou shalt kiss 'em till their rigour vanish  
 (As mine has) into air. I will have thee play  
 With ounces, tigers, and the panther's whelp,  
 As with a squirrel. Bears shall wait on thee,  
 And spotted leopards shall thy monkeys be  
 Sit down, my queen, and let us quaff a bowl.  
 Seest thou, my Phryne, what a fair retinue  
 I have provided thee ? These for thy defence  
 'Gainst any lady rivals thee in beauty .  
 And these on all occasions shall vent forth  
 Swelling encomiums. Say, Bomolochus ,  
 How sings my mistress ?

*Bom.* The grasshopper chants not his autumn choir  
So sweet, nor cricket by the chimney-fire.

*Aso.* They'll make thee anything. Thou art already  
Cricket and grasshopper. Charylus, how does she  
dance?

*Char.* Have you beheld the little sable beast  
Clad in an ebon mantle, hight a flea,  
Whose supple joints so nimbly skip and caper  
From hem to sleeve, from sleeve to hem again,  
Dancing a measure o'er a lady's smock,  
With motion quick and courtly equipage?  
So trips fair Phryne o'er the flowery stage.

*Aso.* Now thou art a flea How snorts she as she  
sleeps?

*Bom.* Zephyrus breathes not with a sweeter gale  
Through a grove of sycamore. The soft spring  
Chides not the pebbles that disturb his course  
With sweeter murmur. Let Amphion's lute  
(That built our Theban walls) be henceforth mute.  
Orpheus shall break his harp, and silent be  
The reed of Pan, the pipe of Mercury!  
Yea, though the spheres be dumb, I care not for't:  
No music such as her melodious snort!

*Aso.* Melodious snort? With what decorum spits  
she?

*Char.* Like the sweet gums that from electar<sup>1</sup> trees  
Distil, or honey of the labouring bees:  
Like morning dew, that in a pleasant shower  
Drops pearls into the bosom of a flower.  
Cupid with acorn-cups close by her sits  
To snatch away the nectar that she spits.

*Aso.* Ballio, present me with the crowns of laurel.  
Thus I drop wine the best of Helicon

---

<sup>1</sup> I do not know what is meant by *electar trees*. Perhaps Randolph may have written *eleam tree*, referring to the *decampane* or *Ilacnum*, which certainly yields a species of gum.

On your learn'd heads, and crown you thus with bays.  
 Rise poets-laureate both ! Favour, Apollo !

*Both.* The Muses and Asotus be propitious !

*Aso.* I will not have you henceforth sneak to  
 taverns,

And peep like fiddlers into gentlemen's rooms,  
 To shark for wine and radishes ; nor lie sentinel  
 At ordinaries, nor take up at plays  
 Some novice for a supper You shall deal  
 No more in ballads, to bewail an execution  
 In lamentable rhythms ; nor beg in elegies ;  
 Nor counterfeit a sickness to draw in  
 A contribution ; nor work journey-work  
 Under some play-house poet, that deals in  
 Wit by retail ; nor shall you task your brains  
 To grace a burgess' new post with a rebus ;  
 Or furnish a young suitor with an anagram  
 Upon his mistress' name , nor study posies  
 For rings and bracelets. Injure not the bough  
 Of Daphne : know that you are laureate now.

*Bal.* How like you this discourse ? [*Aside.*

*Simo.* Excellent well.

It is a handsome lass If I were young  
 (As I am not decrepit), I would give  
 A talent for a kiss.

[*Aside.*

*Phryne.* Come, beauteous Mars,  
 I'll kemb thy hair smooth as the raven's feather,  
 And weave those stubborn locks to amorous bracelets ;  
 Then call a livelier red into thy face,  
 And soften with a kiss thy rugged lips  
 I must not have this beard so rudely grow,  
 But with my needle I will set each hair  
 In decent order, as you rank your squadrons.

*Aso.* Here's a full bowl to beauteous Phryne's  
 health.

What durst thou do, Thrasymachus, to the man  
 That should deny it ?

*Thras.* Dissect him into atoms.

*Hyp.* I durst do more for beauteous Phryne's sake.

*Thras.* What, more than I? Hyperbolus, thou art mortal.

*Hyp.* Yield, or I see a breakfast for the crows.

*Thras.* Death to my lungs, I spit upon thy fame.

*Hyp.* Then with my steel I whip thy rash contempt.

*Aso.* Brawling, you mastiffs? Keep the peace at home,

And join your forces 'gainst the common foe.

*Phryne.* You shall not be angry; by this kiss you shall not.

*Aso.* I will, unless you swear again.

*Phryne.* You shall not

*Simo.* [*Aside*] Ah, Ballio! age has made me dry as tinder,

And I have taken fire. I burn, I burn!

The spark rak'd up in ashes is broke forth,

And will consume me, Ballio.

*Bal.* What's the matter? [*Aside.*]

*Simo.* [*Aside*] Love, cruel love, I must enjoy that lady,

Whatever price it cost me.

*Bal.* Your son's mistress? [*Aside*]

*Simo.* Son or not son. Let this entreat, and this.

[*Aside.*]

*Bal.* This will persuade I must remove your son,

His fury else will surely stand 'twixt us

And our designs. Old lecher, I will fit you,

And geld your bags for this. You shall be milk'd,

Emptied and pump'd. Sponge, we will squeeze you, sponge,

And send you to suck more. [*Aside. Comes forward.*] Invincible Mars!

*Aso.* What says the governor of our younger years?

*Bal.* You have worn this plot of Mars too stale  
already.

O, shift yourself into all shapes of love.

Women are taken with variety.

What think you of Oberon, the King of Fairies ?<sup>1</sup>

I know 'twill strike her fancy.

*Aso.*

Business calls ;

Drink on, for our return shall sudden be.

## SCENE VI.

BALLIO, SIMO, THRASYMACHUS, HYPERBOIUS,  
CHARYLUS, BOMOLOCHUS, PHRYNE.

*Bal.* Phryne, here is a boy of wealth, my girl,  
The golden bull that got this golden calf,  
Deeply in love with her.

*Phryne.*

Let me alone ,

I'll fleece him.

*Bal.* Melt him, Phryne, melt him.

We must not leave this mine, till we have found  
The largeness of the vein Suck like an horse-leech.

[*Aside.*

Come, sir, and boldly enter : I have chalk'd out  
An easy path to tread in , 'twill direct you  
To your wish'd journey's end, and lodge you safe  
In her soft arms.

*Simo.*

Thou art my better angel.

Wilt thou eat gold, drink gold, lie in gold,  
I have it for thee. Old men are twice children ;  
And so was I , but I am grown again  
Up to right man. Thou shalt be my tutor too.  
Is there no stools or tables ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Randolph introduces the fairies more at large into his  
"Amynthas."

*Bal.* What to do ?

*Simo.* I would vault over them, to show the strength  
And courage of my back.

*Bal.* Strike boldly in, sir.

*Simo.* Save you, gentlemen. If you want gold,  
here's for you.

Give me some wine. Mistress, a health to you :  
Pledge me, and spice the cup with these and these.  
Thou shalt have better gowns.

*Thras.* A brave old boy !

*Hyp.* There's mettle in him.

*Char* I will sing thy praise

In lines heroic.

*Bom.* I will tune my lyre,

And chant an ode that shall eternise thee

*Phryne* Of what a sweet aspect ! how lovely-look'd  
Is this fine gentleman I hope you know  
It is in Thebes the custom to salute  
Fair ladies with a kiss

*Simo.* She is enamour'd.

Sure I am younger than I thought myself  
Fair lady, health and wealth attend thee [*Kisses her.*

*Phryne* Good sir, another kiss. You have a breath  
Compos'd of odours.

*Simo* Buy thee toys with this [*Gives her money.*  
I'll send thee more.

*Phryne* How ravishing is his face !

*Simo* That I should have so ravishing a face,  
And never know it ! Miser that I was !  
I will go home and buy a looking-glass,  
To be acquainted with my parts hereafter.

*Phryne* Come, lie thee down by me ; here we  
will sit.

How comely are these silver hairs ! This hand  
Is e'en as right to my one mind, as if  
I had the making of it. Let me throw  
My arms about thee.



*Bal.* How the burr cleaves to him !

*Simo.* This remnant of my age will make amends  
For all the time that I have spent in care.

*Phryne.* Give me thy hand. How smooth a palm  
he has !

How with a touch it melts !

*Bal.* The rogue abuses him  
With his greasy fists.

*Phryne.* Let us score kisses up  
On one another's lips. 'Thou shalt not speak,  
But I will suck thy words, ere they have felt  
The open air.

*Simo.* That I should live so long,  
And ignorant of such a wealth as this !

## SCENE VII

SIMO, THRASYMACHUS, HYPERBOIUS, CHARYLLUS,  
BOMOLOCHUS, PHRYNE, ASSOILS.

*Aso.* Now am I Oberon, prince of fairyland,  
And Phryne shall be Mab, my empress fair .  
My soldiers two I'll instantly transform  
To Will-with-a-wisp and Robin Goodfellow,  
And make my brace of poets transmigrate  
Into Pigwigginn and Sir Peppercorn  
It were a pretty whimsy now to counterfeit  
That I were jealous of my Phryne's love.  
The humour would be excellent, and become me  
Better than either Tyndarus or Techmessa.  
Thus will I walk as one in deadly dumps.

*Simo.* When shall we marry ? [*Aside.*]

*Phryne.* I can hardly stay  
Till morning. [*Aside.*]

*Aso.* O, what fury shot  
A viper through my soul ! Here love with twenty bows

And twenty thousand arrows lays his siege  
 To my poor heart. O Phryne, Phryne !  
 I have no cause why to suspect thy love.  
 But if all this be cunning, as who knows ?  
 Away, foul sin ! O eyes, what mischief do you see !  
*Bal.* O, I could burst with laughter. Here will be  
 A pretty scene of mirth.

*Simo.* Thou dost not love me.  
 My boy Asotus, my young sprightly boy  
 Has stolen thy heart away.  
*Phryne.* He ? a poor mushroom !  
 Your boy ? I should have guess'd him for your  
 father.

He has a skin as wrinkled as a tortoise,  
 I have mista'en him often for a hedgehog  
 Crept out on's skin. Pray, keep the fool at home.

*Aso.* Patience, go live with cuckolds. I defy  
 thee !  
 Villain, rogue, traitor, do not touch my dear,  
 So to unsanctify her tender skin,  
 Nor cast a goatish eye upon a hair,  
 To make that little thread of gold profan'd,  
 Or gaze but on her shoe-string that springs up  
 A real rose from virtue of her foot,  
 To blast the odours Grim-fac'd death shall hurry  
 thee

To Styx, Cocytus, and fell Phlegethon.

*Simo.* Asotus, good Asotus, I am thy father.

*Aso.* I no Asotus am, nor thou my sire,  
 But angry and incensed Oberon.

*Simo.* All that I have is thine, though I could vie  
 For every silver hair upon my head  
 A piece in gold.

*Aso.* I should send you to the barbers. [*Aside.*]

*Simo.* All, all is thine : let me but share  
 A little in thy pleasures : only relish  
 The sweetness of 'em

*Aso.* No, I will not have  
 Two spenders in a house. Go you and revel,  
 I will go home and live a drudge's life,  
 As you ha' done, to scrape up pelf together :  
 And then forswear all tutors, soldiers, poets,  
 Women and wine. I will forget to eat,  
 And starve myself to the bigness of a polecat  
 I will disclaim his faith that can believe  
 There is a tavern or a religious place  
 For holy nuns that vow incontinence,  
 And have their beads to sin by Get you home.  
 You kiss a gentlewoman to endanger  
 Your chattering teeth. Go, you have done your  
 share

In getting me : to furnish the next age  
 Must be my province. Go, look you to yours.  
 Lie with your musty bags, and get more gold.  
 'Shld, anger me, and I'll turn drudge for certain.

*Simo.* Asotus, good Asotus, pardon me

*Aso.* I wonder you are not ashamed to ask pardon.

*Simo.* It was the dotage of my age, Asotus.

*Aso.* How did you live until this age of dotage ?

*Simo.* I will abjure all pleasures but in thee.

*Aso.* This something qualifies.

*Simo.* It shall be my sport to  
 Maintain thine Thou shalt eat for both  
 And drink for both.

*Aso.* Good ! this will qualify more.

*Simo.* And here I promise thee to make a jointure  
 Of half the land I have to this fair lady.

*Aso.* This qualifies all. You have your pardon,  
 sir :

But hear you, sir, it must be paid for, too.  
 To-morrow, Mab, I thee mine empress crown.

*Bal.* All friends : a merry cup go round. What !  
 captains  
 And poets here, and leave the sack for flies !

## SCENE VIII.

BALLIO, ASOTUS, PHRYNE, SIMO, THRASYMACHUS,  
HYPERBOLUS, CHARYLUS, BOMOLOCHUS, TYN-  
DARI S

*Hyp.* Thrasymachus, a whole one.

*Thras.* Done, I'll pledge thee.

Though 'twere a deluge. By my steel, you have left  
Enough to drown an island, Charylus.

*Char* And 'twere the famous fount of Hippocrene,  
I'd quaff it off all, though the great Apollo  
And all the Muses died for thirst, Bomolochus.

*Bom.* Come, boys, as deep as is Parnassus high.

*Tyn.* What nursery of sin is this? what temple  
Of lust and riot? Was this place alone  
'I thought a fit witness for the knitting up  
Chaste and religious love? Deeds dark as hell,  
Incest and murder, might be acted here!  
The holy god of marriage never lighted  
His sacred torch at so profane a den.  
It is a cage for screech-owls, bats, and ravens,  
For crows and kites, and such like birds of prey.  
But the chaste turtle, the indulgent pelican,  
And pious stork, fly hence as from infection.  
Evadne meet me here! Is she a parcel  
Of the damn'd family? Are there such white devils  
Among their Succubas? No, thou art wrong'd,  
Evanne;  
And there be some that scatter snakes amongst us,  
Have stung too deep already.

## SCENE IX.

BALLIO, ASOTUS, CHARYLUS, SIMO, HYPERBOLUS,  
THRASYMACHUS, TYNDARUS, EVADNE.

*Tyn* Bless me, eyes !  
My troubled fancy fools me : I am lost  
In a distracted dream. It is not she  
Awake thee, Tyndarus · what strange sleeps are  
these !

Methinks I am in hell, and yet behold  
A glorious angel there. Or have these devils <sup>1</sup>  
Broke into Paradise ? for the place is such  
She blesses with her presence. Mere contradictions ·  
Chimeras of a restless brain !

*Evad.* Diana,  
And whatsoever goddess else protects  
Untouch'd virginity, shield me with your powers.  
To what a wilderness have my wandering steps  
Betray'd me ! Sure, this cannot be a place  
To meet my Tyndarus in.

*Tyn* 'Tis Evadne !  
'Tis the fair soul Evadne Now, my sword,  
That hadst a good edge to defend this woman,  
Go send her soul into another mansion,  
Black as itself. It is too foul a tenant <sup>2</sup>  
For this fair place. Stay yet, too forward steel :  
Take her encircled in her stallion's arms,  
And kill two sins together. Let 'em be  
At hell to bear the punishment of lust,  
Ere it be fully acted.

*Evad.* What strange fancies

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<sup>1</sup> A term which Webster's celebrated drama so-called, printed in 1612, brought into fashion

<sup>2</sup> An idea which several writers have employed See Hazlitt's Dodsley, x. 173, and Dyce's edition of Ford, i. 143.

My maiden fears present me ! Why, I know not :  
But this suspicion seldom bodeeth good.

*Thras.* A handsome *bona roba*, and my prize.

*Hyp.* I do deny't ; she's my monopoly.

*Char.* Perchance she may one of the Muses be,  
And then claim I a share for poetry.

*Evad.* If ever silly lamb thus stray'd before  
Into a flock of wolves ; or harmless dove  
Not only made the prey, but the contention  
Of ravenous eagles—such poor soul am I.

*Thras.* Give me a buss, my girl

*Evad.* If there be here  
A gentleman in whom there lives a spark  
Of virtue not yet out, I do beseech him,  
By all the ashes of his ancestors,  
And by the constant love he bears his mistress,  
To rescue innocence and virginity  
From these base monsters. I for him will pay  
A thousand prayers a morning, all as pure  
And free from earthly thought as e'er found passage  
Through the strict gate of heaven.

*Tyn.* That's a task for me.  
Away, foul ravishers ! I will teach my sword  
Justice to punish you. Such a troop of harpies  
To force a lady's honour ! I will quench  
With your own blood the rage of that hot lust  
That spurr'd you on to base and bold attempts.

*Aso* Fly, Phryne, fly ! for dangers do surround !

*Simo.* This is a pleasure that I care not for.

[*Exeunt all but TYNDARUS and EVADNE.*]

## SCENE X.

TYNDARUS, EVADNE.

*Tyn.* Lady, be safe.

*Evad.* Sir, may this favour, done

An injur'd maid, call blessings on your head  
In plenteous show'rs !

*Tyn.* This courtesy deserves  
Some fair requital.

*Evad.* May plum'd victory  
Wait on your sword : and if you have a mistress,  
May she be fair as lilies, and as chaste  
As the sweet morning dew that loads the heads  
Of drooping flow'rs. May you have fair children  
To propagate your virtues to posterity,  
And bless succeeding times !

*Tyn.* Heaven, be not deaf !

*Evad.* May you and plenty never live asunder.  
Peace make your bed, and——

*Tyn.* Pray'r is cheap reward.  
And nothing now bought at a rate so easy  
As that same highway ware, *Heaven bless your worship !*  
In plain words, lady (I can use no language  
But what is blunt), I must do what they would ha'  
done.

*Evad.* Call back your words, and lose not that  
reward  
Heaven is engag'd to pay you.

*Tyn.* Come ; no circumstance.  
Your answer—quick !

*Evad.* I beg it on my knees :  
Have a respect to your own soul, that sinks  
In this dishonour, sir, as deep as mine.

*Tyn.* You are discourteous, lady.

*Evad.* Let these tears  
Plead for me : did you rescue me from thieves,  
To rob me of the jewel you preserv'd ?

*Tyn.* Why do I trifle time away in begging  
That may command ? Proud damsel, I will force  
thee.

*Evad.* I thank thee, blest occasion : now I dare  
[*She snatcheth a stiletto out of his pocket.*

Defy thee, devil : here is that shall keep  
My chastity secure, and arm a maid  
To scorn your strength.

*Tyn.* Be not too masculine, lady.

*Evad.* Stand off, or I will search my heart with this,  
And force my blood a passage, that in anger  
Shall fly into thy face, and tell thee boldly  
Thou art a villain !

*Tyn.* Incomparable lady !  
By all those pow'rs that the blest men adore,  
And the worst fear, I have no black design  
Upon your honour ; only as a soldier  
I did desire to prove whether my sword  
Had a deserving cause . I would be loth  
To quarrel for light ware. Now I have found you  
Full weight, I'll wear his life upon my point  
That injures so much goodness.

*Evad.* You speak honour.

*Tyn.* Blest be this minute , sanctify it, Time,  
'Bove all thy calendar Now I find her gold ;  
This touchstone gives her perfect. The discovery  
Of new<sup>1</sup>-found kingdoms, where the plough turns up  
Rich ore in every furrow, is to this  
A poor success. Now all my doubts are clear'd,  
And I dare boldly say : Be happy, Tyndarus !

## SCENE XI.

*Enter PAMPHILUS.*

*Pam.* Great Queen of Love, sure, when the labour-  
ing sea  
Did bring forth thee, before she was deliver'd,  
Her violent throes had rais'd a thousand storms.  
Yet now (I hope) after so many wracks

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<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *ne'er*.



That I have suffer'd in thy troubled waves,  
Thou now wilt land me safe.

*Tyn.*

Pamphilus here?

He comes to meet Evadne. This is their house  
Of toleration. She had spied me out  
Through my disguise; and with what studied art,  
What cunning language, how well-acted gesture,  
How much of that unbounded store of tears,  
She wrought on my credulity! The fox,  
Hyæna, crocodile, and all beasts of craft,  
Have been distill'd to make one woman up. [*Exit*

*Evad.* And has he left me in this dragon's den,  
A spoil to rapine? what defence, poor maid,  
Hast thou against these wild and savage beasts?  
My stars were cruel: if you be courteous, eyes,  
Weep me a flood of tears, and drown me in't,  
And be physicians to my sorrows now,  
That have too long been heralds of my grief.  
My thread of life has hitherto drawn out  
More woes than minutes.

*Pam.*

Health to the fair Evadne!

*Evad.* Is any left so courteous to wish health  
To the distress'd Evadne? Pamphilus?

*Pam.* Is my Techmessa here?

*Evad.*

Now all the gods  
Preserve her hence, there is in hell more safety  
Among the Furies. Mischief built this house  
For all her family. Gentle Pamphilus,  
See me delivered from this jail, this dungeon,  
This horrid vault of lust.

## SCENE XII.

PAMPHILUS, TYNDARUS, TECHMESSA, EVADNE.

*Pam.*

Take comfort, lady.  
Your honour stands safe on his guard, while I  
Can use a sword.

*Evad.* You have confirmed me, sir.

*Tyn.* How close they wind, like glutinous snakes  
engend'ring!

*Tech.* Well, sister, I shall study to requite  
This courteous treachery.

*Evad.* Pamphilus, in me  
All stars conspire to make affliction perfect.

*Pam.* Wait on heaven's pleasure, madam: such a one  
The heavens ne'er made for misery; they but give you  
These crosses as sharp sauce to whet your appetite  
For some choice banquet. Or they mean to lead you  
Thorough a vault dark and obscure as hell,  
To make your paradise a sweeter prospect.

[*Aside.*] Thus I feed  
Others with hopes, while mine own wounds do bleed.

[*Exeunt EVADNE and PAMPHILUS.*]

### SCENE XIII.

TYNDARUS, TECHMESSA.

*Tech.* Why should we toil thus in an endless search  
Of what we ne'er<sup>1</sup> behold? Let us grow wise.  
I loathe false Pamphilus; yet I could have lov'd him!  
And, if he were but faithful, could do still.

*Tyn.* Sure, were Evadne false, yet Pamphilus  
Would not be made the instrument to wrong me.  
Or suppose Pamphilus were a treacherous brother,  
Methinks Evadne should be kinder to me.  
Techmessa, join with me in one search more.

### SCENE XIV.

*Enter BALLIO and ASOTUS.*

*Tyn.* O Ballio, 'tis in you and dear Asotus  
To make two wretches happy.

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<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *now*.

*Aso.* Then be happy.

*Tyn.* I'll make you two joint-heirs of my estate,  
And you shall give it out we two are dead  
By our own hands, and bear us both this night  
To church in coffins : whence we'll make escape,  
And bid farewell to Thebes.

*Aso.* Would you not both  
Be buried in one coffin ? then the grave  
Would have her tenants multiply.—hear you, tutor,  
Shall not we be suspected for the murder,  
And choke with a hempen squincy ?

*Tyn.* To secure you,  
We'll write before what we intend to act :  
Our hands shall witness forth<sup>1</sup> your innocence.

*Bal.* Well, come the worst, I'll venture, and per-  
chance

You shall not die in jest again o' th' sudden.

*Tyn.* What strange meanders Cupid leads us  
through !

When most we forward go, we backward move ;  
There is no path so intricate as love

#### ACT IV., SCENE I.

BALLIO, ASOTUS, CHARYLUS and BOMOLOCHUS *bear-  
ing the coffin of* TECHMESSA, HYPERBOLUS *and*  
THRASYMACHUS *bearing the coffin of* TYNDARUS ;  
*a Servant.*

*Bal.* Carry these letters unto Chremylus' house  
Give this to Pamphilus, to Evadne that,  
And certify 'em of this sad event.  
It will draw tears from theirs, as from my eyes,  
Because they are not real obsequies. [*Aside.*]

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<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *with.*

*Aso.* So great my grief, so dolorous my disaster,  
I know not in what language to express it,  
Unless I should be dumb! Sob, sob, Asotus!  
Sob till thy buttons break, and crack thy bandstrings  
With lamentation and distress'd condoling;  
With blubber'd eyes behold this spectacle  
Of man's mortality. O my dearest Tyndarus!

*Thras.* Learn of us captains to outface grim Death,  
And gaze the lean-chapp'd monster in the face.

*Asot.* Ay, and I could but come to see his face,  
I'd scratch his eyes out. O the ugly rogue!  
Could none but Tyndarus and fair Techmessa  
Serve the vile varlet to lead apes in hell?

*Hyp.* I have seen thousands sigh out souls in  
groans,  
And yet have laugh'd · it has been sport to see  
A mangled carcass broach'd with so many wounds,  
That life has been in doubt which to get out at.

*Aso.* Are crawling vermin of so choice a diet?  
Would I were then a worm, freely to feed  
On such a delicate and ambrosian dish,  
Fit to be serv'd a banquet to my bed!  
But, O Techmessa! Death has swallowed thee  
Too sweet a sop for such a fiend as he!

*Char.* Chase hence these show'rs; for, since they  
both are dead,  
Tears will not bribe the Fates for a new thread.

*Bom.* Inexorable sisters! Be not sorry:  
For Clotho's distaff will be peremptory.

*Aso.* Go, then, and dip your pens in gall and vinegar  
To rail on Mors—cruel, impartial Mors:  
The savage tyrant, all-devouring Mors:  
The envious, wicked, and malicious Mors:  
Mors, that respects not valour: Mors, that cares not  
For wit or learning: Mors, that spares not honour:  
Mors, whom wealth bribes not. Mors, whom beauty  
tempts not:

Thus loudly rail on Mors, that Mors may know it—  
To be reveng'd on Mors I keep a poet.

*Thras.* If Mors were here, the skeleton should know  
I'd cut his charnel bones to dice for grieving  
Our noble general. Courage, boon chevalier!

## SCENE II.

*Enter SIMO.*

*Simo* Why is my boy so sad? Tell me, Asotus.  
If dissolv'd gold will cure thee, melt a treasure.

*Aso.* O sad mischance!

*Simo.* What, grieves my hope, my joy,  
My staff, my comfort?

*Aso.* Woful accident!

*Simo.* Have I not barricadoed all my doors,  
And stopp'd each chink and cranny in my house,  
To keep out poverty and lean misfortune?  
Where crept this sorrow in?

*Aso.* Here, through my heart.  
O father, I will tell you such a story,  
Of such a sad and lamentable nature,  
'Twill crack your purse-strings.

*Simo.* Ha! what story, boy?

*Aso.* My friend, my dear friend Tyndarus, sir, is  
dead.

And, to augment my sorrow, kill'd himself.  
And yet, to add more to my heap of griefs,  
Left me and Ballio—his estate.

*Simo.* Alas!

Is not this counterfeit sorrow well express'd? [*Aside.*

*Bal.* But I grieve truly that I grieve in jest.

*Simo.* Half his estate to thee, and half to Ballio?  
A thousand pities! Gently rest his bones!  
I cannot but weep with thee.

*Bal.* Sir, you see,  
If you had left him nothing, my instructions  
Can draw in patrimonies.

*Simo.* He is rich  
In nothing but a tutor. Good Asotus,  
Though sorrow be a debt due to the hearse  
Of a dead friend, and we must wet the turf  
Under whose roof he lodges : yet we must not  
Be too immoderate.

*Aso.* Bear me witness, heaven :  
I us'd no force of rhetoric, no persuasions  
(Whate'er the wicked and malicious world  
May rashly censure) to instigate these two  
To their own deaths. I knew not of the plot ;  
All of you know that I am ignorant.

*Enter PHRYNE.*

*Phryne.* Where is my love ? shall sorrow rival me,  
And hang about thy neck ? If grief be got  
Into thy cheeks, I'll clap it out. Dear chicken,  
You shall not be so sad, indeed you shall not.  
Be merry · by this kiss, I'll make you merry.

*Aso.* Then wipe my eyes. Thus, when the clouds  
are gone,  
The day again is gilded by the sun.

SCENE III.

BALLIO, ASOTUS, SIMO, PHRYNE, THRASYMACHUS,  
HYPERBOLUS, CHARYLUS, BOMOLOCHUS, SEXTON.

*Aso.* Who's within here ?

*Sex.* What's the matter without there ?

*Aso.* Ha ! what art thou ?

*Sex.* The last of tailors, sir, that ne'er take measure  
of you while you have hope to wear a new suit.

*Aso.* How dost thou live ?

*Sex.* As worms do, by the dead.

*Aso.* A witty rascal. Let's have some discourse with him.

*Thras.* Are any soldiers' bones in garrison here ?<sup>1</sup>

*Sex.* Faith, sir, but few : they, like poor travellers, Take up their inn by chance : but some there be.

*Thras.* Do not those warlike bones in dead of night Rise up in arms, and with tumultuous broils Waken the dormice that dull peace hath lull'd Into a lethargy ? Dost not hear 'em knock Against their coffins, till they crack and break The marble into shivers that entombs 'em ; Making the temple shake as with an earthquake, And all the statues of the gods grow pale, Affrighted with the horror ?

*Sex.* No such matter

*Hyp.* Do they not call for arms, and fright thee, mortal, Out of thy wits ? Do they not break the legs, And crush the skulls that dare approach too near Their honour'd graves ? When I shall come to dwell In your dark family, if a noisome carcass Offend my nostrils with too rank a scent, Know I shall rage and quarrel, till I fright The poor inhabitants of the charnel-house . That here shall run a toe, a shinbone there Here creep a hand, there trolls an arm away One way a crooked rib shall halting hie, Another you shall trundling find a skull Like the distracted citizens of a town Beleaguer'd, and in danger to be taken.

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<sup>1</sup> This is a capital passage, and may remind us of the grave-digger's scene in *Hamlet*, as well as of a less-known poem, printed for the first time in Mr Huth's "*Inedited Poetical Miscellanies*," 1870, entitled "A Conference with a Dead Man's Head."

*Aso.* For heaven's sake, sexton, lay my quiet bones  
By some precise religious officer—  
One that will keep the peace. These roaring captains,  
With blustering words and language full of dread,  
Will make me quit my tomb, and run away  
Wrapp'd in my winding-sheet, as if grim Minos,  
Stern Æacus, and horrid Rhadamanth  
Enjoin'd the corpse a penance.

*Sex.*

Never fear it.

This was a captain's skull, one that carried a storm  
in his countenance and a tempest in his tongue, the  
great bugbear of the city, that threw drawers down  
the stairs as familiarly as quart-pots; and had a pen-  
sion from the barber-chirurgeons for breaking of pates:  
a fellow that had ruined the noses of more bawds and  
panders than the disease belonging to the trade; and  
yet I remember, when he went to burial, another corse  
took the wall of him, and the bandog ne'er grumbled.

*Aso* Then, skull (although thou be a captain's skull),  
I say thou art a coward, and no gentleman,  
Thy mother was a whore, and thou liest in thy throat.

*Hyp.* Do not, live hare, pull the dead lion's beard.<sup>1</sup>

*Aso* No, good Hyperbolus, I but make a jest  
To show my reading in morality.

*Char.* Do not the ashes of deceased poets,  
Inspir'd with sacred fury, carol forth  
Enthusiastic raptures? Dost not hear 'em  
Sing mysteries, and talk of things conceal'd  
The rest of mortal judgments? Dost not see  
Apollo and the Muses every night  
Dance rings about their tombs?

*Bom.*

Do not roses,  
Lilies, and violets grow upon their graves?  
Shoots not the laurel, that impal'd their brows,  
Into a tree, to shadow their blest marble?

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<sup>1</sup> A proverb. See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p 153



Do not they rise out of their shrouds to read  
 Their epitaphs ? and if they like 'em not,  
 Expunge 'em, and write new ones ? Do they not  
 Roar in caliginous terms, and vapour forth  
 From reeking entrails fogs Egyptian,  
 To puzzle even an oculute intellect ?  
 Prate they not cataracts of insensible noise,  
 That with obstreperous cadence cracks the organs  
 Acromatic, till the deaf auditor  
 Admires the words he hears not ?

*Sex.* This was a poetical noddle. O, the sweet lines, choice language, eloquent figures, besides the jests, half-jests, quarter-jests, and quibbles that have come out o' these chaps that yawn so ! He has not now so much as a new-coined compliment to procure him a supper. The best friend he has may walk by him now, and yet have ne'er a jeer put upon him. His mistress had a little dog deceased the other day, and all the wit in this noddle could not pump out an elegy to bewail it. He has been my tenant these seven years, and in all that while I never heard him rail against the times, or complain of the neglect of learning. Melpomene and the rest of the Muses have a good time on't that he is dead ; for while he lived, he ne'er left calling upon 'em. He was buried (as most of the tribe) at the charge of the parish, and is happier dead than alive ; for he has now as much money as the best in the company, and yet has left off the poetical way of begging, called borrowing.

*Asa.* I scorn thy lyric and heroic strain,  
 Thy tart iambic and satiric vein.  
 Where be the quirks and tricks ? show me again  
 The strange conundrums of thy frisking brain,  
 Thou poet's skull, and say what's rhyme to chimney ?

*Sex.* Alas ! sir, you ha' posed him : he cannot speak to give you an answer, though his mouth be always open. A man may safely converse with him now,

and never fear stifling in a crowd of verses. And now a play of his may be freely censured without a libel on the audience. The boys may be bold to cry it down.<sup>1</sup>

*Bal.* I cannot yet contrive it handsomely. Methinks the darkness of the night should prompt me To a plot of that complexion. Ruminatè, Ruminatè, Balho.

*Phryne.* Pray, sir, how does Death Deal with the ladies? Is he so unmannerly As not to make distinction of degrees? I hope the rougher bones of men have had More education than to trouble theirs, That are of gentler stuff.

*Sex.* Death is a blunt villain, madam; he makes no distinction betwixt Joan and my lady. This was the prime madam in Thebes, the general mistress, the only adored beauty. Little would you think there were a couple of ears in these two auger-holes: or that this pit had been arched over with a handsome nose, that had been at the charges to maintain half a dozen of several silver arches to uphold the bridge. It had been a mighty favour once to have kissed these lips that grin so. This mouth out of all the madam's boxes cannot now be furnished with a set of teeth. She was the coyest, [most] overcurious dame in all the city: her chambermaid's misplacing of a hair was as much as her place came to. O, if that lady now could but behold this physnomy of hers in a looking-glass, what a monster would she imagine herself! Will all her perukes, tresses, and dresses; with her chargeable teeth, with her ceruse and pomatum, and the benefit of her painter and doctor, make this idol up again?

Paint, ladies, while you live, and plaister fair;  
But when the house is fallen, 'tis past repair.

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<sup>1</sup> An evident allusion to the fate of Hausted's "Rival Friends."

*Phryne.* No matter, my Asotus : let Death do  
His pleasure then ; we'll do our pleasures now.  
Each minute that is lost is past recall.  
This is the time allotted for our sports,  
'Twere sin to pass it. While our lips are soft,  
And our embraces warm, we'll twine and kiss.  
When we shall be such things as these, let worms  
Crawl through our eyes, and eat our noses off ;  
It is no matter—while we lived, we lived.

*Aso.* And when we die, we die. We will be both  
embalm'd.

In precious unguents to delight our sense,  
And in our grave we'll buss and hug, and dally,  
As we do here : for death can nothing be  
To him that after death shall lie with thee.  
Sexton, receive these coffins to the temple,  
But not inter them ; for they both are guilty  
Of their own blood—till we make expiation  
T' assail the fact. Tutor, reward the sexton ,  
I'll come sometimes and talk morality with him.

*Bal.* This, sir, my pupil gives you : but hereafter  
I'll more than treble it, if you be no enemy  
To your own profit.

*Sex.* Profit's my religion.

*Aso.* Now you that bore my dead friends to the  
grave,  
Usher my living mistress home again.  
Thus joy with grief alternate courses shares :  
Fortune, I see thy wheel in all affairs.

[*Excunt omnes præter* SEXTON.]

#### SCENE IV.

*Sex.* Staphyla ! why, Staphyla ! I hope she has [not]  
ta'en her last sleep. Why, when, Staphyla ?

*Enter the Sexton's wife STAPHYLA.*

*Sta.* What a life have I? I, that can never be quiet? I can no sooner lie down to take my rest, but presently, *Staphyla, Staphyla!* What's the news?

*Sex.* A prize, my rogue, a prize!

*Sta.* Where? or from whom?

*Sex.* Why, thou knowest I rob nowhere but on the highway to heaven—such as are upon their last journey thither. Thou and I have been land-pirates these six-and-thirty years, and have pillaged our share of Charon's passengers. Here are a couple of sound sleepers, and perchance their clothes will fit us. Then will I walk like a lord, and thou shalt be my madam, *Staphyla.*

*Sta.* Truly, husband, I have had such fearful dreams to-night, that I am persuaded (though I think I shall never turn truly honest again) to rob the dead no more. For (methought) as you and I were robbing the dead, the dead took heart and robbed us.

*Sex.* Tush! dreams are idle things. There is no felony warrantable but ours, for it is grounded on rules of charity. Is it fitting the dead should be clothed, and the living go naked? Besides, what is it to them whether they lie in sheets or no? Did you ever hear of any that caught cold in his coffin? Moreover, there is safety and security in these attempts. What inhabitant of the grave, that had his house broke open, accused the thief of burglary? Look here! this is a lawyer's skull. There was a tongue in't once, a damnable eloquent tongue, that would almost have persuaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent, busy fellow, till death gave him his *quietus est*. And yet I ventured to rob him of his gown and the rest of his habiliments, to the very buckram bag, not leaving him so much as a poor halfpenny to pay for his waftage: and yet the

good man ne'er repined at it. Had he been alive, and were to have pleaded against me, how would he have thundered it! "Behold, most grave judges, a fact of that horror and height in sin, so abominable, so detestable in the eyes of heaven and earth, that never any but this day's cause presented to the admiration of your ears. I cannot speak it without trembling, 'tis so new, unused—so unheard-of a villany. But that I know your lordship's confident of the honesty of your poor orator, I should not hope by all my reasons, grounds, testimonies, arguments, and persuasions to gain your belief. This man—said I a man?—this monster, rather—but monster is too easy a name—this devil, this incarnate devil, having lost all honesty, and abjured the profession of virtue, robbed (a sin in the action)—but who? The dead! What need I aggravate the fault? the naming the action is sufficient to condemn him—I say, he robbed the dead. The dead! Had he robbed the living, it had been more pardonable; but to rob the dead of their clothes, the poor impotent dead, that can neither card nor spin, nor make new ones—O, 'tis most audacious and intolerable!" Now you have well spoke, why do you not, after all this rhetoric, put your hand behind you to receive some more instructions backward? Now a man may clap you o' th' coxcomb with his spade, and never stand in fear of an action of battery.

*Sta.* For this one time, husband, I am induced; but in sooth I will not make a common practice of it: knock you up that coffin, and I'll knock up this. Rich and glorious!

*Sex.* Bright as the sun! Come, we must strip you, gallants; the worms are not for having the dishes served up to their table covered. O, O, O!

*Sta.* Heaven shield me ! O, O, O !

[*TYNDARUS and TECHMESSA rise from the coffins, and the SEXTON and his wife, affrighted, fall into a swoon.*]

## SCENE V.

*TYNDARUS and TECHMESSA.*

*Tyn.* How poor a thing is man, whom death itself  
Cannot protect from injuries ! O ye gods !  
Is't not enough our wretched lives are toss'd  
On dangerous seas, but we must stand in fear  
Of pirates in the haven too ? Heaven made us  
So many butts of clay, at which the gods  
In cruel sport shoot miseries Yet, I hope,  
Their spleen's grown milder, and this blest occasion  
Offers itself an earnest of their mercy.  
Their sins have furnish'd us with fit disguises  
To quiet our perplexed souls Techmessa,  
Let me array you in this woman's robes  
I'll wear the sexton's garments in exchange.  
Our sheets and coffins shall be theirs

*Tech.*

Dear Tyndarus !

In all my life I never found such peace  
As in this coffin : it presented me  
The sweets that death affords. Man has no liberty  
But in this prison Being once lodg'd here,  
He's fortified in an impregnable fort,  
Through which no doubts, suspicions, jealousies  
No sorrows, cares, or wild distractions  
Can force an entrance to disturb our sleeps.

*Tyn.* Yet to those prisons will we now commit  
These two offenders.

*Tech.*

But what benefit  
Shall we enjoy by this disguise ?

*Tyn.*

A great one.

If my Evadne or thy Pamphilus  
 E'er lov'd us living, they will haste to make  
 Atonement for our souls, stain'd with the guilt  
 Of our own blood; if not, they will rejoice  
 Our deaths have opened them so clear a passage  
 To their close loves: and, with those thoughts possess'd,

They will forget the torments hell provides  
 For those that leave the warfare of this life  
 Without a pass from the great general.

*Tech.* I hope they may prove constant.

*Tyn.* So pray I  
 I will desire yon statue be so courteous  
 To part with's beard awhile. So, we are now  
 Beyond discovery.

*Sext.* O, O, O'

*Sta.* O, O, O'

*Tyn.* Let's use a charm for these

*Quiet sleep, or I will make  
 Erinnis whip thee with a snake,  
 And cruel Rhadamanthus take  
 Thy body to the boiling lake,  
 Where fire and brimstone never slake.  
 Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,  
 And every joint about thee quake.  
 And therefore dare not yet to wake.*

*Tech.* *Quiet sleep, or thou shalt see  
 The horrid hags of Tartary,  
 Whose tresses ugly serpents be,  
 And Cerberus shall bark at thee,  
 And all the Furies that are three—  
 The worst is call'd Tisiphone—  
 Shall lash thee to eternity.  
 And therefore sleep thou peacefully.*

[The SEXTON and his wife are placed in the coffins.]

*Tyn.* But who comes hither? *Ballio*; what's his business?

## SCENE VI.

*Enter BALLIO.*

*Bal.* Sexton, I'll open first thine ears with these,  
To make 'em fit to let persuasions in.

*Tyn.* These, sir, well cure my deafness.

*Bal.* Art thou mine?

*Tyn.* Sir, you have bought me.

*Bal.* I'll pay double for thee

Shall I prevail in my request?

*Tyn.* Ask these —

*Bal.* Thou art apprehensive : to the purpose, then.  
Have you not in the temple some deep vault  
Ordain'd for burial?

*Tyn.* Yes.

*Bal.* Then I proceed :

We have to-night perform'd the last of service  
That piety can pay to our dead friends.

*Tyn.* 'Twas charitably done.

*Bal.* We brought 'em hither  
To their last home. Now, sir, they both being guilty  
Of their own deaths, I fear the laws of Thebes  
Deny 'em burial. It would grieve me, sir  
(For friendship cannot be so soon forgot :  
Especially so firm a one as ours),  
To have 'em cast a prey to wolves and eagles.  
Sir, these religious thoughts have brought me hither  
Now at the dead of night, to entreat you  
To cast their coffins into some deep vault,  
And to inter 'em. O my Tyndarus !  
All memory shall fail me, ere my thoughts  
Can leave th' impression of that love I bear thee.  
Thou left'st me half of all the land thou hadst ;



And should I not provide thee so much earth  
As I can measure by thy length, heaven curse me !

*Tyn.* Sir, if your courtesy had not bound me yours,  
This act of goodness had.

*Bal.* So true a friend  
No age records Farewell. This work succeeds.  
Posterity, that shall this story get,  
May learn from hence an art to counterfeit  
[Exit BALLIO.]

## SCENE VII

TYNDARUS, TECHMESSA.

*Tyn* Here was a strange deliverance ! Who can be  
So confident of fortune as to say,  
I now am safe ?

*Tech.* This villain has reveal'd  
All our designs to Pamphilus and Evadne ,  
And they with bribes and hopes of an inheritance,  
If you were dead indeed, have won this rascal  
To this black treason. What foul crimes can lust  
Prompt her base vassals to ! Here let us end  
Our busy search, and travel o'er the world,  
To see if any cold and northern climate  
Have entertain'd lost virtue, long since fled  
Our warmer country.

*Tyn* Ha ! 'Tis so ! 'tis so !  
I see it with clear eyes. O cursed plot !  
And are you brooding, crocodiles ? I may chance  
To break the serpent's egg, ere you have hatch'd  
The viper to perfection. Come, Techmessa,  
My anger will no longer be confin'd  
To patient silence. Tedious expectation  
Is but a foolish fire by night, that leads  
The traveller out of's way. Break forth, my wrath ;  
Break like a deluge of consuming fire,

And scorch 'em both to ashes in a flame  
 Hot as their lust. No. 'Tis too base a blood  
 For me to spill. Let 'em e'en live t' engender  
 A brood of monsters. May perpetual jealousy  
 Wait on their beds, and poison their embraces  
 With just suspicions ; may their children be  
 Deform'd, and fright the mother at the birth !  
 May they live long and wretched, all men's hate,  
 And yet have misery enough for pity !  
 May they be long a-dying of diseases  
 Painful and loathsome. Passion, do not hurry me  
 To this unmanly womanish revenge.  
 Wilt thou curse, Tyndarus, when thou wear'st a sword ?  
 But ha ! hark ! observe !

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter PAMPHILUS and EVADNE.*<sup>1</sup>

*Pam.* Wait till we call { *To Attendants.*  
 Heaven, if thou hast not emptied all thy treasury  
 Of wrath upon me, here I challenge thee  
 To lay on more What torments hast thou left,  
 In which thou hast not exercis'd my patience ?  
 Yet cast up all the accounts of all my sorrows,  
 And the whole sum is trebled in the loss  
 Of dear Techmessa

*Tech.* If this grief were real ! { *Aside.*  
*Tyn* Be not too credulous { *Aside.*

*Pam.* I have stood the rest  
 Of your afflictions with this one I fell—  
 Fell like a rock that had repell'd the rage  
 Of thousand violent billows, and withstood

---

<sup>1</sup> Tyndarus and Techmessa are still disguised in the garments of the Sexton and his wife.

Their fierce assaults, until the working tide  
Had undermin'd him · then he falls, and draws  
Part of the mountain with him.

*Evad.* Pamphilus,  
When did you see my sweetheart? prythee, tell me,  
Is he not gone a-maying? He will bring me  
Some pinks and daisies home to-morrow morning.  
Pray heaven he meet no thieves!

*Pam.* Alas, Evadne!  
Thy Tyndarus is dead

*Evad.* What shall I do?  
I cannot live without him.

*Tyn.* I am mov'd ·  
Yet I will make this trial full and perfect [Aside  
What at this dismal hour, when nothing walks  
But souls tormented, calls you from your sheets  
To visit our dark cells, inhabited  
By death and melancholy?

*Evad.* I am come  
To seek my true love here. Did you not see him?  
He's come to dwell with you, pray, use him well.  
He was a proper gentleman.

*Tch.* Sir, what cause  
Enforc'd you hither?

*Pam.* I am come to pay  
The tribute of my eyes to a dead love.

*Tyn.* Fair lady, may I ask one question of you?  
Did you admit no love into your bosom  
But only his?

*Evad.* Alas! you make me weep  
Could any woman love a man but him?  
No, Tyndarus, I will not long outlive thee  
We will be married in Elysium,  
And arm-in-arm walk through the blessed groves,  
And change a thousand kisses—you shan't see us.

*Tyn.* I know not whether it be joy or grief  
Forces tears from me.

*Tech.* Were you constant, sir,  
To her whose death you now so much lament?  
For by those prodigies and apparitions  
That have to-night shak'd the foundations  
Of the whole temple, your inconstancy  
Hath caus'd your mistress's untimely end.

*Pam.* The sun shall change his course, and find  
new paths  
To drive his chariot in · the loadstone leave  
His faith unto the north · the vine withdraw  
Those strict embraces that enfold the elm  
In her kind arms—but if I change my love  
From my Techmessa, may I be recorded  
To all posterity love's great apostate  
In Cupid's annals.

*Erud.* If you see my Tyndarus,  
Pray, tell him I will make all haste to meet him.  
I will but weep awhile first.

*Tyn.* Pretty sorrow! [*Aside.*  
*Tech.* Sir, you may veil your falsehood in smooth  
language,  
And gild it o'er with fair hypocrisy:  
But here has been such groans · ghosts that have  
cried

In hollow voices, *Pamphilus, O false Pamphilus!*  
*Revenge on Pamphilus!* Such complaints as these  
The gods ne'er make in vain.

*Pam.* Then there is witchcraft in't, and are the  
gods  
Made parties too against me? Pardon, then,  
If I grow stubborn. While they press'd my shoulders  
No more than I could bear, they willingly  
Submitted to the burden. Now they wish  
To cast it off. What treachery has brib'd you,  
Celestial forms, to be my false accusers?  
I challenge you (for you can view my thoughts,  
And read the secret characters of my heart)

Give in your verdict ; did you ever find  
 Another image graven in my soul  
 Besides Techmessa ? No ! 'Tis hell has forg'd  
 These sly impostures ! all these plots are coin'd  
 Out of the devil's mintage.

*Tech.* Certainly,  
 There's no false fire in this. [*Aside*]

*Tyn.* There cannot be. [*Aside*.]

*Evad.* Pray, sir, direct me where I may embalm  
 My Tyndarus with my tears.

*Tyn.* There, gentle lady

*Evad.* Is this a casket fit to entertain  
 A jewel of such value ?

*Pam.* Where must I  
 Pay my devotions ?

*Tech.* There your dead saint lies.

*Evad.* Hail, Tyndarus, may earth but lightly press  
 thee .

And may'st thou find those joys th' art gone to  
 taste

As true as my affection. Now I know  
 Thou canst not choose but love me, and with longing  
 Expect my quick arrival for the soul,  
 Freed from the cloud of flesh, clearly discerns  
 Forms in their perfect nature If there be  
 A guilt upon thy blood, thus I'll redeem it.

[*Offers to kill herself*]

And lay it all on mine.

*Tyn.* What mean you, lady ?

*Evad.* Stay not my pious hand

*Tyn.* Your impious, rather.  
 If you were dead, who then were left to make  
 Lustration for his crime ? shall foolish zeal  
 Persuade you to a hasty death, and so  
 Leave Tyndarus to eternity of flames ?

*Evad.* Pardon me, Tyndarus, I will only see  
 That office done, and then I'll follow thee.

*Pam.* Thou gentle soul of my deceased love,  
 If thou still hover'st hereabouts, accept  
 The vows of Pamphilus. If I ever think  
 Of woman with affection but Techmessa,  
 Or keep the least spark of a love alive  
 But in her ashes, let me never see  
 Those blessed fields where gentle lovers walk  
 In endless joys Why do I idly weep?  
 I'll write my grief in blood [*Offers to kill himself.*]

*Tech.* What do you mean?

*Pam.* Techmessa, I am yet withheld, but suddenly  
 I'll make escape to find thee

*Tech.* O blest minute! [*Aside.*]

## SCENE IX.

*Enter DIPSAS.*

*Dip.* Where shall I fly to hide me from my guilt?  
 It follows me, like those that run away  
 From their own shadows. that which I would shun,  
 I bear about me Whom shall I appease,  
 The living or the dead? for I have injur'd  
 Both you and them O Tyndarus, here I kneel,  
 And do confess myself thy cruel murd'ress,  
 And thine, Techmessa. Gentle daughter, pardon  
 me;

But how shall I make satisfaction,  
 That have but one poor life, and have lost two?  
 O Pamphilus! my malice ruin'd thee,  
 But most Evadne. for at her I aim'd,  
 Because she is no issue of my womb,  
 But trusted by her father to my care  
 Her have I followed with a step-dame's hate,  
 As envious that her beauty should eclipse

My daughter's honour. But the gods in justice  
Have ta'en her hence to punish me. My sins  
March up in troops against me. But this potion  
Shall purge out life and them.

*Tyn.* Be not too rash:  
I will revive Techmessa. [*Discovers her.*]

*Dip.* O sweet daughter!

*Pam.* Thou hast reviv'd two lives at once.

*Evad.* But I  
Still live a widowed virgin.

*Tyn.* No, Evadne;  
[*Discovering himself.*]

Receive me, new-created of a clay  
Purg'd from all dregs, my thoughts do all run clear.  
Take hence these coffins, I will have them borne  
Trophies before me, when we come to tie  
The nuptial knot for death has brought us life.  
Suspicion made us confident, and weak jealousy  
Hath added strength to our resolved love.  
Cupid hath run his maze this was his day  
But the next part Hymen intends to play [*Exeunt*]

## ACT V., SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS *solus.*

Hail, sacred Thebes, I kiss thy blessed soil,  
And on my knees salute thy seven gates.  
Some twenty winters now have glaz'd thy floods  
Since I beheld thy turrets batter'd then  
With wars that sought the ruin of those walls  
Which music built<sup>1</sup> When Minos' cruel tribute  
Robb'd mothers of their dearest babes, to glut  
His ravenous minotaur, I for safety fled

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<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the legend of Amphion.

With my young sons, but call'd my country's hate  
Upon my head, whom misery made malicious.  
Each father had a curse in store for me,  
Because I shar'd not in the common loss,  
Yet would have willingly chang'd fortunes with me.  
I dare not meet the vulgars' violent rage  
Eager against me. I will therefore study  
Some means to live conceal'd.

## SCENE II.

*Enter ASOTUS.*

*Aso* I have heard my mother,  
Who had more proverbs in her mouth than teeth,  
(Peace with her soul, where'er it be ) affirm :  
Marry too soon, and you'll repent too late.  
A sentence worth my meditation ,  
For marriage is a serious thing Perchance  
Fair Phryne is no maid , for women may  
Be beauteous, yet no virgins. Fair and chaste  
Are not of necessary consequence ,  
Or being both fair and chaste, she may be barren ,  
And then, when I am old, I shall not have  
A boy to doat on as my father does

*Dem* Kind fortune fan you with a courteous wing.

*Aso.* A pretty compliment ! What art thou, fellow ?

*Dem.* A register<sup>1</sup> of heaven, a privy councillor  
To all the planets : one that has been tenant  
To the Twelve Houses,<sup>2</sup> tutor to the Fates,  
That taught 'em the art of spinning : a live almanac,  
One that by speculation in the stars  
Can foretell anything.

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<sup>1</sup> i.e., Registrar.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the twelve houses into which the old astronomers and astrologers divided the starry system.



*Aso.* How ! foretell anything ?  
How many years are past since Thebes was built ?

*Dem.* That is not to foretell : you state the question  
Of times already past.

*Aso.* And cannot you  
As well foretell things past as things to come ?  
Say, register of heaven and privy councillor  
To all the planets, with the rest of your titles,  
(For I shall ne'er be able to repeat 'em all)  
Shall I, as I intend, to-day be married ?

*Dem.* Th' Almutes, or the lord of the ascendant,  
I find with Luna corporally join'd  
To the Almutes of the seventh house,  
Which is the matrimonial family :  
And therefore I conclude the nuptials hold.  
And yet the aspect is not in trine or sextile,  
But in the quartile radiation  
Or tetragon, which shows an inclination  
Averse, and yet admitting of reception.  
It will, although encountered with impediment,  
At last succeed

*Aso.* Ha ! what bold impediment  
Is so audacious as to encounter me ?  
Be he Almutes of what house he please ,  
Let his aspect be sextile, trine, or quartile ;  
I do not fear him with his radiations,  
His tetragons, and inclinations :  
If he provoke my spleen, I'll have him know  
I soldiers feed shall mince him, and my poets  
Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,  
Rhyme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland.

*Dem.* Good words !  
There's no resistance to the laws of fate.  
This sublunary world must yield obedience  
To the celestial virtues.

*Aso.* One thing more

I would desire to know : whether my spouse  
(That shall be) be immaculate ? I'd be loth  
To marry an advowson that has had  
Other incumbents.

*Dem.* I'll resolve you instantly.  
The Dragon's tail stands where the head should be—  
A shrewd suspicion she has been strongly tempted.

*Aso.* The Dragon's tail puts me in a horrible fear  
I feel a kind of sting in my head already.

*Dem.* And Mars being landlord of th' eleventh  
house,  
Plac'd in the Ram and Scorpion, plainly signifies  
The maid has been in love , but the aspect  
Being without reception, lays no guilt  
Of act upon her

*Aso.* I shall be jealous presently :  
For the Ram is but an ill sign in the head  
And you know what Scorpio aims at in the almanac.

*Dem.* But when I see th' ascendant and his lord,  
With the good Moon in angles and fix'd signs,  
I do conclude her virgin pure and spotless.

*Aso.* I thank th' ascendant and his noble lord,  
He shall be welcome to my house at any time,  
And so shall Mistress Moon, with all her angles  
And her fix'd signs. But how come you to know  
All this for certain ?

*Dem.* Sir, the learned Cabalists  
And all the Chaldees do conclude it lawful  
As Asla, Baruch, and Abohali,  
Caucaph, Toz, Arcaphan, and Albuas,  
Gasar, with Hali, Hippocras, and Lencuo,  
With Ben, Benesaphan, and Alubetes.

*Aso.* Are Asla, Baruch, and Abohali,  
With all the rest of th' jury, men of credit ?

*Dem.* Their words shall go as far i' th' zodiac, sir,  
As another's bond.

*Aso.* I am beholding to 'em.

Another scruple yet. I would have children too,  
 Children to doat on, sir, when I grow old ;  
 Such as will spend when I am dead and gone,  
 And make me have such fine dreams in my grave.

*Dem.* Sir, y' are a happy man. I do not see  
 In all your horoscope one sign masculine ,  
 For such portend sterility.

*Aso.* How's that, man ?  
 Is't possible for any man to ha' children  
 Without a sign masculine ?

*Dem.* Sir, you mistake me :  
 You are not yet initiate. The Almutes  
 Of the ascendant is not elevated  
 Above the Almutes of the filial house :  
 Venus is free, and Jove not yet combust :  
 And then, the signifier being lodg'd  
 In watery signs, the Scorpion, Crab and Fish  
 Foreshow a numerous issue of both sexes.  
 And Mercury in's exaltations,  
 Plac'd in their angles and their points successive,  
 Beholds the lords of the triplicity  
 Unhind'red in their influence. You were born  
 Under a getting constellation—  
 A fructifying star. Sir, I pronounce you  
 A joyful father !

*Aso.* Happy be the hour  
 I met with thee ! I'll ha' thee live with me.  
 Thou shalt be my domestical astronomer  
 I have a brace of poets, as fit as may be,  
 To furnish thee with verses for each month.  
 Sir, since the gracious stars do promise me  
 So numerous a troop of sons and daughters,  
 'Tis fit I should have my means in my own hands  
 To provide for 'em all : therefore I fain would know  
 Whether my father be long-lv'd or no.

*Dem.* The planet Mars is oriental now  
 To Saturn ; but in reference to the Sun

He bears a westerly position.  
Which Ylem linking Saturn with the Sun  
In opposition, both sinisterly  
Fall'n from their corners, plainly signifies  
He cannot long survive.

*Aso.* Why, who can help it ?  
There's no resistance to the laws of fate :  
This sublunary world must yield obedience  
To the celestial virtues. Were't not providence  
To bespeak mourning-clothes against the funeral ?

*Dem.* 'Tis good to be in readiness.

*Aso.* If thou be  
So cunning a prophet, tell me, do I mean  
To entertain thee for my wizard ?

*Dem.* Sir,  
I do not see the least Azymenes  
Or planetary hindrance. Alcocoden  
Tells me you will.

*Enter THRASYMACHUS, HYPERBOLUS*

*Aso.* Tell Alcocoden then  
He is i' th' right. Thrasy-machus, Hyperbolus !  
We have increas'd our family : see him enroll'd.  
He is a man of merit, and can prophesy.

*Thras.* We'll drench him in the welcome of the  
cellar,  
And try if he can prophesy who falls first. [*Excunt.*

*Aso.* How will the world admire me, when they see  
My house an academy, all the arts  
Wait at my table, every man of quality  
Take sanctuary here ! I will be patron  
To twenty liberal sciences.

## SCENE III.

*Enter BALLIO.*

*Bal.* A fair sun  
Shine on the happy bridegroom.

*Aso.* Quondam tutor  
(For I am past all tuition but my wife's),  
Thanks for your wishes, have you studied yet  
How with one charge (for ceremonious charge  
I care not for) I may express my grief  
At the sad funerals of my friends deceas'd,  
And yet proclaim with how much joy I wed  
The beauteous Phryne?

*Bal.* I have beat my brain  
To find out a right garb Wear these two cloaks  
This sable garment, sorrow's livery,  
Speaks funeral this richer robe of joy  
Says 'tis a nuptial solemnity

*Aso.* A choice device : I'll practise.

*Bal.* Rarely well.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter SIMO.*

*Simo.* Good morrow, boy. how flows thy blood,  
Asotus,

Upon thy wedding-day? is it springtide?  
Find'st thou an active courage in thy bones?  
Wilt thou at night create me grandsire, ha?  
O, I remember with what sprightly courage  
I bedded thy old mother, and that night  
Bid fair for thee, boy : how I curs'd the ceremonies,  
And thought the youngsters scrambled for my points  
Too slowly ! 'Twas a happy night, Asotus.

*Aso.* How sad a day is this ! methinks the sun  
Affrighted with our sorrows should run back  
Into his eastern palace, and for ever  
Sleep in the lap of Thetis. Can he show  
A glorious beam, when Tyndarus is dead  
And fair Techmessa ? I will weep a flood  
Deep as Deucalion's ; and again the chaos  
Shall muffle up the lamentable world  
In sable cloaks of grief and black confusion !

*Sim.* What ails my boy ? unseasonable grief  
Shall not disturb thy nuptials. Good Asotus,  
Be not so passionate.

*Bal.* What incomparable mirth  
Would such a dotard and his humorous son  
Make in a comedy, if a learned pen  
Had the expression !

[*Aside.*]

*Aso.* Now the t'other cloak,  
In what a verdant weed the spring arrays,  
Fresh Tellus in ' how Flora decks the fields  
With all her tapestry, and the choristers  
Of every grove chant carols ! Mirth is come  
To visit mortals. Everything is blithe,  
Jocund, and jovial All the gods arrive  
To grace our nuptials. Let us sing and dance,  
That heaven may see our revels, and send down  
The planets in a masque, the more to grace  
This day's solemnity.

*Sim.* Ay, this, Asotus.  
There's music, boy, in this.

*Aso.* Now this cloak again.  
Ye gods, you overload mortality,  
And press our shoulders with too great a weight  
Of dismal miseries. All content is fled  
With Tyndarus and Techmessa. Ravens croak  
About my house ; ill-boding screech-owls sing  
Epithalamiums to my spouse and me.  
Can I dream pleasures, or expect to taste

The comforts of the married bed, when Tyndarus  
 And fair Techmessa from the world are gone ?  
 No, pardon me, you gentle ghosts ; I vow  
 To cloister up my grief in some dark cell :  
 And there, till grief shall close my blubber'd eyes,  
 Weep forth repentance.

*Sim.* Sure, he is distracted !  
 Asotus, do not grieve so : all thy sorrows  
 Are doubled in thy father. Pity me,  
 If not thyself ; O, pity these grey hairs !  
 Pity my age, Asotus.

*Aso* What a silly fellow  
 My father is, that knows not which cloak speaks !  
 Father, you do forget this is our nuptial !  
 Cast off those trophies of your wealthy beggary,  
 And clad yourself in rich and splendid weeds,  
 Such as become my father. Do not blemish  
 Our dignity with rags. Appear to-day  
 As glorious as the sun. Set forth yourself  
 In your bright lustre.

*Sim.* So I will, my boy ;  
 Was there ever father so fortunate in a child ?

[*Exit SIMO*]

*Aso.* Do not I vary with decorum, Balho ?

*Bal.* I do not think but Proteus, sir, begot you  
 On a chameleon.

*Aso.* Nay, I know my mother  
 Was a chameleon ; for my father allowed her  
 Nothing but air to feed on. [*Puts on the other cloak.*]

## SCENE V.

*Enter PHRYNE.*

*Phryne.* Rises Aurora with a happy light  
 On my Asotus ?

*Aso.* Beauteous Phryne, welcome.  
 Although the dragon's tail may scandal thee,  
 And Mars corrupt the scorpion and the ram ;  
 Yet the good moon in angles and fix'd signs  
 Gives thee a good report.

*Phryne.* What means my dear ?

*Aso.* Thy dear, my beauteous Phryne, means the  
 same

With Hali, Baruch, and Abohali,  
 Caucaph, 'Toz, Arcaphan, and Albuas,  
 Gafar, with Afla, Hippocras, and Lencuo,  
 With Ben, Benesaphan, and Albubetes.

*Phryne.* I fear you ha' studied the black art of late.

*Aso.* Ah, girl ! Th' almutes of the filial house  
 Is not depress'd, Venus is free, and Jove  
 Not yet combust . the signs are watery signs,  
 And Mercury beholds the trine aspect  
 Unhinder'd in his influence.

*Phryne.* What of all this ?

*Aso.* We shall have babies plenty I am grown  
 Learned of late. Go, Phryne, be in readiness ;  
 I long to tie the knot : at night we'll make  
 A young Asotus.

*Phryne.* Health attend you, sir.

[*Exit* PHRYNE.]

## SCENE VI.

DIPSAS, TYNDARUS, EVADNF, PAMPHILUS, TECHMESSA,  
 ASOTUS, BALLIO, PHRONESIUM, PRIESTS and *sacri-  
 fice, and Hymen's statue discovered.*

*Aso.* Tyndarus living ?

Here, take this cloak away ! we have no use on't.

*Bal.* The more sorrow is mine !

*Tyn.* How does my friend Asotus ?



*Aso.* You are welcome from the dead, sir.  
I hope our friends in Elysium are in good health?

*Tyn.* Ballio, I thank you heartily,  
You had an honest and religious care  
To see us both well buried.

*Bal.* I shall be hanged. [*Exit.*]

*The song and sacrifice.*

*Priest.* Hymen, thou God of union, with smooth  
brow  
Accept our pious orgies Thou that tuest  
Hearts in a knot, and link'st in sacred chains  
The mutual souls of lovers, may it please  
Thy deity to admit into the number  
Of thy chaste votaries this blessed pair.

[*He presents TYNDARUS and EVADNE.*]

Mercy, you gods, the statue turns away!

*Tyn.* Why should this be? The reason is apparent  
Evadne has been false, and the chaste deity  
Abhors the sacrifice of a spotted soul.  
Go, thou dissembler, mask thyself in modesty,  
Wear virtue for a veil, and paint false blushes  
On thy adulterate cheek. Though thou may'st cosen  
The eyes of man, and cheat the purblind world,  
Heaven has a piercing sight Hymen, I thank thee  
Thou stoppedst my foot stepping into the gulf.  
How near was I damnation!

*Evad.* Gentle Hymen,  
What sin have I unwillingly committed  
To call heaven's anger on me?

*Priest.* If there be  
A secret guilt in these, that hath offended  
Thy mighty godhead, wilt thou please to prove  
[*He presents PAMPHILUS and TECHMESSA.*]  
This other knot? The statue turns again!  
What prodigies are these!

*Pam.* Celestial powers,  
You tyrannise o'er man : and yet 'tis sin  
To ask you why you wrong us.

*Tech.* Cunning Pamphilus,  
Though, like a snake, you couch yourself in flowers,  
The gods can find your lurking, and betray  
The spotted skin.

*Priest.* Above this twenty years  
Have I attended on thy sacred temple,  
Yet never saw thee so incens'd, dread Hymen.

*Tyn.* To search the reason, will you please to  
proffer  
These to his godhead ?

*Priest.* Will thy godhead deign  
These two the blessings of the genial sheet ?

[*He presents PAMPHILUS and EVADNE.*  
He beckons 'em.

*Tyn.* There the faith is plighted  
False Pamphilus, the honour of the temple,  
And the respect I bear religion,  
Cannot protect thee I will stain the altars,  
And sprinkle every statue in the shrine  
With treacherous blood.

*Priest.* Provoke not Jove's just thunder.

*Tyn.* Well, you may take Evadne ; heaven give you  
joy.

*Pam.* Religion is mere juggling. This is nothing  
But the priest's knavery . a kind of holy trick  
To gain their superstition credit. Hymen,  
Why dost thou turn away thy head ? I fear  
Thy bashful deity is asham'd to look  
A woman in the face. If so, I pardon thee :  
If out of spite thou cross me, know, weak godhead,  
I'll teach mankind a custom that shall bring  
Thy altars to neglect. Lovers shall couple  
(As other creatures) freely, and ne'er stand  
Upon the tedious ceremony, marriage :

And then thou, priest, may'st starve. Who in your  
 temple  
 Will light a cere-candle, or for incense burn  
 A grain of frankincense?

*Chrem.* Heaven instruct our souls  
 To find the secret mystery!

*Aso.* I have entertain'd  
 One that, by Ylem and Aldeboran,  
 With the almutes, can tell anything.  
 I'll fetch him hither: he shall resolve you.

[*Exit* ASOTUS.]

*Chrem.* Man is a ship that sails with adverse winds,  
 And has no haven till he land at death.  
 Then, when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,  
 Comes a rude billow betwixt him and safety,  
 And beats him back into the deep again.

## SCENE VII.

*Enter* ASOTUS, *with* DEMETRIUS. *manent cæteri.*

*Aso.* Here's another figure to cast, sir. These two  
 gentlemen.

*Dem.* A sudden joy o'ercomes me. [*Aside.*]

*Aso* Are to marry  
 Old Chremylus' daughters. This is Tyndarus,  
 And he should have Evadne: and this Pamphilus,  
 That has a moneth's mind to Techmessa; but that  
 Hymen

Looks with a wry neck at 'm. If the ascendant,  
 With all his radiations and aspects,  
 Know anything, here's one that can unfold it.  
 I must go fit myself for mine own wedding. [*Exit.*]

*Dem.* Fly from the temple, you unhallowed troop  
 That dare present your sins for sacrifice  
 Before the gods!

*Chrem.* What should this language mean?

*Dem.* Think you that heaven will ever sign a grant  
To your incestuous matches?

*Chrem.* How incestuous?

*Dem.* This is not Tyndarus, but Demetrius' son,  
Call'd Clinias, and fair Evadne's brother !  
Evadne trusted in exchange to Chremylus,  
For young Timarchus, whom Demetrius took  
With him to Athens, when he fled from Thebes  
To save the infants from the monster's jaws—  
The cruel Minotaur. Marvel not the gods  
Forbid the banns, when in each match is incest.

*Chrem.* I wonder he should know this.

*Tyn.* I am amaz'd.

*Dem.* I will confirm your faith

*Tyn.* My father? [*He pulls off his disguise.*]

*Pam.* My father?

*Dem.* No, good Timarchus, ask thy blessing there.  
Sir, if I not mistake me, you are Chremylus.  
Pray, let me see that ring. Sir, I must challenge it,  
And in requital will return you this.

*Chrem.* Demetrius ! welcome. Now my joys are full,  
When I behold my son and my old friend.

*Dem.* Which is Evadne? Blessings on thy head.  
Now, Chremylus, let us conclude a marriage  
As we at first intended, my Clinias  
With your Techmessa, and your son Timarchus  
With my Evadne.

*Chrem.* Heaven has decreed it so.

*Dem.* Are the young people pleas'd?

*Pam. Evad. Tyn. and Tech.* The will of heaven  
Must be obey'd.

*Dem.* Now try if Hymen please  
To end all troubles in a happy marriage.

[*The statue assents.*]

*Priest.* Hymen, we thank thee, and will crown thy  
head

With all the glorious chaplets of the spring :  
 The firstborn kid and fattest of our bullocks  
 Shall bleed upon thy altars (if it be  
 Lawful to sacrifice in blood to thee,  
 That art the means to life) 'cause thy provident mercy  
 Prevented this incestuous match. Deign now  
 Propitious looks to this more holy knot.  
 This virgin offers up her untouch'd zone,  
 And vows chaste love to Clinias. All joy to you !  
 The fair Evadne too is come to hang  
 Her maiden girdle at thy sacred shrine,  
 And vows herself constant to the embraces  
 Of young Timarchus. Happiness wait on both !  
*Tyn.* I see our jealous thoughts were not in vain.  
 Nature, abhorring from so foul a sin,  
 Infus'd those doubts into us.

## SCENE VIII

*Enter ASOTUS in arms, with a drum and trumpet,  
 attended by THRASYMACHUS, HYPERBOLUS, BOMO-  
 LOCHUS, CHARYLUS, SIMO, PHRYNE.*

*Aso.* If there be any knight that dares lay claim  
 To beauteous Phryne (as I hope there's none),  
 I dare him to th' encounter, let him meet me  
 Here in the lists. If he be wise, he dare not,  
 But will consider danger in the action.  
 I'll win her with my sword : mistake me not,  
 I challenge no man. He who dares pretend  
 A title to a hair shall sup with Pluto :  
 'Twere cooler supping in another place.  
 No champion yet appear ? I would fain fight.

*Phron.* Sir, if you want a champion, I am for you.

*Aso.* I ha' no quarrel to thee, Amazon.

*Phron.* I must have a husband, too, and I will have

a husband ; ay, and I will have you : I can hold out no longer : I am weary of eating chalk and coals, and begin to dislike the feeding on oatmeal. The thought of so many marriages together has almost lost my maidenhead.

*Aso.* Why, thou shalt have my father : though he be old,

He's rich, and will maintain thee bravely. Dad,  
What think you on't?

*Sim.* Thou'lt make me, boy, too happy.  
She shall have anything.

*Phron.* You will let me make  
My own conditions.

*Sim.* What thou wilt, my girl.

*Phron.* I will feed high, go rich, have my six horses  
And my embroider'd coach ; ride where I list,  
Have all the gallants in the town to visit me,  
Maintain a pair of little legs to go  
On idle messages to all the madams.  
You shall deny no gentleman entertainment.  
And when we kiss and toy, be it your cue  
To nod and fall asleep.

*Sim.* With all my heart.

*Aso.* Then take him, girl. he will not trouble thee  
long,  
For Mars being oriental unto Saturn,  
And occidental to the sun, proclaims  
He is shortlived.

*Phron.* Well, sir, for want of a better  
I am content to take you.

*Aso.* Join them, priest.

*Priest.* Thus I conjoin you in religious bands

*Aso.* Now usher Phryne to my amorous arms.

*Priest.* The generous Asotus and fair Phryne  
Present their vows unto thee, gracious Hymen

*Sex.* I forbid the banns.

[*They speak out of  
the coffin.*]

*Sta.* I forbid the banns.

*Aso.* And can there be no weddings without prodigies?

This is th' impediment the Azymenes  
Or planetary hindrance threatened me.  
By the almutes of the seventh house,  
In an aspect of tetragon radiation,  
If Luna now be corporally join'd,  
I may o'ercome th' averseness of my stars.

*Tyn.* Sir, as you clear'd our doubts, I will clear  
yours,  
See you these ghosts? Well, sexton, take heed here-  
after

How you rob the dead, some of 'em may cozen you.

*Sex.* Pardon me, sir, I seriously vow  
Henceforth to rob no creature but the living

*Tyn.* Well, you shall both fast to-night, and take  
penance at the lower end of the table in these sheets;  
and that shall be your punishment.

*Aso.* Phryne, I take you for my loving spouse.

*Phryne.* And I take you for my obedient husband.

*Priest.* And I conclude the tie.

*Aso.* Ha! you sweet rogue!

## SCENE IX.

*Enter BALLIO, with a halter about his neck.*

*Aso.* Why, how now, tutor, a rope about your  
neck?

I have heard that hanging and marrying go by destiny;  
But I never thought they had come together before.

*Bal.* I have cast a serious thought upon my guilt,  
And find myself an arrant rogue. The gallows  
Was all the inheritance I was ever born to.  
E'en use me as you please.

*Aso.* Pray, sir, let me beg my tutor's pardon.

Spare me to-day : for when the night comes on,  
There's sweeter executions to be done.

*Tyn.* You have prevail'd. No man be sad to-day.  
Come, you shall dine with me.

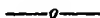
*Aso.* Pardon me, sir :  
I will not have it said by the malicious  
That I ate at another man's table  
The first day I set up housekeeping.  
No, you shall all go home and dine with me.

*Tyn.* Come, then : our joys are ripen'd to perfection.  
Let us give heaven the praise , and all confess  
There is a difference 'twixt the jealousy  
Of those that woo and those that wedded be.  
This will hatch vipers in the nuptial bed,  
But that prevents the aching of the head.

*[Exeunt cum choro cantantium in laudem Hymenis.]*



## EPILOGUS.



ASOTUS, ASTROLOGER.

*Aso* How now? Will our endeavours give satisfaction?

*Ast.* I find by the horoscope, and the elevation of the bright Aldeboran, a sextile opposition; and that th' almutes is inclining to the enemy's house.

*Aso.* Away with your almutes, horoscopes, elevations, Aldeborans, sextiles, and oppositions! I have an art of mine own to cast this figure by.

The lovers now jealous of nothing be  
But your acceptance of their comedy  
I question not heaven's influence for here  
I behold angels of as high a sphere.  
You are the stars I gaze at, we shall find  
Our labours blest, if your aspects be kind.

**THE MUSES' LOOKING-GLASS.**

## EDITIONS.

*The Muse's Looking-Glass* By T. R. Oxford Printed by  
Leonard Lichfield, for Francis Bowman. 1638.

It seems certain, from Sir Aston Cokain's verses, printed presently, that the "Muse's Looking-Glass" was originally known and acted under the name of the "Entertainment," that the performance—at least when Cokain witnessed it—occupied two hours, and that the piece was a sort of translation or adaptation by Randolph from a prose—and prosy—original. As regards the time taken to represent the piece, it may be mentioned that in the Epilogue to Barrey's "Ram-Alley," 1611 (Hazlitt's Dodsley, x'380), that somewhat lengthy drama is said to have been also a two-hours' performance. For the other editions, see the bibliographical account of the "Poems." No separate impression is known to exist.

The "Muse's Looking-Glass" was republished in 1706, 12<sup>o</sup>, with a preface by Jeremy Collier; and it was revived at Covent Garden, March 14, 1748, and again, March 9, 1749. In 1758 appeared an altered version of the piece, under the title of the "Mirrour."

Gildon pays a high compliment to the "Muse's Looking-Glass," observing that "the source of all humours that are in nature may be found in it," and Dodsley remarks that "it has always been esteemed an excellent commonplace book for authors, to instruct them in the art of drawing characters." Bishop Hurd, in speaking of Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," adds, "And Randolph, in particular, was so taken with the design, that he seems to have formed his "Muse's Looking-Glass" in express imitation of it.

Geneste's account of this play is as follows:—"The scene lies in the playhouse at Blackfriars. Bird and Mistress Flowerdew, two Puritans, who serve the theatre with feathers and other small wares, enter; they express their abhorrence of playhouses; Roscius joins them; he prevails on them to see the representation of the play; Roscius explains the drift of it to them as it proceeds. At the conclusion, they agree that a play may be

productive of moral good—they are exquisite characters. When Roscius says that he means to present the several virtues, Bird replies—

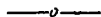
‘I hope there be no cardinal-virtues there !  
I hate a virtue that will be made a cardinal.’

This play has no plot, the object of it is to show that all virtues, and every commendable passion, proceed from mediocrity, or a just medium between two extremes”—*Some Account of the English Stage*, iv 250

The often-quoted writer in the *Retrospective Review*, vi. 74, assigns to the “*Muse’s Looking-Glass*” the highest rank among the poet’s dramatic productions. He remarks. “The piece of highest merit is the ‘*Muse’s Looking Glass*,’ which hardly can be called a drama, though written for the stage. It contains a great number of contrasted portraits of the extremes of the virtues and vices of morality, which are worked into a slender framework, like that of the “*Rehearsal*,” and such pieces. It is from this that all our extracts will be taken, but they are such rich and striking pieces of portraiture, that they well deserve the space allotted to them . . . The whole of this play is particularly well worth reading.”

It has further to be stated that the “*Muse’s Looking Glass*” forms part of all the editions of Dodsley’s “*Old Plays*” except the last, from which it was intentionally excluded when a collected reprint of the poet was decided upon. The text of this piece is given (with certain corrections) as it appears in Dodsley, with all the notes of the commentators.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*



ROSCIUS, a player.	ANELEUTHERUS.
BIRD, a feather-man.	CAUNUS.
MISTRESS FLOWERDEW, a haberdasher of small- wares	MICROPSYCHUS.
A DEFORMED FELLOW.	ORGYLUS.
COMEDY.	AORGUS.
TRAGEDY	ALAZON
MIME	EIRON.
SATIRE.	PHILOTIMIA
COLAX.	LUPARUS
DYSCOLUS.	ANAISKINTIA.
DEILUS	KATAPLEITUS
APHOBUS	Justice NIMIS and Justice NIHIL
ACOLASTUS.	PLUS and PART V, their clerks.
ANAISTHETUS.	AGROICUS, a clown.
ASOTUS	BOMOLOCHUS.
	MLDIOCRITY.

*To my friend Mr Thomas Randolph, on  
his Play called the Entertainment printed  
by the name of the Muses' Looking-  
Glass.*<sup>1</sup>

Some austere Catos be, that do not stick  
To term all poetry base that's dramatic :  
These contradict themselves ; for bid them tell,  
How they like poesy, and they'll answer, well.  
But as a stately fabric, raised by  
The curious science of Geometry,  
If one side of the machine perish, all  
Participate with it a ruinous fall :  
So they are enemies to Helicon  
That vow they love all Muses, saving one.  
Such supercilious humours I despise,  
And like Thalia's harmless comedies.  
Thy Entertainment had so good a fate,  
That whosoe'er doth not admire thereat,  
Discloseth his own ignorance ; for no  
True moralist would be suppos'd thy foe.  
In the pure Thespian spring thou hast refin'd  
Those harsh, rude rules thy author hath design'd ;  
And made those precepts, which he did rehearse  
In heavy prose, to run in nimble verse.

---

<sup>1</sup> These lines are printed in Sir Aston Cokain's "Poems," 8°, 1658, pp. 98-9, but are not in the editions of Randolph. Compare what appears in the Memoir as to the acquaintance between Randolph and Cokain.

The Stagyrte will be slighted : who doth list  
To read or see't becomes a moralist ;  
And if his eyes and ears are worth thine ore,  
Learn more in two hours than two years before.  
Thou hast my suffrage, friend, and I would fain  
Be a spectator of thy scenes again.

## *The Muses' Looking-Glass.*

—o—

### ACT I., SCENE I.

*Enter BIRD, the feather-man, and MISTRESS FLOWER-DEW, wife to a haberdasher of small-wares; the one having brought feathers to the playhouse, the other pins and looking-glasses, two of the sanctified fraternity of Blackfriars.*<sup>1</sup>

*Mis. Flo.* See, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd  
To works of vanity! Not a nook or corner  
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,  
This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuff'd,

---

<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding the vicinity of the playhouse, Blackfriars appears to have been a place celebrated for the residence of many Puritans. It was equally remarkable for being inhabited by the feather-makers. Both these circumstances appear in Ben Jonson's plays.

Thus in "The Alchemist," act i sc 1—

"A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,  
Whom not a *puritan* in *Black Friars* will trust  
So much as for a *feather*"

And again, in "Bartholomew Fair," act v. sc. 3. "[What say you to your feather-makers in the] Friars, that are of your *faction of faith*. Are not they with their perukes and their puffs, their fans and their huffs, as much pages of Pride and walters upon Vanity?"



Stuff'd, and stuff'd full, as is a cushion,  
With the lewd reprobate.

*Bird.* Sister, were there not before inns—  
Yes, I will say inns, for my zeal bids me  
Say filthy inns—enough to harbour such  
As travell'd to destruction the broad way ;  
But they build more and more—more shops of Satan ?

*Mis. Flo.* Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal  
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it ; yet still,  
Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a church,  
A new-built church, erected north and south,  
It had been something worth the wondering at.

*Bird.* Good works are done.

*Mis. Flo.* I say no works are good ,  
Good works are merely popish and apocryphal.

*Bird.* But th' bad abound, surround, yea, and con-  
found us.

No marvel now if playhouses increase ;  
For they are all grown so obscene of late,  
That one begets another.

*Mis. Flo.* Flat fornication !

I wonder anybody takes delight  
To hear them prattle.

*Bird.* Nay, and I have heard,  
That in a tragedy—I think they call it,  
They make no more of killing one another,  
Than you sell pins.

*Mis. Flo.* Or you sell feathers, brother ;  
But are they not hang'd for't ?

*Bird.* Law grows partial,  
And finds it but chance-medley : and their comedies  
Will abuse you, or me, or anybody.  
We cannot put our moneys to increase  
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,  
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives  
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk  
Upon their stages.

*Mis. Flo.* Is not this flat conjuring,  
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?

*Bird.* That's nothing, Mistress Flowerdew: they  
will play  
The knave, the fool, the devil and all, for money.

*Mis. Flo.* Impiety! O, that men endu'd with  
reason  
Should have no more grace in them!

*Bird.* Be there not other  
Vocations as thriving and more honest?  
Bailiffs, promoters, jailors, and apparitors,<sup>1</sup>  
Beadles and marshal's-men, the needful instruments  
Of the republic; but to make themselves  
Such monsters! for they are monsters, th' are monsters;  
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd,  
Pernicious monsters!

*Mis. Flo.* I have heard our vicar  
Call playhouses the colleges of transgression,  
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.

*Bird.* Why, then, the city will, in time, be made  
An university of iniquity.  
We dwell by Blackfriars College, where I wonder,  
How that profane nest of pernicious birds  
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,  
So many good and well-disposed persons.  
O impudence!

*Mis. Flo.* It was a zealous prayer  
I heard a brother make concerning playhouses.

*Bird.* For charity, what is't?

*Mis. Flo.* That the Globe,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "A serjeant, beadle, or sumner, but most commonly used for an inferior officer, that summoned in delinquents to a spiritual court."—*Blount's "Glossographia."*

<sup>2</sup> These were the names of several playhouses then in being: the Globe was situate on the Bank-side, and was the same house for which a licence was granted in 1603 to Shakespeare and others, to enable them to perform there. The Phoenix

Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,  
 Had been consum'd : the Phoenix burnt to ashes :  
 The Fortune whipp'd for a blind whore : Blackfriars,  
 He wonders how it 'scap'd demolishing  
 I' th' time of reformation : lastly, he wish'd  
 The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear Garden,  
 And there be soundly baited.

*Bird.* A good prayer.

*Mrs. Flo.* Indeed it something pricks my conscience  
 I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.

*Bird.* I have their custom too for all their feathers .  
 'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,  
 Should gain by infidels.

## SCENE II.

*Enter ROSCIUS, a Player.*

*Bird.* Master Roscius, we have brought the things  
 you spake for.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis well.

*Mrs. Flo.* Pray, sir, what serve they for ?

*Ros.* We use them in our play.

*Bird* Are you a player ?

*Ros.* I am, sir : what of that ?

*Bird.* And is it lawful ?

stood in Drury Lane The Fortune was near Whitecross Street, and had belonged to the celebrated Edward Alleyn, who rebuilt it. Blackfriars probably had the *same* proprietors as the Globe ; and the Red Bull was at the upper end of St John's Street. The Bear Garden, or, as it is as often called, *Paris Garden*, was near the Globe playhouse, as may be seen in the "South View of London," taken in 1599. It there appears to have been an octagon building, with a flag flying at the top of it, in the same manner as at the playhouses. On the sale of the Church lands, January 14, 1647, it produced £17,831, 15s.

Good sister, let's convert him. [*Aside.*] Will you use  
So fond a calling?

*Mis. Flo.* And so impious?

*Bird.* So irreligious?

*Mis. Flo.* So unwarrantable?

*Bird.* Only to gain by vice?

*Mis. Flo.* To live by sin?

*Ros.* My spleen is up. And live not you by sin?  
Take away vanity, and you both may break.  
What serves your lawful trade of selling pins,  
But to joint gewgaws, and to knit together  
Gorgetts, strips, neckcloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,  
And many other suchlike toys as these,  
To make the baby pride a pretty puppet?  
And you, sweet feather-man, whose ware, though  
light,

O'erweighs your conscience, what serves your trade,  
But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,  
To deck vainglory? spoiling the peacock's tail  
T' adorn an idiot's coxcomb! O dull ignorance!  
How ill 'tis understood what we do mean  
For good and honest! They abuse our scene,  
And say we live by vice. Indeed, 'tis true,  
As the physicians by diseases do,  
Only to cure them. They do live, we see,  
Like cooks, by pamp'ring prodigality,  
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage  
We set an usurer to tell this age,  
How ugly looks his soul: a prodigal  
Is taught by us, how far from liberal  
His folly bears him. Boldy, I dare say,  
There has been more by us in some one play  
Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than hath been  
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin  
And foppish humours: hence the cause doth rise,  
Men are not won by th' ears so well as eyes.  
First see what we present.

*Mis. Flo.* The sight is able  
 To unsanctify our eyes, and make them carnal.

*Ros.* Will you condemn without examination?

*Bird.* No, sister; let us call up all our zeal,  
 And try the strength of this temptation.  
 Satan shall see we dare defy his engines.

*Mis. Flo.* I am content.

*Ros.* Then take your places here: I will come to you,  
 And moralise the plot.

*Mis. Flo.* That moralising  
 I do approve; it may be for instruction.

### SCENE III.

*Enter a DEFORMED FELLOW.*

*Def. Fel.* Roscius, I hear you've a new play to day.

*Ros.* We want you to play Mephistopheles.<sup>1</sup>  
 A pretty natural vizard!

*Def. Fel.* What have you there?

*Ros.* A looking-glass or two.

*Def. Fel.* What things are they?  
 Pray, let me see them. Heaven, what sights are here!  
 I have seen a devil. Looking-glasses call you them!  
 There is no basilisk but a looking-glass.

*Ros.* 'Tis your own face you saw.

*Def. Fel.* My own? thou liest:  
 I'd not be such a monster for the world.

*Ros.* Look on it now with me: what see'st thou now?

<sup>1</sup> The familiar attending Dr Faustus, in the old play of that name by Christopher Marlowe.

This reply by Roscius shows the figure of the person that presented Mephistopheles.—*Gilchrist.* [Old copy, *not you.*]

*Def. Fel.* An angel and a devil.

*Ros.* Look on that  
Thou call'dst an angel ; mark it well, and tell me  
Is it not like my face ?

*Def. Fel.* As 'twere the same.

*Ros.* Why, so is that like thine. Dost thou not see,  
'Tis not the glass, but thy deformity,  
That makes this ugly shape : if they be fair,  
That view the glass, such the reflections are.  
This serves the body : the soul sees her face  
In comedy, and has no other glass.

*Def. Fel.* Nay, then, farewell ; for I had rather see  
Hell than a looking-glass or comedy.

[*Exit DEFORMED FELLOW.*]

*Ros.* And yet, methinks, if 'twere not for this glass,  
Wherein the form of man beholds his grace,  
We could not find another way to see  
How near our shapes approach divinity.  
Ladies, let they who will your glass deride,  
And say it is an instrument of pride :  
I will commend you for it ; there you see,  
If you be fair, how truly fair you be :  
Where, finding beautiful faces, I do know  
You'll have the greater care to keep them so.  
A heavenly vision in your beauty lies,  
Which nature hath denied to your own eyes.  
Were it not pity you alone should be  
Debarr'd of that others are bless'd to see ?  
Then take your glasses, and yourselves enjoy  
The benefit of yourselves . it is no toy,  
Though ignorance at slight esteem hath set her,  
That will preserve us good, or make us better.  
A country-slut (for such she was, though here  
I' th' city may be some, as well as there)  
Kept her hands clean (for, those being always seen,  
Had told her else, how sluttish she had been),  
But had her face as nasty as the stall

Of a fishmonger, or an usurer's hall  
 Daub'd o'er with dirt : one might have dar'd to say  
 She was a true piece of Promethean clay,  
 Not yet inform'd ; and then her unkemb'd hair,  
 Dress'd up with cobwebs, made her haglike stare.  
 One day within her pail (for country lasses,  
 Fair ladies, have no other looking-glasses)  
 She spied her ugliness, and fain she would  
 Have blush'd, if thorough so much dirt she could.  
 Asham'd, within that water that (I say)  
 Which show'd her filth, she wash'd her filth away  
 So comedies, as poets do intend them,  
 Serve first to show our faults, and then to mend them.  
 Upon our stage two glasses oft there be ;  
 The comic mirror and the tragedy :  
 The comic glass is full of merry strife,  
 The low reflection of a country life.  
 Grave tragedy, void of such homely sports,  
 Is the sad glass of cities and of courts.  
 I'll show you both. Thalia, come ; and bring  
 Thy buskin'd sister, that of blood doth sing.

## SCENE IV.

## COMEDY, TRAGEDY, MIME, SATIRE

*Com.* Why do you stop ? Go on.

*Tra.* I charge him stay.

My robe of state, buskins, and crown of gold,  
 Claim a priority.

*Com.* Your crown of gold  
 Is but the wreath of wealth, 'tis mine of laurel  
 Is virtue's diadem. This grew green and flourish'd,  
 When nature, pitying poor mortality,  
 Hid thine within the bowels of the earth.

Men looking up to heaven found this that's mine :  
Digging to find out hell, they lit on thine.

*Tra.* I know you've tongue enough.

*Com.* Besides, my birthright  
Gives me the first possession.

*Tra.* How, your birthright ?

*Com.* Yes, sister, birthright ; and a crown besides,  
Put on before the altar of Apollo  
By his dear priest Phemonoe · <sup>1</sup> she that first,  
Full of her god, rag'd in heroic numbers.

*Tra.* How came it, then, the magistrate decreed  
A public charge to furnish out my chorus,  
When you were fain t' appear in rags and tatters,  
And at your own expenses ?

*Com.* My reward  
Came after, my deserts went before, yours.

*Tra.* Deserts ? yes ! what deserts ? when like a  
gipsy  
You took a poor and beggarly pilgrimage  
From village unto village , when I then,  
As a fit ceremony of religion,  
In my full state contended at the tomb  
Of mighty Theseus.

*Com.* I before that time  
Did chant out hymns in praise of great Apollo,  
The shepherds' deity, whom they reverence  
Under the name of Nomius , <sup>2</sup> in remembrance,  
How with them once he kept Admetus' sheep.  
And, 'cause you urge my poverty, what were you ?

<sup>1</sup> One of the sylphs who first uttered oracles at Delphos, and invented heroic measure. So in the "*Sylvæ*" of Statius, l. 2, v. 38—

"*Riser, tunc aranea pudicos  
Phemonoe fontes*"

—*Stevens.*

<sup>2</sup> Apollo was so called (from *voqueûs*, pastor) while he kept the flocks of Admetus, in Thessaly —*Stevens.*



Till Sophocles laid gilt upon your buskins,  
 You had no ornaments, no robes of state,  
 No rich and glorious scene. Your first benefactors,  
 Who were they, but the reeling priests of Bacchus ;  
 For which a goat gave you reward and name.

*Tra.* But, sister, who were yours, I pray, but such  
 As chanted forth religious bawdy sonnets,  
 In honour of the fine chaste god Priapus ?

*Com.* Let age alone ; merit must plead our title.

*Tra.* And have you then the forehead to contend ?  
 I stalk in princes' courts : great kings and emperors,  
 From their close cabinets and council-tables,  
 Yield me the fatal matter of my scene.

*Com.* Inferior persons and the lighter vanities  
 (Of which this age, I fear, has grown too fruitful)  
 Yield subjects various enough to move  
 Plentiful laughter.

*Tra.* Laughter ! a fit object  
 For poetry to aim at !

*Com.* Yes, laughter is my object : 'tis a property  
 In man essential to his reason.

*Tra.* So ;  
 But I move horror, and that frights the guilty  
 From his dear sins. He that sees *Œdipus*  
 Incestuous, shall behold him blind withal.  
 Who views *Orestes* as a parricide,  
 Shall see him lash'd with furies too : the ambitious  
 Shall fear *Prometheus'* vulture ; daring gluttony  
 Stand frighted at the sight of *Tantalus* ;  
 And every family, great in sins as blood,  
 Shake at the memory of *Pelops'* house.  
 Who will rely on fortune's giddy smile,  
 That hath seen *Priam* acted on the stage ?

*Com.* You move with fear ; I work as much with  
 shame—

A thing more powerful in a generous breast.  
 Who sees an eating parasite abus'd ;

A covetous bawd laugh'd at ; an ignorant gull  
 Cheated ; a glorious soldier knock'd and baff'd :<sup>1</sup>  
 A crafty servant whipp'd ; a niggard churl  
 Hoarding up dicing-moneys for his son ;  
 A spruce, fantastic courtier, a mad roarer,  
 A jealous tradesman, an o'erweening lady,  
 A<sup>2</sup> corrupt lawyer—rightly personated ;  
 But (if he have a blush) will blush, and shame  
 As well to act those follies as to own them.

*Tra.* The subject of my scene is in the persons  
 Greater, as in the vices : atheists, tyrants,  
 O'erdaring favourites, traitors, parasites,  
 The wolves and cats of state, which in a language  
 High as the men, and loud as are their crimes,  
 I thunder forth with terror and amazement  
 Unto the ghastly wondering audience.

*Sat.* And, as my lady takes deserved place  
 Of thy light mistress, so yield thou to me,  
 Fantastic Mime.

*Mime.* Fond Sature, why to thee ?

*Sat.* As the attendant of the nobler dame,  
 And of myself more worthy

*Mime.* How more worthy ?

*Sat.* As one, whose whip of steel can with a lash  
 Imprint the characters of shame so deep,  
 Even in the brazen forehead of proud sin,  
 That not eternity shall wear it out.

<sup>1</sup> [*Glorious* here is used in the sense of *rainglorious*, boastful, like the Latin *gloriosus*] *Knocked and baffled* here means *beaten and disgraced*. The allusion is, I believe, more immediately to the *miles gloriosus* of Plautus. In Randolph's "Aristippus," the Wild-man enters with two brewers, when the former says, "There they be now for the valour of brewers, *knock 'em soundly*." They then fall on, and the stage direction informs us, *they beat out Aristippus and the scholars*—Gilchrist.

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *Or.*]

When I but frown'd in my Lucilius' brow,<sup>1</sup>  
 Each conscious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling  
 Freez'd the chill soul ; while every guilty breast  
 Stood fearful of dissection, as afraid  
 To be anatomis'd by that skilful hand,  
 And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin,  
 By it laid open to the public scorn.  
 I have untruss'd the proudest : greatest tyrants  
 Have quak'd below my powerful whip, half-dead  
 With expectation of the smarting jerk,  
 Whose wound no salve can cure. Each blow doth leave  
 A lasting scar, that with a poison eats  
 Into the marrow of their fames and lives ;  
 Th' eternal ulcer to their memories !  
 What can your apish fine gesticulations,  
 My manlike-monkey Mime, vie down to this ?<sup>2</sup>

*Mime.* When men through sins were grown unlike  
 the gods,  
 Apes grew to be like men ; therefore, I think,  
 My apish imitation, brother beadle,  
 Does as good service to reform bad manners,  
 As your proud whip, with all his firks and jerks.  
 The Spartans, when they strove t' express the loath-  
 someness  
 Of drunkenness to their children, brought a slave,  
 Some captive Helot, overcharg'd with wine,  
 Reeling in thus :—his eyes shot out with staring ;  
 A fire in his nose ; a burning redness  
 Blazing in either cheek ; his hair upright ;  
 His tongue and senses falt'ring, and his stomach  
 O'erburden'd, ready to discharge her load

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<sup>1</sup> *i. e.*, Brow like that of the Roman satirist : "*Secus Lucilius urbem*."—Persius, Sat. I l. 114.—*Stevens* Dryden says, "Lucilius wrote long before Horace, who imitates his manner of satire, but far excels him in the design."

<sup>2</sup> To *vie* is a term used at the game of gleek.

In each man's face he met. This made 'em see  
 And hate that sin of swine, and not of men.  
 Would I express a complimentary youth,  
 That thinks himself a spruce and expert courtier,  
 Bending his supple hams, kissing his hands,  
 Honouring shoestrings, screwing his writh'd face  
 To all the several postures of affection,  
 Dancing an entertainment to his friend,  
 Who would not think it a ridiculous motion?<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet such there be, that very much please themselves  
 In suchlike antic humours. To our own sins  
 We will be moles, even to the grossest of 'em;  
 But in another's life we can spy forth  
 The least of faults with eyes as sharp as eagles,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or the Epidaurian serpent. Now in me,  
 Where self-love casts not her Egyptian mists,  
 They find this unbecoming foppishness,  
 And afterwards apply it to themselves.  
 This (Satire) is the use of Mimic elves.

*Tra.* Sister, let's lay this poor contention by,  
 And friendly live together: if one womb  
 Could hold us both, why should we think this room  
 Too narrow to contain us? On this stage  
 We'll plead a trial, and in one year contend  
 Which shall do best: that past, she then that shall,  
 By the most sacred and impartial judgment  
 Of our Apollo, best deserve the bays,  
 Shall hold th' entire possession of the place.

*Com.* I were unworthy if I should  
 Appeal from this tribunal: be it so.  
 I doubt not but his censure runs with me.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, Puppet. See a note to Marmion's "Antiquary," act 1. sc. 1, in Hazlitt's Dodsley, xiii.

<sup>2</sup> "*Cur in amicum tam cornu acutum,  
 Quam aut aquila—aut serpens Epidaurius*"

—Horace Sat. lib. 1. 3.—*Stevens*.

Never may anything that's sad and tragical  
Dare to approach his presence : let him be  
So happy as to think no man is wretched,  
Or that there is a thing call'd misery.

*Tra.* Such is my prayer ; that he may only see,  
Not be the subject of a tragedy !  
Sister, a truce till then. That vice may bleed,  
Let us join whips together.

*Com.* 'Tis agreed.

*Mime.* Let it be your office to prepare  
The masque which we intended.

*Sat.* 'Tis my care. [*Exeunt.*

*Mis. Flo.* How did she say ? a mass ? Brother,  
fly hence !

Fly hence, idolatry will overtake us.

*Ros.* It was a masque she spake of ; a rude dance  
Presented by the seven deadly sins.

*Bird.* Still 'tis a mass, sister ! Away, I tell you ;  
It is a mass ; a mass of vile idolatry !

*Ros.* 'Tis but a simple dance, brought in to show  
The native foulness and deformity  
Of our dear sin ; and what an ugly guest  
He entertains, admits him to his breast.

### SONG and DANCE.<sup>1</sup>

*Say in a dance how shall we go,  
That never could a measure know ?  
How shall we sing to please the scene,  
That never yet could keep a mean ?<sup>2</sup>  
Disorder is the masque we bring,  
And discords are the tunes we sing,  
No sound in our harsh ears can find a place.  
But highest trebles or the lowest base.*

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<sup>1</sup> By the Seven Deadly Sins.—*Gilchrist.*

<sup>2</sup> i.e., Tenor.—*Stevens.*

*Mis. Flo.* See, brother, if men's hearts and consciences

Had not been sear'd and cauteris'd, how could they  
Affect these filthy harbingers of hell?

Those Proctors of Beelzebub, Lucifer's hench-boys,<sup>1</sup>

*Ros.* I pray ye, stow<sup>2</sup> yourselves within awhile.

[*Exeunt.*

*ROSCIUS solus.*

And here——unless your favourite mildness  
With hope of mercy do encourage us,  
Our author bids us end. He dares not venture,  
Neither what's pass'd, nor that which is to come,  
Upon his country; 'tis so weak and impotent,  
It cannot stand a trial, nor dares hope  
The benefit of his clergy: but if rigour  
Sit judge, must of necessity be condemn'd  
To Vulcan or the sponge. All he can plead  
Is a desire of pardon; for he brings you  
No plot at all, but a mere Olla Podrida,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Blount says that a *henchman* or *heinsman* "is a German word, signifying a domestic, or one of a family. It is used with us for one that runs on foot, attending on a person of honour." He also observes that "from hence comes our word *hine* or *hunde*, a servant for husbandry" *Henchmen* are mentioned in "Jack Drum's Entertainment," 1616, sig. B 4: "He whose phrases are as neatly deckt as my Lord Mayor's *heinsmen*."

They are also excepted out of the stat. 4 Edward IV. c. v. concerning excess of apparel: "Provided also, that *henchmen*, heralds, pursuivants, sword-bearers to mayors, messengers, and minstrels, nor none of them, nor players in their interludes, shall not be comprised within this statute." A like exception, 24 Henry VIII. c. xiii. See also the notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Tyrwhit to "Midsummer Night's Dream," act ii. sc. 2.

See Hakluyt, 1589, p. 270.—*Ros.*

<sup>2</sup> [Or bestow. Edits. *stir*. Mr Collier's correction.]

<sup>3</sup> "Olla Podrida properly consists of beef, mutton, bacon, hog's-feet, pullet, partridge, black puddings, sausages, *garvancos*,

A medley of ill-plac'd and worse-penn'd humours.  
 His desire was in single scenes to show  
 How comedy presents each single vice  
 Ridiculous ; whose number, as their character,  
 He borrows from the man to whom he owes  
 All the poor skill he has, great Aristotle.  
 Now, if you can endure to hear the rest,  
 You're welcome : if you cannot, do but tell  
 Your meaning by some sign, and all farewell.  
 If you will stay, resolve to pardon first ;  
 Our author will deserve it by offending.  
 Yet if he miss a pardon (as in justice  
 You cannot grant it, though your mercy may),  
 Still he hath this left for a comfort to him ,  
 That he picks forth a subject of his rhyme,  
 May lose perchance his credit, not his time. [Exit.

## ACT II., SCENE I.

ROSCIUS, BIRD, MISTRESS FLOWERDEW.

Ros. *Receive your places. The first that we present are the extremes of a virtue necessary in our conversation, called Comitas or courtesy, which, as all other virtues, hath her deviations from the mean. The one*

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a sort of Spanish pease, turkeys, and cabbage ; all very well boiled, or rather stewed together, and duly seasoned with salt and spice" (Stevens's "Spanish Dictionary"). Howell, in his "Letters," adds other ingredients, p. 229, edit. 1754 ; recommending a cook, he says, "He will tell your ladyship, that the reverend matron the *Olla Podrida* hath intellectuals and senses ; mutton, beef, and bacon, are to her as the will, understanding, and memory are to the soul ; cabbage, turnips, artichokes, potatoes, and dates, are her five senses, and pepper, the common sense : she must have marrow to keep life in her, and some birds to make her light ; by all means she must go adorned with chains of sausages."

*Colax, that to seem over-courteous, falls into a servile flattery; the other (as fools fall into the contraries which they shun) is Dyscolus who, hating to be a slavish parasite, grows into peevishness and impertinent distaste.*

*Mrs. Flo.* I thought you taught two vices for one virtue.

*Ros.* So does philosophy : but the actors enter.

## COLAX, DYSCOLUS.

*Col.* How far they sin against humanity  
That use you thus ! believe me, 'tis a symptom  
Of barbarism and rudeness, so to vex  
A gentle, modest nature as yours is.

*Dys.* Why dost thou vex me then ?

*Col.* I ? Heaven defend !  
My breeding has been better ; I vex you !  
You that I know so virtuous, just, and wise,  
So pious and religious, so admired,  
So lov'd of all ?

*Dys.* Wilt thou not leave me then,  
Eternal torture ? could your cruelty find  
No back but mine, that you thought broad enough  
To bear the load of all these epithets ?  
Pious ? religious ? he takes me for a fool.  
Virtuous and just ? sir, did I ever cheat you,  
Cosen, or gull you, that you call me just  
And virtuous ? I am grown the common scoff  
Of all the world—the scoff of all the world !

*Col.* The world is grown too vile, then.

*Dys.* So art thou.  
Heaven ! I am turn'd ridiculous.

*Col.* You ridiculous ?  
But 'tis an impious age : there was a time  
(And pity 'tis so good a time had wings  
To fly away), when reverence was paid



To a grey head ; 'twas held a sacrilege <sup>1</sup>

Not expiable to deny respect

To one, sir, of your years and gravity.

*Dys.* My years and gravity ! why, how old am I ?  
I am not rotten yet, or grown so rank  
As I should smell o' th' grave. O times and manners !  
Well, Colax, well ; go on : you may abuse me,  
Poor dust and ashes, worm's meat. Years and  
gravity !

He takes me for a carcass ! what see you

So crazy in me ? I have half my teeth :

I see with spectacles, do I not ? and can walk too

With the benefit of my staff : mark if I cannot !—

But you, sir, at your pleasure, with years and gravity

Think me decrepit.

*Col.* How ? decrepit, sir !

I see young roses bud within your cheeks ;

And a quick active blood run free and fresh

Thorough your veins.

*Dys.* I am turn'd boy again !

A very stripling school-boy ! have I not

The itch and kibes ? am I not scabb'd and mangy

About the wrists and hams ?

*Col.* Still, Dyscolus——

*Dys.* Dyscolus ! and why Dyscolus ? when were we

Grown so familiar ? Dyscolus ! by my name ?

Sure, we are Pylades and Orestes, are we not ?

Speak, good Pylades.

*Col.* Nay, worthy sir,

Pardon my error : 'twas without intent

Of an offence. I'll find some other name

To call you by——

*Dys.* What do you mean to call me ?

<sup>1</sup> "*Credebant tum grande nefas, et morte piandum,  
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat.*"

Fool, ass, or knave? my name is not so bad,  
As that I am asham'd on't.

*Col.* Still you take all worse than it was meant,  
You are too jealous.

*Dys.* Jealous? I ha' not cause for't; my wife's  
honest.

Dost see my horns? Doest? if thou doest,  
Write cuckold in my forehead; do, write cuckold  
With aquafortis, do. Jealous! I am jealous—  
Free of the company! wife, I am jealous.

*Col.* I mean suspicious.

*Dys.* How! suspicious?

For what? for treason, felony, or murder?  
Carry me to the justice: bind me over  
For a suspicious person: hang me too  
For a suspicious person! O, O, O!  
Some courteous plague seize me, and free my soul  
From this immortal torment! everything  
I meet with is vexation; and this, this  
Is the vexation of vexations;  
The hell of hells, and devil of all devils!

*Mis. Flo.* For pity's sake, fret not the good old  
gentleman.

*Dys.* O, have I not yet torments great enough,  
But you must add to my affliction?  
Eternal silence seize you!

*Col.* Sir, we strive  
To please you, but you still misconstrue us.

*Dys.* I must be pleas'd? a very babe, an infant!  
I must be pleas'd? give me some pap or plums;  
Buy me a rattle or a hobby-horse,  
To still me, do! Be pleas'd? wouldst have me get  
A parasite to be flatter'd?

*Col.* How? a parasite?  
A cogging, flattering, slavish parasite?  
Things I abhor and hate. 'Tis not the belly  
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!

Souls below reason will not stoop so low  
 As to give up their liberty ; only flatterers  
 Move by another's wheel. They have no passions  
 Free to themselves : all their affections,  
 Qualities, humours, appetites, desires,  
 Nay wishes, vows, and prayers, discourse and thoughts,  
 Are but another's bondman. Let me tug  
 At the Turks' galleys ; be eternally  
 Damn'd to a quarry : in this state my mind  
 Is free : a flatterer has no soul nor body.  
 What shall I say ?—No, I applaud your temper,  
 That in a generous braveness takes distaste  
 At such whose servile nature strives to please you  
 'Tis royal in you, sir.

*Dys.* Ha ! what's that ?

*Col.* A feather stuck upon your cloak.

*Dys.* A feather !

And what have you to do with my feathers ?  
 Why should you hinder me from telling the world  
 I do not lie on flock beds ?

*Col.* Pray, be pleas'd ;  
 I brush'd it off for mere respect I bear you.

*Dys.* Respect ! a fine respect, sir, is it not,  
 To make the world believe I nourish vermin ?  
 O death, death, death ! if that our graves hatch worms  
 Without tongues to torment us, let 'm have,  
 What teeth they will. I meet not here an object,  
 But adds to my affliction ! Sure, I am not  
 A man ; I could not then be so ridiculous :  
 My ears are overgrown, I am an ass ;  
 It is my ears they gaze at. What strange Harpy,  
 Centaur, or Gorgon am I turn'd into ?  
 What Circe wrought my metamorphosis ?  
 If I be beast, she might have made me lion,  
 Or something not ridiculous ! O Acteon !  
 If I do branch like thee, it is my fortune !  
 Why look they on me else ? There is within

A glass, they say, that has strange qualities in it ;  
That shall resolve me. I will in to see,  
Whether or no I man or monster be. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

To them DEILUS, APHOBUS.

*Bird.* Who be these ? they look like Presumption  
and Despair.

*Ros.* And such they are. That is *Aphobus*, one that  
out of an impious confidence fears nothing : the other  
*Deilus*, that from an atheistical distrust shakes at the  
motion of a reed. These are the extremes of Fortitude,  
that steers an even course between overmuch daring and  
overmuch fearing.

*Mis. Flo.* Why stays this reprobate Colax ?

*Ros.* Any vice  
Yields work for flattery.

*Mis. Flo.* A good doctrine, mark it.

*Dea.* Is it possible ? did you not fear it, say you ?  
To me the mere relation is an ague.  
Good Aphobus, no more such terrible stories ;  
I would not for a world lie alone to-night,  
I shall have such strange dreams !

*Aph.* What can there be  
That I should fear ? The gods ? If they be good,  
'Tis sin to fear them ; if not good, no gods ;  
And then let them fear me. Or are they devils,  
'That most affright ye ?<sup>1</sup>

*Dea.* Devils ! where, good Aphobus ?  
I thought there was some conjuring abroad,  
'Tis such a terrible wind ! O, here it is ;  
Now it is here again ! O still, still, still !

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *must—me.*]

*Aph.* What is the matter?

*Dei.* Still it follows me!

The thing in black : behind, soon as the sun  
But shines, it haunts me. Gentle spirit, leave me !  
Cannot you lay him, Aphobus ? what an ugly look it  
has !

With eyes as big as saucers, nostrils wider  
Than barbers' basins !

*Aph.* It is nothing, Deilus,  
But your weak fancy, that from every object  
Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing——

*Dei.* Where is it, Aphobus ?

*Aph.* Is but your shadow, Deilus.

*Dei.* And should we not fear shadows ?

*Aph.* No ! why should we ?

*Dei.* Who knows but they come leering after  
us

To steal away the substance ? Watch him, Apho-  
bus.

*Aph.* I nothing fear.

*Col.* I do commend your valour,  
That fixes your great soul fast as a centre,  
Not to be mov'd with dangers : let slight cock-  
boats

Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firm  
Like an undaunted rock, whose constant hardness  
Rebeats the fury of the raging sea,  
Dashing it into froth Base fear doth argue  
A low, degenerate soul <sup>1</sup>

*Dei.* Now I fear everything

*Col.* 'Tis your discretion : everything has danger,  
And therefore everything is to be fear'd.  
I do applaud this wisdom : 'tis a symptom  
Of wary providence. His too confident rashness

<sup>1</sup> *Degeneros animos timor arguit*—Virg. "*Æn.*" iv. 13.  
—Stevens.

Argues a stupid ignorance in the soul,  
A blind and senseless judgment. Give me Fear  
To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect  
And wary sentinel——

*Mis. Flo.* Now shame take thee, for  
A lukewarm formalist.

*Col.* ——But daring valour,  
Uncapable of danger, sleeps securely,  
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.

*Dei.* What, are they landed?

*Aph.* Who?

*Dei.* The enemies  
That Colax talks of

*Aph.* If they be, I care not ;  
Though they be giants all, and arm'd with thunder.

*Dei.* Why, do you not fear thunder?

*Aph.* Thunder? no !  
No more than squibs and crackers

*Dei.* Squibs and crackers?  
I hope there be none here. 'Slid, squibs and  
crackers !

The mere epitomes of the gunpowder-treason :  
Faux in a lesser volume.

*Aph.* Let fools gaze  
At bearded stars, it is all one to me,  
As if they had been shav'd Thus, thus would I  
Outbeard a meteor ! for I might as well  
Name it a prodigy, when my candle blazes.

*Dei.* Is there a comet, say you? nay, I saw it :  
It reach'd from Paul's to Charing, and portends  
Some certain imminent danger to th' inhabitants  
'Twixt those two places. I'll go get a lodging  
Out of its influence.

*Col.* Will that serve? I fear  
It threatens general ruin to the kingdom.

*Dei.* I'll to some other country.

*Col.* There's danger to cross the seas.

*Dei.* Is there no way, good Colax,  
To cross the sea by land? O, the situation—  
The horrible situation of an island!

*Col.* You, sir, are far above such frivolous thoughts :  
You fear not death.

*Aph.* Not I.

*Col.* Not sudden death?

*Aph.* No more than sudden sleeps : sir, I dare die.

*Dei.* I dare not ; death to me is terrible.  
I will not die.

*Aph.* How can you, sir, prevent it?

*Dei.* Why,—I will kill myself.

*Col.* A valiant course ;  
And the right way to prevent death indeed !  
Your spirit is true Roman !—But yours 's greater,  
That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it.  
Should heaven fall—

*Aph.* Why then we should have larks.<sup>1</sup>

*Dei.* I shall never eat larks again while I breathe.

*Col.* Or should the earth yawn like a sepulchre,  
And with an open throat swallow you quick?

*Aph.* 'Twould save me the expenses of a grave

*Dei.* I'd rather trouble my executors by th' half.

*Aph.* Cannons to me are pot-guns.

*Dei.* Pot-guns to me  
Are cannons : the report will strike me dead.

*Aph.* A rapier's but a bodkin.

*Dei.* And a bodkin

Is a most dangerous weapon : since I read  
Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture  
Into a tailor's shop for fear of bodkins<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This was proverbial. [See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 462].

<sup>2</sup> So in "The Serpent of Division," prefixed to the 4<sup>o</sup> edition of "Gorboduc," 1590 : "And the cheef woorker of this murder was Brutus Cassius, associed with two hundreth and sixtye of the

*Aph.* O, that the valliant giants would again  
Rebel against the gods, and besiege heaven,  
So I might be their leader !

*Col.* Had Enceladus  
Been half so valiant, Jove had been his prisoner.

*Aph.* Why should we think there be such things as  
dangers ?

Scylla, Charybdis, Python, are but fables ;  
Medea's bull and dragon very tales ;  
Sea-monsters, serpents, all poetical figments ;  
Nay, Hell itself and Acheron mere inventions.  
Or were they true, as they are false, should I be  
So timorous as to fear these bugbear Harpies,  
Medusas, Centaurs, Gorgons ?

*Dei.* O good Aphobus,  
Leave conjuring, or take me into the circle !  
What shall I do, good Colax ?

*Col.* Sir, walk in :  
There is, they say, a looking-glass ; a strange one,  
Of admirable virtues, that will render you  
Free from enchantments.

*Dei.* How ! a looking-glass ?  
Dost think I can endure it ? Why, there lies  
A man within't in ambush to entrap me .

senate • all having *bodkins* in their sleeves and, as it is written  
in stories, he had twentye sower deadly woundes as he sat in  
the Capitall "

Again, *ibid* —

" With *bodkins* w<sup>th</sup> Cæsar Julius  
Murdrd at Rome of Brutus Cassius.  
When many a reg on he had brought full lowe.  
Lo who may trust Fortune any thron " "

Lyly has it (" Euphues," 1581, p 46) " Asiarchus, forsaking  
companie, spoiled himselfe with his owne *bodkin* "

And in " Euphues and his England," 1582, p 10 " And in  
this you turne the point of your owne *bodkin* into your own  
bosome."

See also Mr Steevens's note on " Hamlet," act iii. sc. 1.



I did but lift my hand up, and he presently  
Catch'd at it.

*Col.* 'Twas the shadow, sir, of yourself—  
Trust me, a mere reflection

*Dei.* I will trust thee [Exit.

*Aph.* What glass is that?

*Col.* A trick to fright the idiot  
Out of his wits : a glass so full of dread.  
Rendering unto the eye such horrid spectacles,  
As would amaze even you Sir, I do think  
Your optic nerves would shrink in the beholding.  
This if your eye endure, I will confess you  
The prince of eagles.

*Aph.* Look to it, eyes ! if you refuse this sight,  
My nails shall damn you to eternal night. [Exit.

*Col.* Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence :  
'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

### SCENE III.

#### ACOLASTUS, ANAISTHETUS

*Ros.* *Temperance is the mediocrity of enjoying pleasures when they are present, and a moderate desire of them, being absent, and these are the extremes of that virtue. Acolastus, a voluptuous epicure, that out of an immoderate and untamed desire seeks after all pleasures promiscuously, without respect of honest or lawful The other, Anaisthetus, a mere anchorite, that delights in nothing, not in those legitimate recreations allowed of by God and nature.*

*Aco.* O, now for an eternity of eating !  
Fool was he that wish'd but a crane's short neck ;  
Give me one, Nature, long as is a cable  
Or sounding-line, and all the way a palate,

To taste my meat the longer. I would have  
 My senses feast together : Nature envied us  
 In giving single pleasures ; let me have  
 My ears, eyes, palate, nose, and touch at once  
 Enjoy their happiness. Lay me in a bed  
 Made of a summer's cloud ; to my embraces  
 Give me a Venus hardly yet fifteen,  
 Fresh, plump, and active , she that Mars enjoy'd  
 Is grown too stale : and then, at the same instant  
 My touch is pleas'd, I would delight my sight  
 With pictures of Diana and her nymphs,  
 Naked and bathing, drawn by some Apelles :  
 By them some of our fairest virgins stand,  
 That I may see whether 'tis art or nature  
 Which heightens most my blood and appetite.  
 Nor cease I here . give me the seven orbs  
 To charm my ears with their celestial lutes ;  
 To which the angels, that do move those spheres,  
 Shall sing some amorous ditty. Nor yet here  
 Fix I my bounds . the sun himself shall fire  
 The phoenix' nest to make me a perfume,  
 While I do eat the bird, and eternally  
 Quaff off ethereal <sup>1</sup> nectar. These (single) are  
 But torments ; but together, O, together '  
 Each is a paradise <sup>1</sup> Having got such objects  
 To please the senses, give me senses too  
 Fit to receive those objects give me therefore  
 An eagle's eye, a bloodhound's curious smell,  
 A stag's quick hearing ; let my feeling be  
 As subtle as the spider's, and my taste  
 Sharp as a squirrel's then I'll read the Alcoran,  
 And what delights that promises in the future,  
 I'll practise in the present.

*Bird.*

Heathenish glutton !

*Mis. Flo.* Base belly-god ! licentious libertine !

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, of *eternal* ]

*Ana.* And I do think there is no pleasures at all  
 But in contemning pleasures. Happy Niobe  
 And blessed Daphne, and all such as are  
 Turn'd stocks and stones<sup>1</sup> would I were laurel too,  
 Or marble ; ay, or anything insensible !  
 It is a toil for me to eat or drink,  
 Only for nature's satisfaction ;  
 Would I could live without it To my ear  
 Music is but a mandrake.<sup>1</sup> to my smell  
 Nard scents of rue and wormwood , and I taste  
 Nectar with as much loathing and distaste,  
 As gall or aloes, or my doctor's potion.  
 My eye can meet no object but I hate it

*Ac.* Come, brother Stoic, be not so melancholy

*Ana.* Be not so foolish, brother epicure,

*Ac.* Come, we'll go and see a comedy, that will  
 raise

Thy heavy spirits up

*Ana.* A comedy ?

Sure, I delight much in those toys . I can  
 With as much patience hear the mariners  
 Chide in a storm.<sup>2</sup>

*Ac.* Then let's go drink awhile.

*Ana.* 'Tis too much labour Happy Tantalus,  
 That never drinks

*Ac.* A little venery  
 Shall recreate thy soul.

*Ana.* Yes, like an itch ,  
 For 'tis no better I could wish an heir,  
 But that I cannot take the pains to get one.

<sup>1</sup> The shriek supposed to be given by the *mandrake* when torn out of the earth was esteemed fatal to those who heard it. [See "Popular Antiquities of Great Britain," 1870, in 321.]

<sup>2</sup> To *chide*, in this instance, does not signify to *reprehend*, but to *make a noise*. See note on "Midsummer Night's Dream," in 96, edit. 1778.

*Ac.* Why, marry, if your conscience be so tender  
As not to do it otherwise ; then 'tis lawful.

*Ana.* True : matrimony's nothing else indeed  
But fornication licens'd, lawful adultery.  
O heavens ! how all my senses are wide sluices  
To let in discontent and miseries '  
How happy are the moles, that have no eyes '  
How bless'd the adders, that they have no ears '<sup>1</sup>  
They never see nor hear aught that afflicts them.  
But happier they, that have no sense at all—  
That neither see, nor hear, taste, smell, nor feel,  
Anything to torment them. Souls were given  
To torture bodies : man has reason, too,  
To add unto the heap of his distractions  
I can see nothing without sense and motion,  
But I do wish myself transform'd into it.

*Col.* Sir, I commend this temperance your arm'd  
soul  
Is able to condemn these petty baits,  
These slight temptations which we title pleasures,  
That are indeed but names. Heaven itself knows  
No suchlike thing : the stars nor eat nor drink,  
Nor lie with one another, and you imitate  
Those glorious bodies ; by which noble abstinence  
You gain the name of moderate, chaste, and sober ,  
While this effeminate gets the infamous terms  
Of glutton, drunkard, and adulterer ,  
Pleasures that are not man's, as man is man,  
But as his nature sympathies with beasts.  
You shall be the third Cato , this grave look  
And rigid eyebrow will become a censor.  
But I will fit you with an object, sir,  
My noble Anaisthetus, that will please you .  
It is a looking-glass, wherein at once

---

<sup>1</sup> [The deafness of the adder is a popular fallacy.]

You may see all the dismal groves and caves :  
The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deserts,  
With what in hell itself can dismal be.

*Ana.* That is indeed a prospect fit for me. [*Exit*

*Aco.* He cannot see a stock or stone, but presently

He wishes to be turn'd to one of those.

I have another humour : I cannot see

A fat, voluptuous sow with full delight

Wallow in dirt, but I do wish myself

Transform'd into that blessed epicure :

Or when I view the hot, salacious sparrow

Renew his pleasures with fresh appetite,

I wish myself that little bird of love.

*Col.* It shows you a man of a soft moving clay,

Not made of flint. Nature has been bountiful

To provide pleasures, and shall we be niggards

At plenteous boards? He's a discourteous guest

That will observe a diet at a feast.

When Nature thought the earth alone too little

To find us meat, and therefore stor'd the air

*With winged creatures : not contented yet,*

She made the water fruitful to delight us :

Nay, I believe the other element too

Doth nurse some curious dainty for man's food,

If we would use the skill to catch the salamander :

Did she do this to have us eat with temperance ?

Or when she gave so many different odours

Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,

She cried not : stop your noses Would she give us

So sweet a choir of wing'd musicians

To have us deaf? Or when she plac'd us here,

Here in a paradise, where such pleasing prospects,

So many ravishing colours entice the eye,

Was it to have us wink? When she bestow'd

So powerful faces, such commanding beauties,

On many glorious nymphs, was it to say :

Be chaste and continent? Not to enjoy  
 All pleasures and at full, were to make Nature  
 Guilty of that she ne'er was guilty of—  
 A vanity in her works.

*Aco.* A learned lecture!  
 'Tis fit such grave and solid argument  
 Have their reward. Here, half of my estate  
 T' invent a pleasure never tasted yet,  
 That I may be the first to make it stale.

*Col.* Within, sir, is a glass, that by reflection  
 Doth show the image of all sorts of pleasures  
 That ever yet were acted, more variety  
 Than Aretine's pictures.<sup>1</sup>

*Aco* I will see the jewel;  
 For though to do most moves my appetite,  
 I love to see, as well as act delight [Exit.

*Bird.* These are the things indeed the stage doth  
 teach

Dear heart, what a foul sink of sins runs here!

*Mis. Flo.* In sooth, it is the common shore of lewd-  
 ness.

#### SCENE IV.

ASOTUS, ANELEUTHERUS.

*Ros.* *These are Anceutherus, an illiberal, miggardly usurer, that will sell heaven to purchase earth, that his son Asotus, a profuse prodigal, that will sell earth to buy hell—the extremes of liberality, which prescribes a mediocrity in the getting and spending of riches.*

---

<sup>1</sup> These celebrated pieces of obscenity are likewise mentioned by Sir Epicure Mammon in the "Alchemist," who says he will have pictures—

"Richer than those Tiberius took  
 From Elephantis, and dull Aretine  
 But coldly imitated"

—*Stevens.*

*Ancl.* Come, boy, go with me to the scrivener's, go.

*Aso.* I was in hope you would have said a bawdy-house.

*Ancl.* Thence to th' Exchange.

*Aso.* . No, to the tavern, father.

*Ancl.* Be a good husband, boy, follow my counsel.

*Aso.* Your counsel? No, dad, take you mine,  
And be a good fellow. Shall we go and roar?

'Slid, father, I shall never live to spend  
That you have got already. Pox of attorneys,  
Merchants, and scriveners! I would hear you talk  
Of drawers, punks, and panders.

*Ancl.* Prodigal child!  
Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth.

*Aso.* Nor you the pleasure that I take in spending  
it :

To feed on caveare,<sup>1</sup> and eat anchovies!

*Ancl.* Asotus, my dear son, talk not to me  
Of your anchovies or your caveare.  
No: feed on widows; have each meal an orphan  
Serv'd to your table, or a glibbery heir<sup>2</sup>  
With all his lands melted into a mortgage.  
The gods themselves feed not on such fine dainties  
Such fattening, thriving diet.

*Aso.* Trust me, sir,  
I am ashamed, la, now to call you father;  
Ne'er trust me, now I'm come to be a gentleman;  
One of your havings,<sup>3</sup> and thus cark and care!

<sup>1</sup> See note to "The Ordinary" in Haylitt's "Dodsley," xii.

<sup>2</sup> So in Marston's "First Part of Antonio and Mellida," act ii —

"Milk, milk, ye glibbery urchin, is food for infants"

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, One possessed of your estate or property. So in "Every Man in his Humour," act i. sc. 4—

"Lie in a water-bearer's house!"  
A gentleman of his *havings*!"

Come, I will send for a whole coach or two  
 Of Bank-side ladies,<sup>1</sup> and we will be jovial.  
 Shall the world say you pine and pinch for nothing?  
 Well, do your pleasure, keep me short of moneys;  
 When you are dead (as die, I hope, you must)  
 I'll make a shift to spend one-half, at least,  
 Ere you are coffin'd, and the other half,  
 Ere you are fully laid into your grave.  
 Were not you better help away with some of it?  
 But you will starve yourself, that, when you're rotten,  
 One have-at-all of mine may set it flying:  
 And I will have your bones cut into dice,  
 And make you guilty of the spending of it;  
 Or I will get a very handsome bowl  
 Made of your skull, to drink away in healths.

*And.* That's not the way to thrive. No, sit and brood

On thy estate: as yet it is not hatch'd  
 Into maturity.

*Aso.* Marry, I'll brood upon it,  
 And hatch it into chickens, capons, hens,  
 Larks, thrushes, quails, woodcocks, snites, and pheasants,

The best that can be got for love or money.  
 There is no life to drinking!

*And.* O yes, yes.

Exaction, usury, and oppression,  
 Twenty i' th' hundred is a very nectar,  
 And wilt thou, wasteful lad, spend in a supper  
 What I with sweat and labour, care and industry,  
 Have been an age a-scraping up together?  
 No, no, Asotus, trust greyhead experience;

And in "The Devil is an Ass," act III. sc. 3—

"We then advise the party, if he be  
 A man of means and *Asotus*, that first with  
 He settle his estate."

<sup>1</sup> Where the stews formerly stood.





To find my scrivener, who is gone, I hear,  
To a strange glass, wherein all things appear. [*Exit.*

*Aso.* To see if it can show him his lost ears.  
Now to your lecture.

*Col.* And to such an one  
As you will be a willing pupil to.  
'Think you I meant all that I told your father?  
No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old hunks.  
I love a man like you, that can make much  
Of his bless'd genius. Miracle of charity!  
That open hand becomes thee: let thy father  
Scrape, like the dunghill cock, the dirt and mire,  
To find a precious gem for thee (the chicken  
Of the white hen) to wear. It is a wonder  
How such a generous branch as you could spring  
From that old root of damned avarice!  
For every widow's house the father swallows,  
The son should spew a tavern. How are we  
Richer than others? Not in having much,  
But in bestowing,  
And that shines glorious in you. The chuff's  
crowns,<sup>1</sup>

Imprison'd in his rusty chest, methinks  
I hear groan out, and long till they be thine,  
In hope to see the light again. Thou can'st not  
Stand in a flood of nectar up to th' chin,  
And yet not dare to sup it; nor can'st suffer  
The golden apples dangle at thy lips,  
But thou wilt taste the fruit. 'Tis generous this.

*Aso.* Gramercy, thou shalt be doctor o' th' chair.

---

<sup>1</sup> It is observed by Mr Steevens (note to "First Part of Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 2), that this term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. He supposes it a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird [now very rare], that collects its prey on the seashore. [But this etymology, if not inadmissible, is at least very doubtful.]

Here—'tis too little, but 'tis all my store,  
I'll in to pump my dad, and fetch thee more. [*Exit.*]

*Col.* How like you now my art? Is't not a subtle one.

*Mis. Flo.* Now, out upon thee, thou lewd reprobate!

Thou man of sin and shame, that sewest cushions  
Unto the elbows of iniquity.

*Col.* I do commend this zeal; you cannot be  
Too fervent in a cause so full of goodness.  
There is a general frost hath seiz'd devotion;  
And without suchlike ardent flames as these  
There is no hope to thaw it. The word Puritan,  
That I do glorify and esteem reverend,  
As the most sanctified, pure, and holy sect  
Of all professors, is by the profane  
Us'd for a name of infamy, a byword, a slander.  
That I soothe vice!<sup>1</sup> I do but flatter them;  
As we give children plums to learn their prayers,  
T' entice them to the truth, and by fair means  
Work out their reformation. [*Exit*]

*Bird.* 'Tis well done.  
I hope he will become a brother, and make  
A separatist!

*Mis. Flo.* You shall have the devotions  
Of all the elders. But this foppishness  
Is wearisome: I could at our Saint Anth'lins,<sup>2</sup>  
Sleeping and all, sit twenty times as long.

*Ros.* Go in with me to recreate your spirits,

<sup>1</sup> [There is some corruption here, but where it lies is not very obvious. The present passage might be improved, perhaps, if we should read—

"A byword, a slander,  
That I soothe vices! I but flatter them"]

<sup>2</sup> The Church of St Antholin, or St Antlin, was one of the principal resorts of the Puritans.—*Collier.*

(As music theirs) with some refreshing song,  
 Whose patience our rude scene hath held too long.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III., SCENE I.

ROSCIUS, BIRD, and MISTRESS FLOWERDEW.

*Bird.* I will no more of this abomination.

*Ros.* The end crowns every action, stay till that ;  
 Just judges will not be prejudicate.

*Mis. Flo.* Pray, sir, continue still the moralising.

*Ros.* *The next we present are the extremes of Magnificence, who teaches a decorum in great expenses, as liberality in the lesser . one is Banausus, out of a mere ostentation vaingloriously expensive ; the other Microprepes, one in glorious works extremely base and penurious.*

BANAUSUS, MICROPREPES.

*Ban.* Being born not for ourselves, but for our friends,

Our country and our glory, it is fit  
 We do express the majesty of our souls  
 In deeds of bounty and magnificence.

*Mis.* The world is full of vanity ; and fond fools

Promise themselves a name from building churches,  
 Or anything that tends to the republic :

'Tis the *re-private* that I study for.

*Ban.* First, therefore, for the fame of my republic,

I'll imitate a brave Egyptian king,  
 And plant such store of onions and of garlic,  
 As shall maintain so many thousand workmen



Only to study the cure of the French pox :<sup>1</sup>  
 That so the sinners may acknowledge me  
 Their only benefactor, and repent.

*Col.* You have a care, sir, of your country's health.

*Mic.* Then I will sell the lead to thatch the chancel.

*Ban.* I have a rare device to set Dutch windmills<sup>2</sup>  
 Upon Newmarket Heath and Salisbury Plain,<sup>3</sup>  
 To drain the fens.

*Col.* The fens, sir, are not there.

*Ban.* But who knows but they may be ?

*Col.* Very right.

You aim at the prevention of a danger.

*Mic.* A porter's frock shall serve me for a surplice.

*Mis. Flo.* Indeed a frock is not so ceremonious.

*Ban.* But the great work, in which I mean to glory,  
 Is in the raising a cathedral church :

It shall be at Hog's Norton ;<sup>4</sup> with a pair

Of stately organs , more than pity 'twere

The pigs should lose their skill for want of practice.

*Bird.* Organs ! fie on them for Babylonian bag-  
 pipes.

*Mic.* Then for the painting, I bethink myself

<sup>1</sup> *Qy* If here be not a sling at Sutcliff's project for a College at Chelsea ?

<sup>2</sup> In the reign of James I., and the beginning of his successor's, many schemes were proposed, and some adopted, though never carried into execution, for draining the fens. Among others, a Dutchman, Sir Cornelius Vermuiden, was employed. But I believe his scheme was different from that alluded to in the text

<sup>3</sup> [See a long note in Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, v 42.]

<sup>4</sup> It appears that to say *You were born at Hog's Norton*, conveyed an insinuation of boorish rustical behaviour. The true name of the town is *Hoch Norton*, and it is situated in the county of Oxford. Nash, in "The Apologie of Pierce Penniless," 4<sup>o</sup>, 1593, sig. K 4, says, "If thou bestowst any curtesie on mee, and I do not requite it, then call mee *cut*, and I was brought up at *Hogge Norton*, where pigges play on the organs." [See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, pp. 315-16.]

That I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall,  
In painted cloth, the story of the Prodigal.<sup>1</sup>

Col. And that will be for very good use and moral.

Sir, you are wise; what serve Egyptian pyramids,  
Ephesian temples, Babylonian towers,  
Carian Colosses,<sup>2</sup> Trajan's water-works,  
Domitian's amphitheatres, the vain cost  
Of ignorance and prodigality?  
Rome flourish'd when her Capitol was thatch'd,  
And all her gods dwelt but in cottages.  
Since Parian marble and Corinthian brass  
Enter'd her gaudy temple, soon she fell  
To superstition, and from thence to ruin.  
You see that in our churches glorious statues,  
Rich copes, and other ornaments of state,  
Draw wond'ring<sup>3</sup> eyes from their devotion  
Unto a wanton gazing; and that other  
Rich edifices and such gorgeous toys  
Do more proclaim our country's wealth than safety,  
And serve but like so many gilded baits  
T' entice a foreign foe to our invasion.  
Go in, there is a glass will show you, sir,  
What sweet simplicity our grandsires used:  
How in the age of gold no church was gilded.

[Exit MICROPREPES.]

<sup>1</sup> Mother Redcap's hall probably stood where a house between London and Hampstead is still distinguished by the sign of this old lady's head. The story of the Prodigal in painted cloth was a very common one. Falstaff says to Mrs Quickly, "For thy walls, . . . a pretty slight drollery, or the *story of the Prodigal*, or the German hunting in water work, is worth a thousand of those bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries." "Old Mother Redcap's," is mentioned as famous for good ale, in "Bacchus' Bountie," 1593, reprinted in "Harleian Miscellany," ii. 303.—*Gilchrist*.

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *Colossus*]

<sup>3</sup> [Old copies read *wandering*]

*Ban.* O, I have thought on't: I will straightway  
build

A free school here in London; a free school  
For the education of young gentlemen,  
To study how to drink and take tobacco;  
To swear, to roar, to dice, to drab, to quarrel.  
'Twill be the great Gymnasium of the realm,  
The Frontisterium<sup>1</sup> of Great Britain.  
And for their better study, I will furnish them  
With a large library of draper's books.

*Col.* 'Twill put down Bodley<sup>2</sup> and the Vatican.  
Royal Banausus<sup>3</sup>! how many spheres fly you  
Above the earthly dull Microprepes!  
I hope to live to see you build a stew  
Shall outbrave Venice. to repair old Tyburn,  
And make it cedar. This magnificent course  
Doth purchase you an immortality.  
In them you build your honour, to remain  
The example and the wonder of posterity;  
While other hidebound churls do grudge themselves  
The charges of a tomb.

*Ban.* But I'll have one,  
In which I'll lie embalm'd with myrrh and cassia,  
And richer unguents than the Egyptian kings:  
And all that this my precious tomb may furnish  
The land with mummy.<sup>4</sup>

*Col.* Yonder is a glass  
Will show you plots and models of all monuments  
Form'd the old way. You may invent a new;  
'Twill make for you more glory.

*Ban.* Colax, true. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Frontisterium* signifies a cloister, a college. The word occurs in "Albumazar."—*Stevens.*

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *Bodley's.*]

<sup>3</sup> See Chambers' "Dictionary," *viz* Mummy.



## SCENE II.

Ros. *These are the extremes of Magnanimity. Chaunus, a fellow so highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks no honour above him ; the other Micropsychus, a base and 'low-spirited fellow, that, undervaluing his own qualities, dares not aspire to those dignities that otherwise his merits are capable of.*

## CHAUNUS, MICROPSYCHUS.

Chau. I wonder that I hear no news from court

Col. All hail unto the honourable Chaunus !

Chau. The honourable Chaunus ! 'Tis decreed  
I am a privy councillor. Our new honours  
Cannot so alter us, as that we can

Forget our friends. Walk with us, our familiar.

Mic. It puzzles me to think what worth I have,  
That they should put so great an honour on me.

Col. Sir, I do know and see, and so do all  
That have not wilful blindness, what rare skill  
Of wisdom, policy, judgment, and the rest  
Of the state-virtues sit within this breast,  
As if it were their parliament ; but as yet  
I am not, sir, the happy messenger  
That tells you, you are call'd unto the helm ;  
Or that the rudder of Great Britain  
Is put into your hands, that you may steer  
Our floating Delos, till she be arriv'd  
At the bless'd port of happiness ; and surnam'd  
The *Fortunate Isle* from you that are the Fortunate

Chau. 'Tis strange that I, the best-experienc'd,  
The skilfull'st and the rarest of all carpenters,  
Should not be yet a privy councillor !  
Surely the state wants eyes ; or has drunk opium,  
And sleeps : but when it wakes, it cannot choose  
But meet the glorious beams of my deserts,

Bright as the rising sun, and say to England :  
England, behold thy light !

*Mic.* Make me a constable !  
Make me, that am the simplest of my neighbours,  
So great a magistrate, so powerful an officer !  
I blush at my unworthiness. A constable !  
The very prince o' th' parish ! You are one, sir,  
Of an ability to discharge it better ;  
Let me resign to you.

*Chau.* How ' I a constable ?  
What might I be in your opinion, sir ?

*Mic.* A carpenter of worship

*Chau.* Very well .

And yet you would make me a constable.  
I'll evidently demonstrate, that of all men  
Your carpenters are best statesmen : of all carpenters  
I, being the best, am best of statesmen too.  
Imagine, sir, the commonwealth a log  
Or a rude block of wood : your statesman comes  
(For by that word I mean a carpenter)  
And with the saw of policy divides it  
Into so many boards or several orders—  
Of prince, nobility, gentry, and the other  
Inferior boards, call'd vulgar ; fit for nothing  
But to make stiles or planks to be trod over,  
Or trampled on. This adds unto the log,  
Call'd commonwealth, at least some small perfection :  
But afterwards he planes them, and so makes  
The commonwealth, that was before a board,  
A pretty wainscot. Some he carves with titles  
Of lord, or knight, or gentleman ; some stand plain,  
And serve us more for use than ornament :  
We call them yeomen (boards now out of fashion) .  
And, lest the disproportion break the frame,  
He with the pegs of amity and concord  
As with the glue-pot of good government,  
Joins 'em together : makes an absolute edifice  
Of the republic. State-skill'd Machiavel

Was certainly a carpenter : yet you think  
A constable a giant-dignity.

*Mic.* Pray heaven that, Icarus-like, I do not melt  
The waxen plumes of my ambition !  
Or that from this bright chariot of the sun  
I fall not headlong down with Phaeton,  
I have aspir'd so high. Make me a constable,  
That have not yet attain'd to the Greek tongue'  
Why 'tis his office for to keep the peace—  
His majesty's peace. I am not fit to keep  
His majesty's hogs,<sup>1</sup> much less his peace, the best  
Of all his jewels. How dare I presume  
To charge a man in the king's name. I faint  
Under the burthen of so great a place,  
Whose weight might press down Atlas. Magistrates  
Are only sumpter-horses. Nay, they threaten me  
To make me warden of the church.  
Am I a patriot ? or have I ability  
To present knights-recusant, clergy-reelers,  
Or gentlemen fornicators ?

*Col.* You have worth,  
Richly enamelled with modesty,  
And, though your lofty merit might sit crown'd  
On Caucasus or the Pyrenean mountains,  
You choose the humbler valley, and had rather  
Grow a safe shrub below than dare the winds,  
And be a cedar. Sir, you know there is not  
Half so much honour in the pilot's place,  
As danger in the storm. Poor windy titles  
Of dignity, and offices that puff up  
The bubble pride, till it swell big and burst,  
What are they but brave nothings ? Toys, call'd  
honours,

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<sup>1</sup> Some of the later of the old copies read—

"I am not fit to keep,  
His Majesty's *legs*"

Make them on whom they are bestow'd no better  
 Than glorious slaves, the servants of the vulgar.  
 Men sweat at helm as much as at the oar.  
 There is a glass within shall show you, sir,  
 The vanity of these silkworms, that do think  
 They toil not, 'cause they spin so fine a thread.

*Mic.* I'll see it. Honour is a baby's rattle ;  
 And let blind Fortune, where she will, bestow her :  
 Lay me on earth, and I shall fall no lower. [*Exit.*]

*Chau.* Colax, what news ?

*Col.* The Persian emperor  
 Is desperately sick.

*Chau.* Heaven take his soul !  
 When I am the Grand Sophy (as 'tis likely  
 I may be), Colax, thou art made for ever.

*Col.* The Turk, they say, prepares again for Poland.

*Chau.* And I am no bashaw yet ! Sultan, repent it !

*Col.* The state of Venice, too, is in distraction.

*Chau.* And can that state be so supinely negligent,  
 As not to know whom they may choose their duke ?

*Col.* Our merchants do report, th' inhabitants there  
 Are now in consultation for the settling  
 The crown upon a more deserving head  
 Than his that bears it.

*Chau.* Then my fortunes rise  
 On confident wings, and all my hopes fly certain.  
 Colax, behold !<sup>1</sup> thou see'st the Prester John.  
 Woe,<sup>2</sup> England, of all countries in the world,  
 Most blind to thine own good ! Other nations  
 Woo me to take the bridle in my hands  
 With gifts and presents. Had I liv'd in Rome,  
 Who durst with Chaunus stand a candidate ?  
 I might have choice of Ædile, Consul, Tribune,

<sup>1</sup> [The 4<sup>o</sup> of 1638, *be hold*, corrected in the later copies properly to *behold*.]

<sup>2</sup> [Edits., *Well*.]

Or the perpetual Dictator's place.  
I could discharge 'em all · I know my merits  
Are large and boundless. A Cæsar might be hew'd  
Out of a carpenter, if a skilful workman  
But undertook it.

*Col.* 'Tis a worthy confidence.  
Let birds of night and shame, with their owls' eyes,  
Not dare to gaze upon the sun of honour ;  
They are no precedents for eagles. Bats,  
Like dull Micropsychus, things of earth and lead,  
May love a private safety , men, in whom  
Prometheus has spent much of his stol'n fire,  
Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour,  
Hedg'd in with thousand dangers What's a man  
Without desert ? And what's desert to him,  
That does not know he has it ? Is he rich  
That holds within his house some buried chests  
Of gold or pearl, and knows not where to look them ?  
What was the loadstone, till the use was found,  
But a foul dotard on a fouler mistress ?  
I praise your Argus' eyes, that not alone  
Shoot their beams forwards, but reflect and turn  
Back on themselves, and find an object there  
More worthy their intente contemplation.  
You are at home no stranger, but are grown  
Acquainted with your virtues, and can tell  
What use the pearl is of, which dunghill-cocks  
Scrape into dirt again. This searching judgment  
Was not intended to work wood, but men.  
Honour attends you . I shall live to see  
A diadem crown that head. There is within  
A glass that will acquaint you with all places  
Of dignity, authority, and renown,  
The state and carriage of them . choose the best—  
Such as deserve you, and refuse the rest.

*Chau.* I go, that want no worth to merit honour :  
'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me.

Fortune, thou arbitress of human things,  
 Thy credit is at stake : if I but rise,  
 The world's opinion will conceive th' hast eyes. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

ORGYLUS, AORGUS.

*Ros. These are the extremes of Meekness. Orgylus, an angry, quarrelsome man, moved with the least shadow or appearance of injury. The other in defect, Aorgus, a fellow so patient, or rather insensible of wrong, that he is not capable of the grossest abuse.*

*Org.* Persuade me not : he has awak'd a fury  
 That carries steel about him. Dags<sup>1</sup> and pistols.  
 To bite his thumb at me<sup>2</sup>

*Aor.* Why, should not any man  
 Bite his own thumb ?

*Org.* At me ! Wear I a sword  
 To see men bite their thumbs ? Rapiers and daggers !  
 He is the son of a whore.

*Aor.* That hurts not you.  
 Had he bit yours, it had been some pretence  
 T' have mov'd this anger he may bite his own,  
 And eat it too.

*Org.* Muskets and cannons ! eat it ?  
 If he dares eat it in contempt of me,  
 He shall eat something else too, that rides here.  
 I'll try his ostrich stomach.<sup>3</sup>

*Aor.* Sir, be patient.

<sup>1</sup> [Daggers.]

<sup>2</sup> Which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it ; as it is explained by Shakespeare. See "Romeo and Juliet," act 1. sc. 1, and Mr Steevens's note thereto

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the power of the stomach of an ostrich to digest iron.

*Org.* You lie in your throat, and I will not.

*Aor.* To what purpose is this impertinent madness?

Pray, be milder.

*Org.* Your mother was a whore, and I will not put it up.

*Aor.* Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you?

*Org.* Your father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.

*Aor.* When reason doth in equal balance poise  
The nature of two injuries, yours to me  
Lies heavy, when that other would not turn  
An even scale; and yet it moves not me  
My anger is not up.

*Org.* But I will raise it  
You are a fool.

*Aor.* I know it: and shall I  
Be angry for a truth?

*Org.* You are besides  
An arrant knave.

*Aor.* So are my betters, sir.

*Org.* I cannot move him O my spleen, it rises  
For very anger I could eat my knuckles

*Aor.* You may—or bite your thumb, all's one to me.

*Org.* You are a horned beast, a very cuckold.

*Aor.* 'Tis my wife's fault, not mine. I have no reason

Then to be angry for another's sin.

*Org.* And I did graft your horns: you might have come,

And found us glued together like two goats,  
And stood a witness to your transformation.

*Aor.* Why, if I had, I am so far from anger,  
I would have e'en fall'n down upon my knees,  
And desir'd Heav'n to have forgiven you both.

*Org.* Your children are all bastards: not one of them,

Upon my knowledge, of your own begetting.

*Aor.* Why, then, I am the more beholden to them  
That they will call me father. It was lust,  
Perchance, that did beget them; but I am sure  
'Tis charity to keep the infants.

*Org.* Not yet stirr'd!  
'Tis done of mere contempt; he will not now  
Be angry, to express his scorn of me.  
'Tis above patience this—insufferable!  
Proclaim me coward if I put up this;  
Dotard, you will be angry, will you not?

*Aor.* To see how strange a course fond wrath  
doth go;

You will be angry, 'cause I am not so.

*Org.* I can endure no longer. If your spleen  
Lie in your breech, thus I will kick it up——

*[He kicks him.]*

*Aor* *Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta,  
Eta, Theta, Iota, Kappa, Lambda, Mu, Nu, Xi,  
Omicron, Pi, Ro, Sigma, Tau, Upsilon, Phi, Chi, Psi,  
Omega*

*Org.* How! what contempt is this?

*Aor* An antidote.

Against the poison anger 'Twas prescrib'd  
A Roman emperor, that on every injury  
Repeated the Greek alphabet:<sup>1</sup> that being done,  
His anger too was over This good rule  
I learn'd from him, and practise.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Molière, "L'Ecole des Femmes, act II. sc. 4—

"Un certain Grec disoit à l'Empereur Auguste,  
Comme une instruction utile autant que juste,  
Que, lorsqu'une aventure en colere nous met,  
Nous devons, avant tout, dire notre alphabet.  
Afin que dans ce temps la bile se tempere,  
Et qu'on ne fasse rien que l'on ne doive faire.  
J'ai suivi sa leçon," &c



*Org.* Not yet angry!  
Still will you vex me? I will practise too. [*Kicks again.*]

*Aor.* *Aleph, Beth, Gimel.*

*Org.* What new alphabet  
Is this?

*Aor.* The Hebrew alphabet that I use :  
A second remedy.

*Org.* O my torment still !  
Are not your buttocks angry with my toes?

*Aor.* For aught I feel, your toes have more occasion  
For to be angry with my buttocks.

*Org.* Well,  
I'll try your physic for the third assault ,  
And exercise the patience of your nose.

*Aor.* *A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N,  
O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, W, X, Y, Z*

*Org.* Are you not angry now ?

*Aor.* Now, sir? why now?  
Now, have you done?

*Org.* O, 'tis a mere plot this,  
To jeer my tameness<sup>1</sup> will no sense of wrong  
Waken the lethargy of a coward's soul?  
Will not this rouse her from her dead sleep, nor this?  
*[Kicks him again and again]*

*Aor.* Why should I, sir, be angry, if I suffer  
An injury? It is not guilt of mine<sup>1</sup>

No, let it trouble them that do the wrong  
Nothing but peace approaches innocence

*Org.* A bitterness o'erflows me · my eyes flame,  
My blood boils in me, all my faculties  
Of soul and body move in a disorder,  
His patience hath so tortur'd me. Sirrah, villain,  
I will dissect thee with my rapier's point,  
Rip up each vein and sinew of my stoic,<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The early editions read *storgue* [a misprint, as Mr Gilchrist pointed out, for *storgue*, the old form of *stoic*].

Anatomise him, searching every entrail,  
To see if Nature, when she made this ass,  
This suffering ass, did not forget to give him  
Some gall.

*Col.* Put it up, good Orgylus :  
Let him not glory in so brave a death,  
As by your hand. It stands not with your honour  
To stain your rapier in a coward's blood.  
The Lesbian lions, in their noble rage,  
Will prey on bulls, or mate the unicorn ;<sup>1</sup>  
But trouble not the painted butterfly :  
Ants crawl securely by them.

*Org.* 'Tis intolerable !  
Would thou wert worth the killing.

*Col.* A good wish,  
Savouring as well discretion as bold valour.  
Think not of such a baffled ass as this,  
More stone than man. Medusa's head has turn'd him.  
There is in ants a choler, every fly  
Carries a spleen, poor worms, being trampled on,  
Turn tail, as bidding battle to the feet  
Of their oppressors. A dead palsy, sure,  
Hath struck a desperate numbness through his soul,  
Till it be grown insensible. Mere stupidity  
Hath seiz'd him Your more manly soul, I find,  
Is capable of wrong, and (like a flint)  
Throws forth a fire into the striker's eyes.

<sup>1</sup> To *mate* signifies to *oppose* or *contend* with, as in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." [Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, ix. 428—

"He stood up to me,  
And *mated* my commands."

And in "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," by Greene, 1594—

"Burden, what, are you *mated* by this frolic friar?"

—*Reed's note* [corrected].

You bear about you valour's whetstone, anger,  
Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it  
Cut with a spirit. You conceive fond patience  
Is an injustice to ourselves · the suffering  
One injury invites a second , that  
Calls on a third, till wrongs do multiply,  
And reputation bleed. How bravely anger  
Becomes that martial brow ! A glass within  
Will show you, sir, when your great spleen doth rise,  
How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.

*Org.* Learn anger, sir, against you meet me next  
Never was man like me with patience vex'd. [Exit

*Aor.* I am so far from anger in myself,  
That 'tis my grief I can make others so

*Col.* It proves a sweetness in your disposition ,  
A gentle, winning carriage Dear Aorgus,  
O, give me leave to open wide my breast,  
And let so rare a friend into my soul !  
Enter, and take possession , such a man  
As has no gall, no bitterness, no exceptions.  
Whom Nature meant a dove, will keep alive  
The flame of amity, where all discourse  
Flows innocent, and each free jest is taken.  
He's a good friend will pardon his friend's errors,  
But he's a better takes no notice of them.  
How like a beast with rude and savage rage  
Breath'd the distemper'd soul of Orgylus ?  
The proneness of this passion is the nurse,  
That fosters all confusion, ruins states,  
Depopulates cities, lays great kingdoms waste  
'Tis that affection of the mind that wants  
The strongest bridle : give it reins, it runs  
A desperate course, and drags down reason with it.  
It is the whirlwind of the soul, the storm  
And tempest of the mind, that raises up  
The billows of disturbed passions  
To shipwreck judgment. O, a soul like yours,

Constant in patience ! Let the north wind meet  
 The south at sea, and Zephyrus breathe opposite  
 To Eurys : let the two-and-thirty sons  
 Of Æolus break forth at once, to plough  
 The ocean, and dispeople all the woods,  
 Yet here could be a calm. It is not danger  
 Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injury  
 Call blood into it. There's a glass within  
 Will let you see yourself, and tell you now,  
 How sweet a tameness dwells upon your brow

*Aor.* Colax, I must believe, and therefore go .  
 Who is distrustful, will be angry too.

## SCENE IV.

ALAZON, EIRON.

*Ros.* *The next are the extremes of Truth. Alazon, one that arrogates that to himself which is not his; and Eiron, one that, out of an itch to be thought modest, dissembles his qualities the one erring in defending a falsehood, the other offending in denying a truth.*

*Alaz.* I hear you are wondrous valiant?

*Eir.*

I ! Alas !

Who told you I was valiant?

*Ala.*

The world speaks it.

*Eir.* She is deceiv'd But does she speak it truly ?

*Ala.* I am indeed the Hector of the age ;  
 But she calls you [the] Achilles.

*Eir.*

I Achilles !

No, I am not Achilles. I confess  
 I am no coward. That the world should think  
 That I am an Achilles ! yet the world may  
 Call me what she please.

*Ala.*

Next to my valour,

(Which but for yours could never hope a second)  
Yours is reported.

*Eir.* I may have my share ;  
But the last valour show'd in Christendom  
Was in Lepanto.<sup>1</sup>

*Ala.* Valour in Lepanto ?<sup>2</sup>  
He might be thought so, sir, by them that knew him  
not ;  
But I have found him a poor baffled snake :  
Sir, I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward  
On every post i' th' city

*Eir.* Who ?

*Ala.* Lepanto ;  
The valour, sir, that you so much renown.  
*Eir.* Lepanto was no man, sir, but the place  
Made famous by the so-much-mention'd battle  
Betwixt the Turks and Christians.

*Ala.* Cry you mercy !  
Then the Lepanto that I meant, it seems  
Was but that Lepanto's namesake. I can  
Find that you are well-skill'd in history.

*Eir.* Not a whit a novice I. I could, perchance,  
Discourse from Adam downward, but what's that  
To history ? All that I know is only  
Th' original, continuance, height, and alteration  
Of every commonwealth I have read nothing

<sup>1</sup> This famous battle, between the Turks and the Venetians, was fought in the year 1571. It is supposed to have been one of the most bloody engagements which ever was known. The loss on the part of the Venetians was about 7566, and on that of the Turks, more than double the number. See an account of it in Knolles's "History of the Turks," 1631, p. 878. In the Venetian fleet, the celebrated Cervantes served, and had the misfortune to lose his left hand by the shot of a harquebus.

<sup>2</sup> This interrogation is omitted in the later impressions.—*Collier.* [Alazon supposes Lepanto to be some person, a rival to him in valour.]

But Plutarch, Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius,  
 Appian, Dion, Julius,<sup>1</sup> Paternulus,  
 With Florus, Justin, Sallust, and some few  
 More of the Latin. For the modern, I  
 Have all without book. Gallo-Belgicus,<sup>2</sup>  
 Philip de Comines, Machiavel, Guicciardine,  
 The Turkish and Egyptian histories,  
 With those of Spain, France, and the Netherlands,  
 For England, Polydore Virgil, Camden, Speed,  
 And a matter of forty more : nothing,  
 Alas ! to one that's read in histories.  
 In the Greek I have a smack or so, at  
 Xenophon, Herodotus, Thucydides, and  
 Stowe's Chronicle.<sup>3</sup>

*Ala.* Believe me, sir, and that  
 Stowe's Chronicle is very good Greek You little  
 Think who writ it. Do you not see him? Are  
 You blinded? I am the man.

*Eir.* Then I must number  
 You with my best authors in my library.

*Ala.* Sir, the rest too are mine, but that I venture  
 'em

With other names to shun the opinion  
 Of arrogance. So the subtle cardinal  
 Calls one book Bellarmine, 'nother Tostatus,  
 Yet one man's labour both. You talk of numb'ring :  
 You cannot choose but hear how loud Fame speaks  
 Of my experience in arithmetic .  
 She says you too grow near perfection.

*Eir.* Far from it I , some insight, but no more.  
 I count the stars , can give the total sum,

<sup>1</sup> [All the edits, *Junius* ]

<sup>2</sup> See Gifford's Ben Jonson, 1816, ii. 530, note.

<sup>3</sup> [It is not very obvious why Eiron, who is not meant to be a blunderer, places Stowe among Greek authors, unless it be to entrap Alazon.]

How many sands there be i' th' sea ; but these  
 Are trifles to the expert, that have studied  
 Penkethman's<sup>1</sup> president. Sir, I have no skill  
 In anything · if I have any, 'tis  
 In languages ; but yet in sooth I speak  
 Only my mother tongue. I have not gain'd  
 The Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, or Arabic ,  
 Nor know the Greek with all her dialects.  
 Scaliger and Tom Cornat both excel me.  
 I have no skill in French, Italian, Spanish,  
 Turkish, Egyptian, China, Persian tongues  
 Indeed the Latin I was whipp'd into ;  
 But Russian, Sclavonian, and Dalmatian,  
 With Saxon, Danish, and Albanian speech,  
 That of the Cossacks, and Hungarian too,  
 With Biscay's, and the prime of languages.  
 Dutch, Welsh, and Irish are too hard for me  
 To be familiar in . and yet some think  
 (But thought is free) that I do speak all these  
 As I were born in each, but they may err  
 That think so ; 'tis not every judgment sits  
 In the infallible chair. To confess truth,  
 All Europe, Asia, and Africa too ;<sup>2</sup>  
 But in America and the new-found world  
 I very much fear there be some languages  
 That would go near to puzzle me.

*Ala.*

Very likely

You have a pretty pittance in the tongues.  
 But, Eiron, now I am<sup>3</sup> more general ,

<sup>1</sup> Probably the additions made by John Penkethman to Hop-ton's "Concordance of Years, containing a new, easy, and most exact computation of time, according to the English account." London, 8°, 1616.

<sup>2</sup> [There seems to be an ellipsis here, as Eiron apparently is intended to say that he understands the languages of *all Europe*, &c., *but in America*, &c.]

<sup>3</sup> [Old copies, *I am now*]

I can speak all alike : there is no stranger  
 Of so remote a nation hears me talk,  
 But confidently calls me countryman.  
 The witty world, giving my worth her due,  
 Surnames me the Confusion<sup>1</sup> I but want  
 An orator like you to speak my praise.

*Eir.* Am I an orator, Alazon ? no :  
 Though it hath pleas'd the wiser few to say  
 Demosthenes was not so eloquent.  
 But friends will flatter, and I am not bound  
 To believe all hyperboles : something, sir,  
 Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming—  
 Especially, Alazon, in your presence.

*Ala* Your modesty, Eiron, speaks but truth in  
 this.

*Col.* I need not flatter these, they'll do't them-  
 selves,  
 And cross the proverb that was wont to say,  
 One mule doth scrub another, here each ass  
 Hath learn'd to claw himself. [*Aside.*]

*Ala* I do surpass  
 All orators. How like you my orations ?  
 Those against Catiline I account them best,  
 Except my Philippics, all acknowledge me  
 Above the three great orators of Rome.

*Eir.* What three, Alazon ?

*Ala.* Marcus, Tullius,  
 And Cicero—the best of all the three.

*Eir.* Why, those three names are all the selfsame  
 man's.

*Ala.* Then all is one . were those three names three  
 men,

I should excel them all. And then for poetry——

*Eir.* There is no poetry but Homer's *Iliads*.

---

<sup>1</sup> [*sc.* The confusion of tongues, which is said to have been  
 in the Tower of Babel.]



*Ala.* Alas ! 'twas writ i' th' nonage of my muses.  
You understand th' Italian ?

*Eir.* A little, sir ;  
I have read Tasso.

*Ala.* And Torquato too ?

*Eir.* They're still the same <sup>1</sup>

*Ala.* I find you very skilful :  
Eiron, I err only to sound your judgment.  
You are a poet too ?

*Eir.* The world may think so,  
But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am sorry for it.  
But I will tell you, sir, some excellent verses  
Made by a friend of mine I have not read  
A better epigram of a Neoteric.<sup>1</sup>

*Ala.* Pray, do my eyes the favour, sir, to let me  
learn 'em

*Eir.* *Strange sights there late were seen, that did affright  
The multitude ; the moon was seen by night,  
And sun appear'd by day—*

Is it not good ?

*Ala.* Excellent good ! proceed

*Eir.* *Without remorse,  
Each star and planet kept their wonted course.  
What here could fright them ?*

Mark the answer now—

*O, sir, ask not that :  
The vulgar know not why they fear, nor what.  
But in their humours too inconstant be ;  
Nothing seems strange to them but constancy.*

Has not my friend approv'd himself a poet ?

*Ala.* The verses, sir, are excellent ; but your friend  
Approves himself a thief.

*Eir.* Why, good Alazon ?

*Ala.* A plagiary, I mean : the verses, sir,  
Were stolen.

---

<sup>1</sup> New, modern.

*Eir.* From whom ?

*Ala.* From me, believe't ; I made 'em.

*Eir.* They are, alas ! unworthy, sir, your owning.  
Such trifles as my muse had stumbled on  
This morning.

*Ala.* Nay, they may be yours : I told you  
That you came near me, sir. Yours they may be ;  
Good wits may jump : but let me tell you, Eiron,  
Your friend must steal them, if he have 'em.

*Col.* What pretty gulls are these ! I'll take them off.  
*Alazon*,<sup>1</sup> you are learned.

*Ala.* I know that.

*Col.* And virtuous.

*Ala.* 'Tis confess'd.

*Col.* A good historian.

*Ala.* Who dares deny it ?

*Col.* A rare arithmetician.

*Ala.* I have heard it often.

*Col.* I commend your care,  
That know your virtues . why should modesty  
Stop good men's mouths from their own praise ? our  
neighbours

Are envious, and will rather blast our memories  
With infamy, than immortalise our names.  
When Fame hath taken cold, and lost her voice,  
We must be our own trumpets . careful men  
Will have an inventory of their goods ;  
And why not of their virtues ? should you say  
You were not wise, it were a sin to truth.  
Let Eiron's modesty tell bashful lies,  
To cloak and mask his parts : he's a fool for't.  
'Twas heavenly counsel bid us *know ourselves*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Alazon* has been hitherto omitted by Dodsley and Reed, although found in every copy The measure was thus destroyed.  
—*Collier*.

<sup>2</sup> *E calo descendit γυνή σκάρων*.—Juvenal, XI. 27.—*Gilchrist*.

You may be confident : chant your own encomiums,  
 Ring out a panegyric to yourself,  
 And yourself write the learned commentary  
 Of your own actions.

*Ala.* So I have.

*Col.* Where is it ?

*Ala.* 'Tis stolen.

*Col.* I know the thief , they call him *Cæsar*.  
 Go in, good sir, there is within a glass,  
 That will present you with the felon's face.

[*Exit ALAZON.*]

Eiron, you hear the news ?

*Eir.* Not I, what is it ?

*Col.* That you are held the only man of art.

*Eir.* Is't current, Colax ?

*Col.* Current as the air ,  
 Every man breathes it for a certainty.

*Eir.* This is the first time I heard on't, in truth.  
 Can it be certain ? so much charity left  
 In men's opinion ?

*Col.* You call it charity,  
 Which is their duty. Virtue, sir, like yours,  
 Commands men's praises . emptiness and folly,  
 Such as *Alazon* is, use their own tongues,  
 While real worth hears her own praise, not speaks it,  
 Other men's mouths become your trumpeters,  
 And winged fame proclaims you loudly forth  
 From east to west, till either pole admire you  
 Self-praise is bragging, and begets the envy  
 Of them that hear it, while each man therein  
 Seems undervalued. You are wisely silent  
 In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin  
 For others to be so : the fish would loose  
 Their being mute, ere such a modest worth  
 Should want a speaker. Yet, sir, I would have  
 you

Know your own virtues, be acquainted with them.

*Eir.* Why, good sir, bring me but acquainted with them.

*Col.* There is a glass within shows you yourself  
By a reflection ; go and speak 'em there.

*Eir* I should be glad to see 'em anywhere.

[*Exit EIRON.*]

*Ros.* Retire yourselves again ; for these are sights  
Made to revive, not burden with delights.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT IV, SCENE I.

MISTRESS FLOWERDEW, BIRD, ROSCIUS.

*Bird.* My indignation boileth like a pot—  
An over-heated pot—still, still it boileth ,  
It boileth, and it bubbleth with disdain.

*Mis. Flo.* My spirit within me too fumeth, I say,  
Fumeth and steameth up, and runneth o'er  
With holy wrath, at these delights of flesh.

*Ros.* The actors beg your silence *The next virtue whose extreme we would present wants a name both in the Greek and Latin*

*Bird.* Wants it a name ? 'tis an unchristian virtue.

*Ros.* *But they describe it such a modesty as directs us in the pursuit and refusal of the meaner honours, and so answers to Magnanimity, as Liberality to Magnificence. But here, that humour of the persons, being already forestalled, and no pride now so much practised or countenanced as that of apparel, let me present you Philotimia, an over curious lady, too neat in her attire, and for Aphilotimus, Luparius, a nasty, sordid sloven.*

*Mis. Flo* Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

PHILOTIMIA, LUPARIUS, COLAX.

*Phil.* What mole dress'd me to-day ? O patience !

Who would be troubled with these mop-ey'd chamber-  
maids ?

There's a whole hair on this side more than t'other,  
I am no lady else ! Come on, you sloven.  
Was ever Christian madam so tormented  
To wed a swine as I am ? make you ready.

*Lup.* I would the tailor had been hang'd, for me,  
That first invented clothes. O nature, nature !  
More cruel unto man than all thy creatures !  
Calves come into the world with doublets on ,  
And oxen have no breeches to put off.  
The lamb is born with her freeze-coat about her ,  
Hogs go to bed in rest,<sup>1</sup> and are not troubled  
With pulling on their hose and shoes i' th' morning,  
With gartering, girdling, trussing, buttoning,  
And a thousand torments that afflict humanity.

*Phil.* To see her negligence ' she hath made this  
cheek

By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten  
The natural redness of my nose , she knows not  
What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory '  
If she has not set me in the selfsame teeth  
That I wore yesterday, I am a Jew.  
Does she think that I can eat twice with the same,  
Or that my mouth stands as the vulgar does ?  
What, are you snoring there ? you'll rise, you slug-  
gard,  
And make you ready ?

*Lup.* Rise, and make you ready ?  
Two works of that your happy birds make one ,  
They, when they rise, are ready. Blessed birds '  
They (fortunate creatures') sleep in their own clothes,  
And rise with all their feather-beds about them.  
Would nakedness were come again in fashion ,

---

<sup>1</sup> [Pegge suggested *all drest* or *as drest* , but there seems no reason to alter the text.]

I had some hope then, when the breasts went bare,<sup>1</sup>  
 Their bodies, too, would have come to't in time,

*Phil.* Beshrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd—  
 You'll go and wash—you are a pretty husband !

*Lup.* Our sow ne'er washes, yet she has a face  
 Methinks as cleanly, madam, as yours is,  
 If you durst wear your own.

*Col.* Madam Superbia.  
 You're studying the lady's library,  
 'The looking-glass · 'tis well ! so great a beauty  
 Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns  
 The peacock's tail with stars, 'tis she attires  
 The bird of paradise in all her plumes ;  
 She decks the fields with various flowers ; 'tis she  
 Spangled the heavens with all those glorious lights,  
 She spotted th' ermine's skin, and arm'd the fish  
 In silver mail. But man she sent forth naked, -  
 Not that he should remain so, but that he,  
 Endued with reason, should adorn himself  
 With every one of these. The silkworm is  
 Only man's spinster, else we might suspect  
 That she esteem'd the painted butterfly  
 Above her masterpiece. You are the image  
 Of that bright goddess, therefore wear the jewels  
 Of all the East, let the Red Sea be ransack'd

<sup>1</sup> How far the ladies of the times were censurable in this particular may be seen in Hollar's "Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus." The rigid Puritans discovered almost every evil to be the consequence of this unrestrained freedom of dress, against which they were continually pouring out the most severe invectives.

Many books were published against the licence which ladies allowed themselves in those particulars mentioned in the text. Among others was "A Just and Seasonable Reprehension of Naked Breasts and Shoulders. Written by a grave and learned Papist. Translated by Edward Cooke, Esquire, with a Preface by Mr Richard Baxter," 8°, 1678. The fashion continued until late in the 17th century. In 1683 John Duncan printed an invective on the same subject.

To make you glitter. Look on Luparus,  
Your husband there, and see how in a sloven  
All the best characters of divinity,  
Not yet worn out in man, are lost and buried.

*Phil.* I see it to my grief, pray, counsel him.

*Col.* This vanity in your nice lady's humours,  
Of being so curious in her toys and dresses,  
Makes me suspicious of her honesty.  
These cobweb lawns catch spiders, sir, believe  
You know that clothes do not commend the man,  
But 'tis the living, though this age prefer  
A cloak of plush before a brain of art.  
You understand what misery 'tis to have  
No worth but that we owe the draper for.  
No doubt you spend the time your lady loses  
In tricking up her body, to clothe the soul.

*Lup.* To clothe the soul? must the soul too be  
cloth'd?

I protest, sir, I had rather have no soul  
Than be tormented with the clothing of it.

*Ros.* To these enter the extremes of Modesty, a near  
kinswoman of the virtues, Anaiskyntia or Impudence,  
a bawd, and Kataplectus an overbashful scholar, where,  
our author hopes, the women will pardon him if, of  
four-and-twenty vices, he presents but two (Pride and  
Impudence) of their sex.

## SCENE II

### ANAIKYNTIA, KATAPLECTUS.

*Phil.* Here comes Anaiskyntia too, O fates!  
Acolastus and Asotus have sent for me,  
And my breath not perfum'd yet!

*Kat.* O sweet mother,  
Are the gentlemen there already?

*Anais.* Come away,  
Are you not asham'd to be so bashful? well,  
If I had thought of this in time, I would  
As soon have seen you fairly hang'd, as sent you  
To the university.

*Phil.* What gentleman is that?

*Anais.* A shamefac'd scholar, madam. Look upon  
her,

Speak to her, or you lose your exhibition :<sup>1</sup>  
You'll speak, I hope : wear not away your buttons.

*Kat.* What should I say?

*Anais.* Why, tell her you are glad  
To see her ladyship in health : nay, out with it.

*Kat.* *Gaudeo te bene valere.*

*Phil.* A pretty proficient !  
What standing is he of i' th' university?

*Anais.* He dares not answer to that question, madam.

*Phil.* How long have you been in the academy?

*Kat.* *Profecto Do—Domina sum Bac—Bac—Bac—  
cal laurea's Artium.*

*Phil.* What pity 'tis he is not impudent !

*Anais.* Nay, all my cost, I see, is spent in vain.  
I having, as your ladyship knows full well,  
Good practice in the suburbs, and by reason  
That our mortality there is very subject  
To an infection of the French disease,  
I brought my nephew up i' th' university,  
Hoping he might (having attain'd some knowledge)  
Save me the charge of keeping a physician ;  
But all in vain : he is so bashful, madam,  
He dares not look upon a woman's water.

*Col.* Sweet gentleman, proceed in bashfulness,  
'Tis virtue's best preserver.

*Kat.* *Recte dictis, sic inquit Aristoteles.*

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<sup>1</sup> i.e., Your stipend, your allowance. See Dyce's "Shakespeare Glossary," 1868, in v.



*Col.* That being gone,  
The rest soon follow, and a swarm of vice  
Enters the soul : no colour but a blush  
Becomes a young man's cheek. Pure shamefac'dness  
Is porter to the lips and ears, that nothing  
Might enter or come out of man but what  
Is good and modest : Nature strives to hide  
The parts of shame, let her, the best of guides——

*Kat.* *Natura dux optima*

*Col.* Teach us to do so too in our discourse.

*Kat.* *Gratias tibi ago*

*Phil.* Inure him to speak bawdy.

*Anais.* A very good way *Kataplectus*, here's a lady  
Would hear you speak obscenely

*Kat.* *Obscenum est, quod intra scenam agi non oportuit.*

*Anais* Off goes your velvet cap 'did I maintain you,  
To have you disobedient ? you'll be persuaded ?

*Kat.* *Liberis operam dare*

*Anais* What's that in English ?

*Kat.* To do an endeavour for children

*Anais* Some more of this, it may be something one  
day.

*Kat.* *Communis est omnium animalium conjunctionis  
appetitus, procreandi causâ*

*Phil.* Construe me that.

*Kat.* All creatures have a natural desire or appetite to be joined together in the lawful bonds of matrimony, that they may have sons and daughters

*Anais.* Your laundress has bestow'd her time but ill  
Why could not this have been in proper terms ?  
If you should catechise my head, and say,  
What is your name, would it not say, A head ?  
So would my skin confess itself a skin ;  
Nor any part about me be ashamed  
Of his own name, although I catechis'd  
All over. Come, good nephew, let not me  
Have any member of my body nicknam'd.

*Col.* Our stoic, the gravest of philosophers,  
Is just of your opinion, and thus argues :  
Is anything obscene, the filthiness  
Is either grounded in the things themselves,  
Or in the words that signify those things,  
Not in the things : that would make Nature guilty,  
Who creates nothing filthy and unclean,  
But chaste and honest : if not in the things,  
How in the words, the shadows of those things,  
To manure grounds, is a chaste, honest term ,  
Another word that signifies the same  
Unlawful . every man endures to hear  
He got a child , speak plainer, and he blushes,  
Yet means the same The stoic thus disputes :  
Who would have men to breathe as freely downward,  
As they do upward.

*Anais* I commend him, madam,  
Unto your ladyship's service , he may mend  
With counsel let him be your gentleman-usher,  
Madam, you may in time bring down his legs  
To the just size, now overgrown with playing  
Too much at football.

*Phil.* So he will prove a stoic ;  
I long to have a stoic strut before me .  
Here, kiss my hand Come, what is that in Latin ?

*Kat.* *Deoscular manum*

*Phil.* My lip, nay, sir, you must, if I command you

*Kat.* *Osculo te, vel oscular a te*

*Phil.* His breath smells strong

*Anais.* 'Tis but of logic, madam

*Phil.* He will come to it one day ; you shall go  
with me

To see an exquisite glass to dress me by.

Nay, go ! you must go first ; you are too mannerly.

It is the office of your place ; so, on. [*Exeunt.*]

*Col.* Slow *Luparus*, rise, or you'll be metamorphos'd ;  
*Acteon's* fate is imminent.

*Lup.* Where's my wife?

*Col.* She's gone with a young snip and an old bawd.

*Lup.* Then I am cuckolded : if I be, my comfort is, She's put me on a cap that will not trouble me With pulling off : yet, madam, I'll prevent you. [*Exit.*

*Ros.* *The next are the extremes of Justice.*

### SCENE III.

*Enter JUSTICE NIMIS, JUSTICE NIHIL. PLUS and PARUM, their Clerks.*

*Nim.* Plus!

*Plus.* What says your worship?

*Nim.* Have my tenants,  
That hold their lease of lust here in the suburbs,  
By copyhold from me, their lord in chief,  
Paid their rent-charge?

*Plus.* They have, an't please your worship ;  
I, receiver-general, gave 'm my acquittance.

*Par.* Sir, I resign my pen and inkhorn to you ;  
I shall forget my hand if I stay here.  
I have not made a mittimus since I serv'd you  
Were I a reverend justice as you are,  
I would not sit a cypher on the bench,  
But do as Justice Nimis does, and be  
The *Dominus factotum* of the sessions.

*Nihil.* But I will be a *Dominus fac-misericordiam*,  
Instead of your *Totums*. people shall not wish  
To see my spurs fil'd off : it does me good  
To take a merciful nap upon the bench,  
Where I so sweetly dream of being pitiful,  
I wake the better for it.

*Nim.* The yearly value  
Of my fair manor of Clerkenwell is pounds

So many, besides new-year's capons, the lordship  
 Of Turnbull,<sup>1</sup> so—which, with my Pickt-hatch grange<sup>2</sup>  
 And Shoreditch farm, and other premises  
 Adjoining—very good, a pretty maintenance  
 To keep the justice of peace, and coram too;  
 Besides the fines I take of young beginners,  
 With heriots of all such as die: *quatenus* whores  
 And ruin'd bawds, with all amercements due  
 To such as hunt in purlieu;<sup>3</sup> this is something—  
 With mine own game reserv'd.

*Plus* Besides a pretty pittance, too, for me,  
 That am your worship's bailiff.

*Pur* Will it please  
 Your worship, sir, to hear the catalogue  
 Of such offenders as are brought before you?

*Nihil.* It does not please me, sir, to hear of any,

<sup>1</sup> Turnbull or *Turnmill* street. This street, situated between Clerkenwell Green and Cow Cross, had its name, says Stow, from a river or brook formerly here, whereon stood several mills. This receptacle of thieves and harlots is frequently mentioned by writers of the times.

<sup>2</sup> Pickt hatch was in Turnbull Street. See notes by Mr Steevens and Mr Warton to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act II sc 2.

"Your whore doth live  
 In Pickt hatch, *Turnmille Street*

—Field's "Amends for Ladies," sig D, 1639 —*Gilchrist*.

Taylor the Water poet, in his piece entitled "A Bawd," celebrates *Turnbull Street*—

"Here a bawds of state, of high and mighty place  
 Our Turnbull Street poor bawds to these are base."

Davenport has put into three lines nearly all the places in London formerly celebrated for the respectability of their inhabitants—

"Search all the alleys, Spittle, or *Pickt-hatch*,  
*Turnbull*, the Bankside, or the Minories,  
 Whitefriars, St Peter's Street, and Mutton Lane."

—"New Trick to Cheat the Devil," sig B 3.—*Collier*

<sup>3</sup> [Fines payable by persons found frequenting houses of ill-repute.]

That do offend. I would the world were innocent :  
Yet, to express my mercy, you may read them.

*Par.* First, here is one accus'd for cutting a purse.

*Nihil.* Accus'd ? is that enough ? If it be guilt  
To be accus'd, who shall be innocent ?  
Discharge him, *Parum*.

*Par.* Here's another brought  
For the same fact, taken in the very action

*Nihil.* Alas ! it was for need , bid him take warning,  
And so discharge him too . 'tis the first time

*Nim* Plus, say, what hopes of gain brings this day's  
sin ?

*Plus.* *Anaiskyntia*, sir, was at the door,  
Brought by the constable

*Nim.* Set the constable by the heels  
She's at certain <sup>1</sup> with<sup>o</sup>us.

*Plus.* Then there's Intemperance the bawd

*Nim* A tenant too

*Plus.* With the young lady, Madam Incontinence

*Nim* Search o'er my Doom's-day Book <sup>2</sup> Is not  
she, *Plus*,  
One of my last compounders ?

*Plus.* I remember it  
Then there is jumping Jude, heroic Doll,  
With bouncing Nan, and Cis, your worship's sinner

*Nim.* All subsidy-women go, free 'em all

*Par.* Sir, here's a known offender, one that has  
Been stock'd and whipp'd innumerable times ,  
Has suffer'd Bridewell often , not a jail  
But he's familiar with , burnt in the hand,  
Forehead, and shoulder , both his ears cut off,  
With his nose slit , what shall I do with him ?

<sup>1</sup> [*i.e.*, Has made terms See just below, where *Nimis* speaks  
of his *compounders*.]

<sup>2</sup> [A sort of parody on the word in its original and usual  
sense.]

*Nim.* So often punish'd? nay, if no correction  
Will serve his turn, e'en let him run his course.

*Plus.* Here's Mistress Frailty, too, the waiting-woman.

*Nim.* For what offence?

*Plus.* A sin of weakness too.

*Nim.* Let her be strongly whipp'd.

*Plus.* An't please your worship,  
She has a nobleman's letter.

*Nim.* Tell her, *Plus*, she must  
Have the king's picture too.<sup>1</sup>

*Plus.* Besides,  
She has promised me, I should examine her  
Above i' th' garret.

*Nim.* What's all that to me?

*Plus.* And she entreats your worship to accept.

*Nim.* Nay, if she can *entreat in English*: *Plus*,  
Say she is injured

*Par.* Sir, here's Snip the tailor,  
Charg'd with a riot.

*Nihil.* Parum, let him go,  
He is our neighbour

*Par.* Then there is a stranger<sup>2</sup> for quarrelling

*Nihil.* A stranger! O, 'tis pity  
To hurt a stranger: we may be all strangers,  
And would be glad to find some mercy, *Parum*.

*Plus.* Sir, here's a gentlewoman of St Joan's is  
Charg'd with dishonesty.

*Nim.* With dishonesty?  
Severity will amend her: and yet, *Plus*,  
Ask her a question—if she will be honest?

*Plus.* And here's a cobbler's wife brought for a  
scold.

<sup>1</sup> [i.e., A pardon under the royal seal, with the king's effigy on it]

<sup>2</sup> [A person out of the immediate district or parish was formerly called so]

*Nim.* Tell her of cucking-stools : tell her there be  
Oyster-queans, with orange-women,  
Carts and coaches store, to make a noise ;  
Yet, if she can *speak English*,  
We may suppose her silent.

*Par.* Here's a bachelor  
And a citizen's wife for flat adultery ;  
What will you do with them ?

*Nihil.* A citizen's wife ! '  
Perchance her husband is grown impotent,  
And who can blame her then ?

*Par.* Yet I hope you'll bind o'er the bachelor.

*Nihil.* No . inquire  
First if he have no wife , for if the bachelor  
Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty,  
And justice counts it venial.

*Plus.* Here's one Adicus  
And Sophron, that do mutually accuse  
Each other of flat felony.

*Nim.* Of the two, which is the richer ?

*Plus.* Adicus is the richer.

*Nim.* Then Sophron is the thief.

*Plus.* Here is withal  
Panourgus come, with one call'd Prodetes,  
Lay treason, sir, to one another's charge.  
Panourgus is the richer.

*Nim.* He's the traitor, then.

*Plus.* How, sir, the richer ?

*Nim.* Thou art ignorant, Plus :  
We must do some injustice for our credit,  
Not all for gain.

*Plus.* Eutrapeles complains, sir,  
Bomolochus has abus'd him.

*Nim.* Send Eutrapeles to the jail.

*Plus.* It is Eutrapeles that complains, sir.

*Nim.* Tell him, we're pleas'd to think 'twas he  
offended.

Will must be law. Were't not for *Summum Jus*,  
How could the land subsist ?

*Col.* Ay, or the justices  
Maintain themselves : go on. The land wants such  
As dare with rigour execute her laws :  
Her fester'd members must be lanc'd and tented.<sup>1</sup>  
He's a bad surgeon that for pity spares  
The part corrupted till the gangrene spread,  
And all the body perish. He that's merciful  
Unto the bad is cruel to the good.  
The pillory must cure the ear's diseases ;  
The stocks the foot's offences , let the back  
Bear her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth  
By the phlebotomy of a whipping-post.  
And yet the secret and purse-punishment  
Is held the wiser course , because at once  
It helps the virtuous and corrects the vicious.  
Let not the sword of justice sleep, and rust  
Within her velvet sheath : preserve her edge,  
And keep it sharp with cutting , use must whet  
her.

Tame mercy is the breast that suckles vice,  
Till, Hydra-like, she multiply her heads.  
'Tread you on sin, squeeze out the serpent's brains,  
All you can find , for some have lurking-holes  
Where they lie hid. But there's within a glass  
Will show you every close offender's face.

*Nim* Come, *Plus*, let's go in to find out these concealments ,  
We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus—  
I mean to be a baron of *Summum Jus*.

[*Exeunt NIMIS and PLUS.*]

*Par.* You are the strangest man ; you will acknowledge

---

<sup>1</sup> A surgical term.—*Collier* [To tent, to search or probe, as a wound.]



None for offenders. Here's one apprehended,  
For murder.

*Nihil.* How?

*Par.* He kill'd a man last night.

*Nihil.* How came't to pass?

*Par.* Upon a falling out.

*Nihil.* They shall be friends, I'll reconcile them,  
*Parum.*

*Par.* One of them is dead.

*Nihil.* Is he not buried yet?

*Par.* No, sir

*Nihil.* Why then, I say, they shall shake hands

*Col.* As you have done

With clemency, most reverend Justice *Nihil*  
A gentle mildness thrones itself within you,  
Your worship would have Justice use her balance  
More than her sword, nor can you endure to dye  
The robe she wears deep scarlet in the blood  
Of poor offenders How many men hath rigour,  
By her too hasty and severe proceeding,  
Prevented from amendment, that perchance  
Might have turn'd honest, and have prov'd good  
Christians?

Should Jove not spare his thunder, but as often  
Discharge at us as we dart sins at him,  
Earth would want men, and he himself want arms,  
And yet tire Vulcan and Pyracmon too.  
You imitate the gods! and he sins less  
Strikes not at all than he strikes once amiss  
I would not have Justice too falcon-ey'd;  
Sometimes a wilful blindness much becomes her,  
As when upon the bench she sleeps and winks  
At the transgressions of mortality:  
In which most merciful posture I have seen  
Your pitiful worship snoring<sup>1</sup> out pardons

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<sup>1</sup> [Edits, snorting]

To the despairing sinner. There's within  
A mirror, sir. Like you, go see your face,  
How like Astrea's 'tis in her own glass!

*Par.* And I'll petition Justice Nimis' clerk,  
To admit me for his under-officer [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV

## AGROICUS

*Ros.* This is Agroicus, a rustic, clownish fellow,  
whose discourse is all country, an extreme of Urbanity  
whereby you may observe there is a virtue in jesting.

*Agro.* They talk of witty discourse and fine conceits, and I ken not what a deal of prittle-prattle, would make a cat piss to hear 'em. Cannot they be content with their grandam's English? They think they talk learnedly, when I had rather hear our brindled cur howl, or sow grunt. They must be breaking of jests, with a murrain, when I had as lief hear 'em break wind, sir reverence. My zon Dick is a pretty bookish scholar of his age, God bless him: he can write and read, and make bonds and bills and hoblighations, God save all, but, by'r Lady, if I wotted it would make him such a Jack-sauce as to have more wit than his vorefathers, he should have learned nothing, for old Agroicus, but to keep a tally. There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not what they call 'em boets a new name for beggars, I think, since the statute against gipsies. I would not have my zon Dick one of these boets for the best pig in my sty, by the mackins. Boets! heaven shield him, and zend him to be a good varmer. If he can cry, *Hey, ho, ge, heyt, ge, ho!* it is better, I trow, than being a boet. Boets! I had rather zee him

remitted to the jail, and have his twelve godvathers,<sup>1</sup> good men and true, condemn him to the gallows, and there see him fairly prosecuted. There is Bomolochus, one of the boets ; now a bots<sup>2</sup> take all the red-nose tribe of 'em for Agroicus ! He does so abuse his betters ! Well, 'twas a good world when I virst held the plough !

*Col.* They car'd not then so much for speaking well,

As to mean honest , and in you still lives  
The good simplicity of the former times,  
When to do well was rhetoric, not to talk.  
The tongue disease of court spreads her infections  
Through the whole kingdom. Flattery, that was  
wont

To be confin'd within the verge, is now  
Grown epidemical , for all our thoughts  
Are born between our lips : the heart is made  
A stranger to the tongue, as if it us'd  
A language that she never understood.  
What is it to be witty in these days,  
But to be bawdy or profane ?—at least,  
Abusive. Wit is grown a petulant wasp,  
And stings, she knows not whom, or where, or why  
Spues vinegar and gall on all she meets

<sup>1</sup> The same vein of humour is found in the "Merchant of Venice," edit. 1778, iii 228—

"In christening thou shalt have two godfathers  
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font"

—*Stevens*

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, pox—a common corruption. In "The Great Duke of Florence," by Massinger, act iv sc. 1, Calandrino says—

"The bots on these jolting jades, I am bruised to jelly"

And again, in "Wily Beguiled," 1606, Will Cricket exclaims—

"A bots on you !"

Without distinction ; buys laughter with the loss  
 Of reputation, father, kinsman, friend ;  
 Hunts ordinaries only to deliver  
 The idle timpanies of a windy brain,  
 That beats and throbs above the pain of childbed,  
 Till every care she meets be made a midwife  
 To her light bastard issue. How many times  
 Bomolochus' sides and shoulders ache and groan,  
 He is so witty. Here he comes. Away.

*Agro.* His wit is dangerous, and I dare not stay.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE V.

BOMOLOCHUS.

*Ros.* This is the other extreme, of Urbanity. Bomolochus, a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it be nothing but the base dregs of scandal, and a lump of most vile and loathsome scurrility.

*Bird.* Ay, this is he we look'd for all the while !  
 Scurrility, here she hath her impious throne,  
 Here lies her heathenish dominion,  
 In this most impious cell of corruption ;  
 For 'tis a purgatory, a mere limbo,  
 Where the black devil and his dam Scurrility  
 Do rule the roost, foul princes of the air !  
 Scurrility ! That is he that throweth scandals—  
 Soweth and throweth scandals, as 'twere dirt,  
 Even in the face of holiness and devotion.  
 His presence is contagious ; like a dragon  
 He belches poison forth, poison of the pit,  
 Brimstone, hellish and sulphureous poison.  
 I will not stay, but fly as far as zeal  
 Can hurry me ; the roof will fall and brain me,  
 If I endure to hear his blasphemies,  
 His graceless blasphemies.

*Ros.* He shall vent none here ;  
But stay, and see how justly we have us'd him.

*Mis. Flo.* Stay, brother, I do find the spirit grow strong.

*Col.* Hail, sacred wit ! Earth breeds not bays enough  
To crown thy spacious merit.

*Bom.* O, O, O !

*Col.* Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes,  
Or whatsoever other wit did give  
Old comedies the reins, and let her loose  
To stigmatise what brow she pleas'd with slander  
Of people, prince, nobility, all must yield  
To this triumphant brain.

*Bom.* O, O, O !

*Col.* They say you'll lose a friend before a jest,<sup>1</sup>  
'Tis true, there's not a jest that comes from you,  
That is the true Minerva of this brain,  
But is of greater value than a world  
Of friends, were every pair of men we meet  
A Pylades and Orestes

*Bom.* O, O, O !

*Col.* Some say you will abuse your father too,  
Rather than lose the opinion of your wit  
Who would not, that has such a wit as yours ?  
'Twere better twenty parents were expos'd  
To scorn and laughter, than the simplest thought  
Or least conceit of yours should die abortive,  
Or perish a brain-embryo

*Bom.* O, O, O !

*Col.* How's this ? that tongue grown silent, that  
Sirens  
Stood still to admire ?

*Bom.* O, O, O !

<sup>1</sup> Boileau makes the sacrifice greater—

" Et pour un bon mot se perdre vingt amis "

—Collier.

*Col.* 'Twere better that the spheres should lose their  
harmony,  
And all the choristers of the wood grow hoarse.  
What wofl hath spied you first? <sup>1</sup>

*Bom.* O, O, O!

*Col.* Sure, Hermes, envying that there was on earth  
An eloquence more than his, has struck you dumb!  
Malicious deity!

*Bom.* O, O, O!

*Col.* Go in, sir, there's a glass that will restore  
That tongue, whose sweetness angels might adore.

*Bom.* O, O, O, O, O, O, O! [Exit.]

*Ros.* Thus, sir, you see how we have put a gag  
In the licentious mouth of base scurrility;  
He shall not, Ibis-like, purge upward here,<sup>2</sup>  
T' infect the place with pestilential breath.  
We'll keep him tongue-tied, you and all I promise,  
By Phœbus and his daughters, whose chaste zones  
Were never yet by impure hands untied.  
Our language shall flow chaste, nothing sound here,  
That can give just offence to a strict ear.

*Bird.* This gag hath wrought my good opinion of  
you.

*Mis Fl.* I begin to think them lawful recreations.

*Col.* Now, there's none left here, whereon to practise,  
I'll flatter my dear self. O, that my skill  
Had but a body, that I might embrace it!  
Kiss it, and hug it, and beget a brood—  
Another brood of pretty skills upon it!  
Were I divided, I would hate all beauties,  
And grow enamour'd with my other half!  
Self-love, Narcissus, had not been a fault,

<sup>1</sup> [See "Popular Antiquities of Great Britain," iii. 192.]

<sup>2</sup> This bird is said to give himself a clyster with his beak, to live on serpents, and to void himself in the manner here alluded to.—See Pliny's "Natural History," bk. viii. c. 27.

Hadst thou, instead of such a beauteous face,  
 Had but a brain like mine! I can gild vice,  
 And praise it into alchemy, till it go  
 For perfect gold, and cosen almost the touchstone.  
 I can persuade a toad into an ox,  
 'Till swelled too big with my hyperboles,  
 She burst asunder; and 'tis virtue's name  
 Lends me a mask to scandalise herself.  
 Vice, if it be no more, can nothing do :  
 That art is great makes virtue guilty too.  
 I have such strange varieties of colours,  
 Such shifts of shapes, blue Proteus sure begot me  
 On a cameleon; and I change so quick,  
 That I suspect my mother did conceive me,  
 As they say mares do,<sup>1</sup> on some wind or other  
 I'll peep to see, how many fools I made,  
 With a report of a miraculous glass.  
 Heaven bless me, I'm ruin'd! O my brain,  
 Witty to my undoing! I have jested  
 Myself to an eternal misery.  
 I see lean hunger with her meagre face  
 Ride post to overtake me: I do prophesy  
 A Lent immortal. Phœbus, I could curse  
 Thee and thy brittle gifts; Pandora's box,  
 Compared with this, might be esteem'd a blessing  
 The glass, which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour,  
 Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth;  
 The two extremes of every virtue there,  
 Beholding how they either did exceed  
 Or want of just proportion, join'd together,

---

1 "Ora omnes versæ in Zephyrum stant rufibus altis,  
 Exceptantque leves auras, et sæpe sine ullis  
 Conjugus vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)  
 Saxa per et scopulos et depressas convalles  
 Diffugiunt, non, Eure, tuos, neque solis ad ortus,  
 In Boream Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Auster  
 Nasciur, et pluvio contristat frigore calum"

—Virgil's "Georgica," [lib. iii. l. 278, et seq., edit. Keightley]

And are reduced into a perfect mean :  
 As when the skilful and deep-learn'd physician  
 Does take two different poisons, one that's cold,  
 The other in the same degree of heat,  
 And blends them both to make an antidote ;  
 Or as the lutenist takes flats and sharps,  
 And out of those so dissonant notes does strike  
 A ravishing harmony. Now there is no vice—  
 'Tis a hard world for Colax : what shift now ?  
 Dyscolus doth expect me. Since this age  
 Is grown too wise to entertain a parasite.  
 I'll to the glass, and there turn virtuous too,  
 Still strive to please, though not to flatter you.  
*Bird.* There is good use indeed, la, to be made  
 From their conversion.

*Mis. Flo.* Very good in sooth, la,  
 And edifying.

*Ros.* Give your eyes some respite.  
 You know already what your vices be,  
 In the next act you shall your<sup>1</sup> virtues see. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V., SCENE I.

ROSCIUS, MISTRESS FLOWERDEW, BIRD.

*Mis. Flo.* Now verily I find the devout bee  
 May suck the honey of good doctrine thence,  
 And bear it to the hive of her pure family,  
 Whence the profane and irreligious spider  
 Gathers her impious venom ! I have pick'd  
 Out of the garden of this play a good  
 And wholesome salad of instruction !  
 What do you next present ?

*Ros.* The several virtues.

---

<sup>1</sup> [Edits., *our.*]



*Bird.* I hope there be no cardinal-virtues there !

*Ros.* There be not.

*Bird.* Then I'll stay. I hate a virtue  
That will be made a cardinal : cardinal-virtues,  
Next to pope-virtues, are most impious.  
Bishop-virtues are unwarrantable.  
I hate a virtue in a morrice-dance.  
I will allow of none but deacon-virtues  
Or elder virtues.

*Ros.* These are moral virtues.

*Bird.* Are they lay-virtues ?

*Ros.* Yes.

*Bird.* Then they are lawful :  
Virtues in orders are unsanctified.

*Ros.* We do present them royal, as they are  
In all their state in a full dance.

*Bird.* What dance ?  
No wanton jig, I hope : no dance is lawful  
But prinkum-prankum !

*Mis. Flo.* Will virtues dance ?  
O vile, absurd, maypole, maid-marian virtue !

*Ros.* Dancing is lawful, &c. [*Flourish.*]

*Enter* MEDIOCRITY.

*Mis. Flo.* Who's this ?

*Ros.* It is the mother of virtues.

*Mis. Flo.* Mother of pearl, I think, she is so gaudy.

*Ros.* It is the golden Mediocrity.

*Mis. Flo.* She looketh like the idol of Cheapside.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> This was the cross which stood there. It was erected by Edward the First at one of the places where the body of his deceased queen rested in its progress from Herdeby, where she died, to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. This cross was afterwards frequently repaired, and was ornamented with a statue of the Virgin Mary, which being held in great reverence by the Papists, consequently very highly offended the Puritans

*Med.* I am that even course, that must be kept  
 To shun two dangerous gulfs : the middle tract  
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis : the small isthmus,  
 That suffers not the Ægean tide to meet  
 The violent rage of the Ionian wave.<sup>1</sup>  
 I am a bridge o'er an impetuous sea ;  
 Free and safe passage to the wary step :  
 But he, whose wantonness or folly dares  
 Decline to either side, falls desperate  
 Into a certain ruin. Dwell with me,  
 Whose mansion is not plac'd so near the sun,  
 As to complain of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd  
 With his directer beams nor so remote  
 From his bright rays as to be situate  
 Under the icy pole of the cold Bear ;  
 But in a temperate zone. 'Tis I am she,  
 I am the golden Mediocrity :  
 'The labour of whose womb are all the virtues,  
 And every passion too commendable ,  
 Sisters so like themselves, as if they were  
 All but one birth , no difference to distinguish them,  
 But a respect they bear to several objects .  
 Else had their names been one, as are their features.  
 So when eleven fair virgins of a blood,  
 All sisters, and alike grown ripe of years,  
 Match into several houses, from each family  
 Each makes a name distinct, and all are different.  
 They are not of complexion red or pale,  
 But a sweet mixture of the flesh and blood,

---

of the times When these last obtained the ascendancy in the State, it cannot be wondered at that what displeased them should be removed. One of their first acts of power was an order for destroying the several crosses, which was executed on the 2d of May 1643, on that which is the subject of this note.

<sup>1</sup> "*Si terra recedat  
 Ionium Ægeo franget mare*"

—Lucan, bk. i.—*Collier*.

As if both roses were confounded there.  
Their stature neither dwarf nor giantish.  
But in a comely well-dispos'd proportion ;  
And all so like their mother, that indeed  
They are all mine, and I am each of them.  
When in the midst of dangers I stand up,  
A wary confidence betwixt fear and daring,  
Not so ungodly bold, as not to be  
Fearful of Heaven's just anger, when she speaks  
In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard  
Of my religion, shake to see my country  
Threat'ned with fire and sword, be a stark coward  
To anything may blast my reputation ;  
But I can scorn the worst of poverty,  
Sickness, captivity, banishment, grim death,  
If she dare meet me in the bed of honour ,  
Where, with my country's cause upon my sword—  
Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold  
With civil blood or customary danger,  
Nor the fool's whetstone, inexperience,  
I can throw valour as a lightning from me,  
And then I am the Amazon Fortitude !  
Give me the moderate cup of lawful pleasures,  
And I am Temperance. Make me Wealth's just steward,  
And call me Liberality with one hand  
I'll gather riches home, and with the other  
Rightly distribute 'em, and there observe  
The persons, quantity, quality, time and place.  
And if in great expenses I be set  
Chief arbitress, I can in glorious works,  
As raising temples, statues, altars, shrines,  
Vestures and ornaments to religion, be  
Neither too thrifty nor too prodigal.  
And to my country the like mean observe,  
In building ships and bulwarks, castles, walls,  
Conduits, theatres, and what else may serve her  
For use or ornament ; and at home be royal

In buildings, gardens, costly furniture,  
In entertainments free and hospitable,  
With a respect to my estate and means,  
And then I may be nam'd Magnificence ;  
As Magnanimity, when I wisely aim  
At greatest honours, if I may deserve 'em,  
Not for ambition, but for my country's good ;  
And in that virtue all the rest do dwell.  
In lesser dignities I want a name ;  
And when I am not over-patient,  
To put up such gross wrongs as call me coward,  
But can be angry, yet in that observe,  
What cause hath mov'd my anger, and with whom ;  
Look that it be not sudden, nor too thirsty  
Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater  
Than the offence , know my time when [and] where  
I must be angry, and how long remain so ;  
Then, then you may surname me Mansuetude.  
When in my carriage and discourse I keep  
The mean, that neither flatters nor offends ;  
I am that virtue the well-nurtur'd court  
Gives name, and should do, being Courtesy.  
'Twixt sly dissembling and proud arrogance,  
I am the virtue Time calls daughter—Truth.  
Give me my sword and balance rightly sway'd,  
And Justice is the title I deserve.  
When on this stage I come with innocent wit,  
And jests that have more of the salt than gall ,  
That move the laughter and delight of all,  
Without the grief of one , free, chaste conceits,  
Not scurrile, base, obscene, illiberal,  
Or contumelious slanders, I am then  
The virtue they have term'd Urbanity :  
To whom, if your least countenance may appear  
She vows to make her constant dwelling here.  
My daughters now are come.—

THE SONG.

## SCENE II.

*The Masque, wherein all the Virtues dance together.*

*Med.* You have seen all my daughters, gentlemen.  
Choose your wives hence. You that are bachelors  
Can find no better ; and the married too  
May wed 'em, yet not wrong their former wives  
Two may have the same wife, and the same man  
May wed two virtues, yet no bigamy :  
He that weds most, is chastest. These are all  
The daughters of my womb. I have five more,  
The happy issue of my intellect,  
And thence surnam'd the intellectual virtues.  
They now attend not on their mother's train,  
We hope they act in each spectator's brain.  
I have a niece besides, a beauteous one.  
My daughter's dear companion, lovely Friendship,  
A royal nymph : her we present not too,  
It is a virtue we expect from you

*[Exit cum Choro cantantium.]*

## SCENE III.

*Bird.* O sister, what a glorious train they be !

*Mis. Flo.* They seem to me the Family of Love,  
But is there such a glass, good Roscius ?

*Ros.* There is, sent hither by the great Apollo  
Who, in the world's bright eye and every day  
Set in his car of light, surveys the earth  
From east to west ; who, finding every place  
Fruitful in nothing but fantastic follies  
And most ridiculous humours, as he is  
The god of physic, thought it appertain'd  
To him to find a cure to purge the earth

Of ignorance and sin, two grand diseases,  
 And now grown epidemical : many receipts  
 He thought upon, as to have planted hellebore  
 In every garden : but none pleas'd like this.  
 He takes out water from the muses' spring,  
 And sends it to the north, there to be freez'd  
 Into a crystal : that being done, he makes  
 A mirror with it, and instils this virtue ;  
 That it should by reflection show each man  
 All his deformities, both of soul and body,  
 And cure 'em both——

*Mrs. Flo.* Good brother, let's go see it !  
 Saints may want something of perfection.

*Ros.* The glass is but of one day's continuance ;  
 For Pluto, thinking if it should cure all,  
 His kingdom would grow empty (for 'tis sin  
 That peoples hell), went to the Fates, and bid 'em  
 Spin it too short a thread (for everything,  
 As well as man, is measur'd by their spindle) ;  
 They, as they must obey, gave it a thread  
 No longer than the beast's of Hypanis,  
 That in one day is spun, drawn out, and cut.  
 But Phœbus, to requite the black god's envy,  
 Will, when the glass is broke, transfuse her virtue  
 To live in comedy. If you mean to see it,  
 Make haste.

*Mrs. Flo.* We will go post to reformation.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Ros.* Nor is the glass of so short life, I fear,  
 As this poor labour : our distrustful author  
 Thinks the same sun that rose upon her cradle  
 Will hardly set before her funeral.  
 Your gracious and kind acceptance may  
 Keep her alive from death, or, when she's dead,  
 Raise her again, and spin her a new thread.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter MISTRESS FLOWERDEW and BIRD.*

*Mis. Flo.* This ignorance even makes religion sin ;  
Sets zeal upon the rack, and stretches her  
Beyond her length. Most blessed looking-glass,  
That didst instruct my blinded eyes to-day !  
I might have gone to hell the narrow way !

*Bird.* Hereafter I will visit comedies,  
And see them oft , they are good exercises !  
I'll teach devotion now a milder temper ;  
Not that it shall lose any of her heat  
Or purity, but henceforth shall be such  
As shall burn bright, although not blaze so much.  
[*Exeunt.*

---

EPILOGUE.

*ROSCIUS solus.*

You've seen The Muses' Looking-Glass, ladies fair  
And gentle youths . and others too whoe'er  
Have fill'd this orb : it is the end we meant :  
Yourselves unto yourselves still to present.  
A soldier shall himself in Hector see ,  
Grave councillors, Nestor, view themselves in thee.  
When Lucrece' part shall on our stage appear,  
Every chaste lady sees her shadow there.  
Nay, come who will, for our indifferent glasses  
Will show both fools and knaves, and all their faces,  
To vex and cure them : but we need not fear,  
We do not doubt but each one now that's here,  
That has a fair soul and a beauteous face,  
Will visit oft The Muses' Looking-Glass.

AMYNTAS

OR

THE IMPOSSIBLE DOWRY.



## EDITIONS.

*Amyntas or The Impossible Dowry. A Pastorall Acted before the King & Queene at Whitehall. Written by Thomas Randolph*

*Pastorem, Tityre, pingues*

*Pascere oportet oves, diductum ducere Carmen*

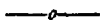
*Oxford, Printed by Leonard Lichfield, for Francis Boidman. 1638.*

For the other editions, see the account of the "Poems "

"Randolph's 'Amyntas,'" Mr Halliwell remarks (" Dictionary of Old Plays," 1860, in 7 ), "is one of the finest specimens of pastoral poetry in our language, partaking of the best properties of Guarini's and Tasso's poetry, without being a servile imitation of either." The "Amyntas" is, beyond doubt, a fascinating production, and a drama of unusual beauty and power.

Specimens of the piece are given in "Fairy Tales, Legends, and Romances," 1875, 12° It seems not unlikely that the scenes between Damon and Amaryllis were suggested by the somewhat parallel passages found in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

## PROLOGUS.



### NYMPH, SHEPHERD

*Nymph* I'll speak the prologue.

*Shep.* Then you do me wrong.

*Nymph* Why, dare your sex compete with ours for tongue?

*Shep.* A female prologue!

*Nymph* Yes, as well as male!

*Shep.* That's a new trick.

*Nymph.* And t'other is as stale.

*Shep.* Men are more eloquent than women made.

*Nymph.* But women are more powerful to persuade.

*Shep.* It seems so, for I dare no more contend.

*Nymph.* Then best give o'er the strife, and make an end

*Shep.* I will not yield.

*Nymph.* Shall we divide it, then?

*Shep.* You to the women speak?

*Nymph.* You to the men?

*Shep.* Gentlemen, look not from us rural swains  
For polish'd speech, high lines, or courtly strains:  
Expect not we should bring a labour'd scene,  
Or compliments; we ken not what they mean.

*Nymph.* And ladies, we poor country girls do come  
With such behaviour as we learn'd at home.  
How shall we talk to nymphs so trim and gay,  
That ne'er saw lady yet but at a *May*?

*Shep.* His muse is very bashful, should you throw  
A snake into her cradle, I do know  
She is no Hercules to outlive your ire.

*Nymph.* One hiss would make the fearful fool  
expire,  
Without a sting.

*Shep.* Gentlemen, do but you  
Like this, no matter what the women do.

*Nymph.* It was a saucy swain thus to conclude '  
Ladies, the gentlemen are not so rude,  
If they were ever school'd by powerful love,  
As to dislike the things you shall approve.  
If you but like him, 'twill be greater praise  
Than if each muse of nine had fetch'd him bays.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



PILUMNUS, the high-priest of Ceres . father to Damon and  
Urania.

MEDORUS, father to Laurinda.

CLAIUS, a wild Sylvian, father to Amyntas and Amaryllis

CHORYMBUS, an under-priest.

DAMON, }  
ALEXIS, } two rivals in Laurinda's love.

AMYNTAS, a man-shepherd.

LAURINDA, a wavering nymph.

URANIA, a sad nymph, enamoured on Amyntas

AMARYLLIS, a distressed shepherdess, in love with Damon

THESTYLIS, an old nymph, sister to Claius.

JOCASTUS, a fantastic shepherd and a fairy knight.

BROMIUS, his man, a blunt clown.

MOPSUS, a foolish augur, enamoured on Thestylis

DORYLAS, a knavish boy.

ECHO.

Chorus of Priests, Shepherds, Nymphs.

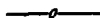
*Quorum fit mentio*, PHILÆBUS, LALAGE, MYCON

The scene, SICILY, in the Holy Vale. The time, an astrological  
day from noon to noon.





## *Amyntas.*



### ACT I., SCENE I.

LAURINDA, DORYLAS.

*Dor.* 'TIS news, Laurinda, that will ravish you?  
*Lau.* How, ravish me? if't be such desperate news,  
I pray conceal it.

*Dor.* So I will.

*Lau.* Nay, Dorylas, pray tell it, though.

*Dor.* 'Tis desperate news: I dare not.

*Lau.* But prythee do.

*Dor.* I must conceal it.

*Lau.* Do not.

*Dor.* Mistress, you have prevail'd: I will relate it.

*Lau.* No matter, though, whether you do or no.

*Dor.* No? then I will not tell you.

*Lau.* Yet I care not much if I hear it.

*Dor.* And I care not much whether I tell't or no.

*Lau.* What is it?

*Dor.* Nothing.

*Lau.* Sweet Dorylas, let me know.

*Dor.* What pretty weathercocks these women are!  
I serve a mistress here

Fit to have made a planet : she'll wax and wane  
Twice in a minute.

*Lau.* But, good Dorylas, your news ?

*Dor.* Why, excellent news !

*Lau.* But what ?

*Dor.* Rare news ! news fit——

*Lau.* For what ?

*Dor.* To be concealed : why, mistress,  
The rivals, those on whom this powerful face  
Doth play the tyrant.

*Lau.* Dorylas, what of them ?

*Dor.* Now, now she wanes : O, for a dainty husband

To make her a full moon ! The amorous couple,  
Your brace of sweethearts, Damon and Alexis,  
Desire your audience.

*Lau.* Is this all your news ?

You may conceal it.

*Dor.* Now you have heard it told,  
I may conceal it ! Well, I thank thee, nature,  
Thou didst create me man, for I want wit  
Enough to make up woman ; but, good mistress,  
What do you think of Damon ?

*Lau.* As a man worthy the best of nymphs

*Dor.* What of Alexis ?

*Lau.* As one that may  
Deserve the fairest virgin in Sicilia.

*Dor.* What virgin ?

*Lau.* Proserpine, were she yet Ceres' daughter.

*Dor.* And what Damon ?

*Lau.* He ? Ceres' self,  
Were she not yet a mother.

*Dor.* Crete, Crete !  
There is no labyrinth but a woman !

Laurinda, gentle mistress, tell me which  
Of these you love ?

*Lau.* Why, Damon best of any.

*Dor.* Why so, that's well and plain.

*Lau.* Except Alexis.

*Dor.* Why, then, you love Alexis best?

*Lau.* Of any.

*Dor.* I am glad on't.

*Lau.* But my Damon.

*Dor.* Be this true,

And I'll be sworn Cupid is turn'd a juggler ;

Presto ! you love Alexis best, but Damon ;

And Damon, but Alexis ! Love you Damon ?

*Lau.* I do.

*Dor.* And not Alexis ?

*Lau.* And Alexis.

*Dor.* She would ha' both, I think.

*Lau.* Not I, by Ceres.

*Dor.* Then you love neither?

*Lau.* Yes, I do love either.

*Dor.* Either, and yet not both ! both best, yet neither !

Why do you torture those with equal racks,  
That both vow service to you. If your love  
Have preferr'd Damon, tell Alexis of it ;  
Or if Alexis, let poor Damon know it,  
That he which is refus'd, smothering his flame,  
May make another choice. Now doubtful hope  
Kindles desire in both.

*Lau.* Ah, Dorylas !  
Thy years are yet uncapable of love.  
Thou hast not learn'd the mysteries of Cupid !  
Dost thou not see through all Sicilia,  
From gentlest shepherds to the meanest swains,  
What inauspicious torches Hymen lights  
At every wedding : what unfortunate hands  
Link in the wedding ring ? Nothing but fears,  
Jars, discontents, suspicions, jealousies,  
These many years meet in the bridal sheets ;  
Or if all these be missing, yet a barrenness—



A curse as cruel, or abortive births  
 Are all the blessings crown the genial bed.  
 Till the success prove happier, and I find  
 A blessed change, I'll temper my affection,  
 Conceal my flames, dissemble all my fires,  
 And spend those years I owe to love and beauty  
 Only in choosing on whose love to fix  
 My love and beauty.

*Dor.* Rare feminine wisdom !  
 Will you admit 'em ?

*Lau.* Yes, go call them hither  
 Yet do not, now I think on't : yet, you may too ;  
 And yet come back again.

*Dor.* Nay, I will go.

*Lau.* Why, Dorylas ?

*Dor.* What news ?

*Lau.* Come back, I say.

*Dor.* Yes, to be sent again !

*Lau.* You'll stay, I hope.

*Dor.* Not I, by Ceres.

*Lau.* Dorylas

*Dor.* No, good mistress ,  
 Farewell, for I at length have learn'd to know  
 You call me back only to bid me go [Exit.

*Lau.* 'Tis no great matter, sirrah : when they come,  
 I'll bear myself so equal unto both,  
 As both shall think I love him best ; this way  
 I keep both fires alive, that when I please  
 I may take which I please. But who comes here ?

## SCENE II.

*Enter THESTYLIS*

O Thestylis, y' are welcome !

*Thes.* If, Laurinda,

My too abrupt intrusion come so rudely  
As to disturb your private meditations,  
I beg your pardon.

*Lau.* How now, Thestylis?  
Grown orator of late? has learned Mopsus  
Read rhetoric unto you, that you come  
To see me with exordiums?

*Thes.* No, Laurinda;  
But if there be a charm call'd rhetoric,  
An art, that woods and forests cannot skill,  
That with persuasive magic could command  
A pity in your soul, I would my tongue  
Had learn'd that powerful art!

*Lau.* Why, Thestylis,  
Thou know'st the breasts I suck'd were neither wolf's  
Nor tiger's; and I have a heart of wax,  
Soft and soon melting, try this amorous heart, 'tis not  
Of flint or marble.

*Thes.* If it were, Laurinda,  
The tears of her, whose orator I come,  
Have power to soften it. Beauteous Amaryllis—  
She that in this unfortunate age of love,  
This hapless time of Cupid's tyranny,  
Plac'd her affection on a scornful shepherd,  
One that disdains her love——

*Lau.* Disdains her love!  
I tell thee, Thestylis, in my poor judgment  
(And women, if no envy blind their eyes,  
Best judge of women's beauties), Amaryllis  
May make a bride worthy the proudest shepherd  
In all Sicilia: but wherein can I  
Pity this injur'd nymph?

*Thes.* Thus she desires you:  
As you desire to thrive in him you love;  
As you do love him whom you most desire,  
Not to love Damon: Damon, alas! repays  
Her love with scorn; 'tis a request she says

She knows you cannot grant ; but if you do not,  
She will not live to ask again.

*Lau.* Poor nymph !  
My Amaryllis knows my fidelity.  
How often have we sported on the lawns,  
And danc'd a roundelay to Jocastus' pipe !  
If I can do her service, Thestylis,  
Be sure I will. Good wench, I dare not stay,  
Lest I displease my father who, in this age  
Of hapless lovers, watches me as close  
As did the dragon the Hesperian fruit.  
Farewell !

*Thes.* Farewell, Laurinda ! Thus, poor fool,  
I toil for others like the painful bee,  
From every flower cull honey-drops of love  
To bring to others' hives : Cupid does this,  
'Cause I am Claius' sister. Other nymphs  
Have their variety of loves for every gown,  
Nay, every petticoat ; I have only one,  
The poor fool Mopsus ! Yet no matter, wench,  
Fools never were in more request than now.  
I'll make much of him ; for that woman lies  
In weary sheets whose husband is too wise

### SCENE III.

THESTYLIS, MOPSUS, JOCASTUS.

*Mop.* Jocastus, I love Thestylis abominably,  
The mouth of my affection waters at her.

*Joc.* Be wary, Mopsus ; learn of me to scorn  
The mortals ; choose a better match : go love  
Some fairy lady ! Princely Oberon  
Shall stand thy friend : and beauteous Mab, his queen,  
Give thee a maid-of-honour.

*Mop.*

How, Jocastus,

Marry a puppet? wed a mote i' th' sun?  
Go look a wife in nutshells? woo a gnat,  
That's nothing but a voice? No, no, Jocastus,  
I must have flesh and blood, and will have Thestylis.  
A fig for fairies!

*Thes.* 'Tis my sweetheart Mopsus  
And his wise brother. O, the twins of folly!  
These do I entertain only to season  
The poor Amyntas' madness.

*Mop.* Sacred red and white!  
How fares thy reverend beauty?

*Thes.* Very ill.  
Since you were absent, Mopsus! where have you  
Been all this livelong hour?

*Mop.* I have been  
Discoursing with the birds.

*Thes.* Why, can birds speak?  
*Joc.* In fairyland they can. I have heard 'em  
chirp

Very good Greek and Latin.

*Mop.* And our birds  
Talk better far than they: a new-laid egg  
Of Sicilia shall out-talk the bravest parrot  
In Oberon's Utopia.

*Thes.* But what languages  
Do they speak, servant?

*Mop.* Several languages,  
As Cawation, Chirpation, Hootation,  
Whistleation, Crowation, Cackleation,  
Shriekation, Hissation——

*Thes.* And Foolation?

*Mop.* No, that's our language: we ourselves speak  
that,

That are the learned augurs.

*Thes.* What success

Does your art promise?

*Mop.* Very good.

- Thes.* What birds  
Met you then first ?
- Mop.* A woodcock and a goose.
- Thes.* Well met.
- Mop.* I told 'm so.
- Thes.* And what might this portend ?
- Mop.* Why thus—and first the woodcock—wood  
and cock—  
Both very good signs. For first the wood doth signify  
The fire of our love shall never go out,  
Because it has more fuel (wood doth signify  
More fuel)
- Thes.* What the cock ?
- Mop.* Better than t'other :  
That I shall crow o'er those that are my rivals,  
And roost myself with thee.
- Thes.* But now the goose ?
- Mop.* Ay, ay ; the goose—that likes me best of all,  
Th' hast heard our greybeard shepherds talk of  
Rome,  
And what the geese did there ? The goose doth  
signify  
That I shall keep thy capitol.
- Thes.* Good gander !
- Joc.* It cannot choose but strangely please his  
highness !
- Thes.* What are you studying of, Jocastus, ha ?
- Joc.* A rare device, a masque to entertain  
His grace of fairy with.
- Thes.* A masque ! what is't ?
- Joc.* An anti-masque of fleas, which I have taught  
To dance corantoës on a spider's thread.
- Mop.* An anti-masque of fleas ? brother, methinks  
A masque of birds were better, that could dance  
The morrice in the air, wrens and robin-redbreasts,  
Linnets and titmice.
- Joc.* So ! and why not rather

Your geese and woodcocks ? Mortal, hold thy tongue,  
Thou dost not know the mystery.

*Thes.* 'Tis true.

He tells you, Mopsus, leave your augury ;  
Follow his counsel, and be wise.

*Mop.* Be wise ?

I scorn the motion ! follow his counsel, and be  
wise ?

That's a fine trick, i' faith ! Is this an age  
For to be wise in ?

*Thes.* Then you mean, I see,  
T' expound the oracle.

*Mop.* I do mean to be  
Th' interpreter.

*Joc.* —And then a jig of pismires  
Is excellent.

*Mop.* What, to interpret oracles ?  
A fool must be th' interpreter.

*Thes.* Then no doubt  
But you will have the honour

*Mop.* Nay, I hope  
I am as fair for't as another man.

If I should now grow wise against my will,  
And catch this wisdom !

*Thes.* Never fear it, Mopsus.

*Mop.* 'Twere dangerous vent'ring. Now I think  
on't too,

Pray heaven this air be wholesome ! is there not  
An antidote against it ? What do you think  
Of garlic every morning ?

*Thes.* Fie upon't,  
'Twill spoil our kissing ! and besides, I tell you  
Garlic's a dangerous dish ; eating of garlic  
May breed the sickness ; for, as I remember,  
'Tis the philosopher's diet.

*Mop.* Certainly  
I am infected, now the fit's upon me !

'Tis something like an ague : sure, I caught it  
With talking with a scholar next my heart.

*Thes.* How sad a life live I,  
Betwixt their folly and Amyntas' madness ! [*Aside.*  
For Mopsus, I'll prescribe you such a diet  
As shall secure you.

*Mop.* Excellent she-doctor !  
Your women are the best physicians,  
And have the better practice.

*Thes.* First, my Mopsus,  
Take heed of fasting, for your hungry meals  
Nurse wisdom.

*Mop.* True ! O, what a stomach have I,  
To be her patient !

*Thes.* Besides, take special care  
You wear not threadbare clothes 'twill breed at  
least

Suspicion you are wise.

*Joc.* Ay, marry, will it.

*Thes.* And walk not much alone ; or if you walk  
With company, be sure you walk with fools—  
None of the wise.

*Mop.* No, no, I warrant you,  
I'll walk with nobody but my brother here,  
Or you, or mad Amyntas.

*Thes.* By all means  
Take heed of travel ; your beyond-sea wit  
Is to be fear'd.

*Mop.* If e'er I travel, hang me.

*Joc.* Not to the fairyland ?

*Thes.* Thither he may.  
But, above all things, wear no beard : long beards  
Are signs the brains are full, because the excrements  
Come out so plentifully.

*Joc.* Rather, empty !  
Because they have sent so much out, as if  
Their brains were sunk into their beards. King Oberon

Has ne'er a beard, yet for his wit I am sure  
He might have been a giant. Who comes here ?

*Enter DORYLAS.*

*Dor.* All hail unto the fam'd interpreter  
Of fowls and oracles !

*Mop.* Thanks, good Dorylas.

*Dor.* How fares the winged cattle ? are the wood-  
cocks,  
The jays, the daws, the cuckoos, and the owls  
In health ?

*Mop.* I thank the gracious stars they are.

*Dor.* Like health unto the president of the jigs,  
I hope King Oberon and his royal Mab  
Are well.

*Joc.* They are : I never saw their graces  
Eat such a meal before.

*Dor.* E'en much good do 't 'em !

*Joc.* They're rid a-hunting.

*Dor.* Hare or deer, my lord ?

*Joc.* Neither : a brace of snails of the first head.

*Thes.* But, Dorylas, there is a mighty quarrel  
here,

And you are chosen umpire.

*Dor.* About what ?

*Thes.* The exposition of the oracle.  
Which of these two you think the verier fool.

*Dor.* It is a difficult cause ; first let me pose 'em.  
You, Mopsus, 'cause you are a learned augur,  
How many are the seven liberal sciences ?

*Mop.* Why, much about a dozen.

*Dor.* You, Jocastus,  
When Oberon shav'd himself, who was his barber ?

*Joc.* I knew him well, a little dapper youth :  
They call him Periwinkle.



*Dor.* Thestylis,  
A weighty cause, and asks a longer time.  
*Thes.* We'll in the while to comfort sad Amyntas.  
[*Exeunt THESTYLIS, MOPSUS, JOCASTUS.*]

## SCENE IV.

LAURINDA ; to her DORYLAS.

*Lau.* I wonder much that Dorylas stays so long ;  
Fain would I hear whether they'll come or no.

*Dor.* Ha ' would you so ?

*Lau.* I see in your messages  
You can go fast enough.

*Dor.* Indeed, forsooth,  
I loiter'd by the way.

*Lau.* What, will they come ?

*Dor.* Which of them ?

*Lau.* Damon

*Dor.* No.

*Lau.* Alexis will ?

*Dor.* Nor he.

*Lau.* How, neither ? am I then neglected ?

*Dor.* Damon will come.

*Lau.* And not Alexis too ?

*Dor.* Only Alexis comes.

*Lau.* Let him not come.  
I wonder who sent for him ; unless both,  
I'll speak with none.

*Dor.* Why, both will visit you.

*Lau.* Both ? one had been too many. Was e'er nymph  
So vex'd as I ? you saucy rascal, you,  
How do you strive to cross me ?

*Dor.* And, sweet mistress,  
Still I will cross you : 'tis the only way  
Truly to please you.

SCENE V.

*Enter MEDORUS.*

*Med.* So, you'll all please her !  
I wonder who'll please me ? you all for her  
Can run on errands, carry lovesick letters  
And amorous eclogues from her howling suitors.  
To her and back again ; be Cupid's heralds,  
And point out meetings for her.

*Dor.* Truly, sir,  
Not I : pray ask my mistress.  
Your sweethearts—speak—nay, speak it, if you can ;  
Do I ?

*Lau.* Why, no.

*Dor.* Nay, say your worst, I care not,  
Did I go ever ?

*Lau.* Never.

*Dor.* La you now !  
We were devising nothing but a snare  
To catch the polecat.

*Med.* Sirrah, get you in ;  
Take heed I do not find your haunts.

*Dor.* What haunts ?

*Med.* You'll in ?

*Dor.* I know no haunts I have but to the dairy,  
To skim the milk-bowls like a liquorish fairy.

[*Exit DORYLAS.*]

*Med.* He that's a woman's keeper should have eyes  
A hundred more than Argus, and his ears  
Double the number. Now the news ? what letters ?  
What posy, ring, or bracelet woos to-day ?  
What grove to-night is conscious of your whispers ?  
Come, tell me ; for I fear your trusty squire—  
Your little closet blabs into your ear  
Some secret—let me know it.

*Lau.* Then you fear  
Lest I should be in love.

*Med.* Indeed I do,  
Cupid's a dangerous boy, and often wounds  
The wanton roving eye.

*Lau.* Were I in love  
(Not that I am ! for yet, by Diana's bow,  
I have not made my choice), and yet suppose—  
Suppose I say I were in love, what then ?

*Med.* So I would have thee, but not yet, my girl,  
Till loves prove happier, till the wretched Claius  
Hath satisfied the gods.

*Lau.* Why Claius, father ?

*Med.* Hast thou not heard it ?

*Lau.* Never

*Med.* 'Tis impossible.

*Lau.* How should I, sir ? you know that my  
discourse  
Is all with walls and pictures, I ne'er meet  
The virgins on the downs.

*Med.* Why, I will tell thee.  
Thou knowest Pilumnus ?

*Lau.* The high-priest of Ceres ?

*Med.* Yes. This Pilumnus had a son Philæbus,  
Who was, while yet he was, the only joy,  
The staff and comfort of his father's age,  
And might have still been so, had not fond love  
Undone him.

*Lau.* How did love undo Philæbus ?

*Med.* Why, thus : one Lalage, a beauteous nymph  
As ever eye admired, Alphestus' daughter,  
Was by her father promis'd him in marriage.

*Lau.* Why, hitherto his love had good success.

*Med.* But only promis'd ; for the shepherd Claius  
(A man accursed in Sicilian fields),  
Being rich, obtained the beauteous Lalage  
From sweet Philæbus : he (sad heart), being robb'd

Of all his comfort—having lost the beauty  
 Which gave him life and motion—seeing Claius  
 Enjoy those lips whose cherries were the food  
 That nurs'd his soul, spent all his time in sorrow,  
 In melancholy sighs and discontents ;  
 Look'd like a wither'd tree o'ergrown with moss ;  
 His eyes were ever dropping icicles :  
 Disdain and sorrow made Pilumnus rage,  
 And in this rage he makes his moan to Ceres  
 (Ceres, most sacred of Sicilian powers),  
 And in those moans he prosecutes revenge,  
 And that revenge to fall on Lalage.

*Lau.* Would Ceres hear his prayers ?

*Med.*

Silly maid !

His passions were not causeless ; and with what justice  
 Could she deny Pilumnus ? how oft hath he sprinkled  
 The finest flower of wheat and sweetest myrrh  
 Upon her altars ? Lalage ru'd the time  
 She flouted brave Philæbus. Now she was great  
 With two sweet twins, the fair, chaste Amaryllis  
 And mad Amyntas (an unlucky pair) ;  
 These she brought forth, but never liv'd to see  
 them.

Lucina caus'd her sorrows stop her breath,  
 Leaving this matchless pair of beauteous infants,  
 In whom till now she lives.

*Lau.*

After her death,

How far'd the sorrowful Philæbus ?

*Med.*

Worse

Than ever. She being dead whose life was his,  
 Whose looks did hold his eyes from shutting up,  
 He pin'd away in sorrows ; grief it was  
 To see she was not his, but greater far  
 That she was not at all. Her exequies being past,  
 He casts him down upon that turf of earth,  
 Under whose roof his Lalage was hous'd,  
 And parleyed with her ashes, till his own lamp

Was quite extinguish'd with a fatal damp.  
Here ended th' noble shepherd.

*Lau.* Unhappy lover !

'Tis pity, but the virgins once a year  
Should wash his tomb with maiden tears ! but now,  
Both Lalage being dead and her Philæbus,  
How comes it other loves should prove unfortunate ?

*Med.* Pilumnus having lost his hopeful son,  
Though he had two more children, fair Urania  
And noble Damon ; yet the death of Lalage  
Suffic'd not his revenge, but he anew implores  
His goddess' wrath 'gainst Claius.—Doth Ceres prize  
me thus ?

Shall Claius tread upon the flow'ry plain,  
And walk upon the ashes of my body ?  
Will I be archflamen, where the gods  
Are so remiss ? let wolves approach their shrines,  
Their howlings are as powerful as the prayers  
Of sad Pilumnus ! Such disgusts at last  
Awaken'd Ceres : with hollow murmuring noise  
Her Ompha like a thunder 'gins to roar  
(The Ompha, if it menace, speaks at large  
In copious language, but perplexed terms),  
And laid this curse on all Trinacria .

*Sicilian swains, ill-luck shall long betide  
To every bridegroom and to every bride,  
No sacrifice, no vow shall still mine me,  
Till Claius' blood both quench and kindle fire ,  
The wise shall misconceive me, and the wit,  
Scorn'd and neglected, shall my meaning hit.*

*Lau.* Angry and intricate ! Alas for love !  
What then became of Claius ?

*Med.* Why, the Ompha  
Having denounc'd against him, and he knowing  
The hate of old Pilumnus, fled away ;  
I think he's sail'd to the Antipodes ;

No tidings can be brought what ground receives him ;  
 Unless Chorymbus make a happy voyage—  
 Chorymbus, that will search both east and occident,  
 And when he finds him, spill his captive blood.  
 Which Ceres grant he may, tender Laurinda.  
 Now dost thou see the reason of my care,  
 And why my watchful eyes so close observe  
 Thy steps and actions.

*Lau.* And I promise, father,  
 To temper my affections till the goddess  
 Do mitigate her anger.

*Med.* Do so, then ;  
 For now you see with what unfortunate choice  
 Pilumnus' daughter, delicate Urania, loves  
 The mad Amyntas , for the angry goddess,  
 Though she repaid the wrong done to Philæbus,  
 Yet, not approving the revengeful mind  
 Of great Pilumnus, scourg'd him with his own asking,  
 By threat'ning an unhappy marriage  
 To his Urania, unless he that woos her  
 Pay an impossible dowry , for as others  
 Give portions with their daughters, Ceres' priests  
 Use to receive for theirs. The words are these—

*That which thou hast not, may'st not, canst not have,  
 Amyntas, is the dowry that I crave.*

*Rest hopeless in thy love, or else divine  
 To give Urania this, and she is thine.*

Which, while the poor Amyntas would interpret,  
 He lost his wits. Take heed of love, Laurinda,  
 You see th' unhappiness of it in others ;  
 Let not experience in thyself instruct thee ;  
 Be wise, my girl, so come and follow me. [*Exit.*]

*Lau.* I'll make a garland for my kid, and follow you.  
 What a sad tale was here ! how full of sorrow !  
 Happy that heart that never felt the shaft  
 Of angry Cupid !

## SCENE VI.

*Enter DAMON and ALEXIS.*

Damon and Alexis !

Their presence quickly puts these cogitations  
 Out of my mind Poor souls! I fain would pity  
 them,

And yet I cannot ; for to pity one  
 Were not to pity t'other, and to pity  
 Both were to pity neither. Mine old temper  
 Is all the shift I have—some dew of comfort  
 To either of them. [*Aside.*] How now, bold in-  
 truders,

How dare you venture on my privacy?  
 If you must needs have this walk, be it so,  
 I'll seek another. What, you'll let me go?

*Damon.* Cruel Laurinda (if a word so foul  
 Can have so fair a dwelling), seal not up  
 Thy ears, but let a pity enter there  
 And find a passage to thy heart

*Alexis.* Laurinda  
 (The name which but to speak I would not wish  
 For life or breath), let not thy powerful beauty  
 Torment us longer : tell us which of us  
 You value most.

*Damon.* —and t'other, for old friendship,  
 Strangling his bitter corrosive in his heart,  
 Hath promis'd to desist from further suit.

*Alexis.* —or if he cannot so (as, sure, he cannot),  
 Yet he will rather choose to die than live  
 Once to oppose your liking.

*Lau.* Since you are  
 Grown so importunate, and will not be answer'd  
 With modest silence, know, I wish you well.

*Alexis.* How? me, Laurinda?

*Lau.* Why, I wish, Alexis,  
I were thy wife.  
*Damon.* Then most unhappy me !  
*Alexis.* That word doth relish immortality.  
*Lau.* And I do wish thou wert my husband, Damon.  
*Alexis.* Still more perplex'd ! What do you think  
I am ?  
*Lau.* My head, Alexis.  
*Damon.* And what I ?  
*Lau.* My heart.  
*Damon.* Which hand am I ?  
*Lau.* Damon, my right.  
*Alexis.* Which I ?  
*Lau.* My left, Alexis.  
*Alexis.* Thus you scorn my love ?  
*Lau.* Not I, Alexis : th' art my only hope.  
*Damon.* Then I am all despair : no hope for me.  
*Lau.* Why so, my Damon ? thou art my desire.  
Alexis is my flame, Damon my fire.  
Alexis doth deserve my nuptial-bed,  
And Damon's worthy of my maidenhead !  
[Exit LAURINDA.  
*Alexis.* Damon, desist thy suit, or lose thy life.  
Thou heardst Laurinda wish she were my wife.  
*Damon.* Thy wife, Alexis ? But how can it be  
Without a husband ? and I must be he.  
*Alexis.* I am her head : that word doth seem t' impart  
She means me <sup>1</sup> marriage.  
*Damon.* How without her heart ?  
For that am I : besides, you heard her say  
I was the right hand, you the left. Away,  
Desist, Alexis ; mine's the upper hand.  
*Alexis.* But, Damon, I next to her heart do stand,  
I am her hope ; in that you plainly see,  
The end of her intents doth aim at me.

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<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *my*.



*Damon.* But I am her desire, in that 'tis shown  
Her only wish is to make me her own.

*Alexis.* I am her flame.

*Damon.* 'Tis true ; but I her fire.

*Alexis.* The flame's the hotter, therefore her desire  
Most aims at me.

*Damon.* Yet when the flame is spent,  
The fire continues ; therefore me she meant.

*Alexis.* She promis'd now I should enjoy her bed.

*Damon.* Alexis, do ; so I her maidenhead.

*Alexis.* I see she still conceals it, and with speeches  
Perplex'd and doubtful masks her secret thoughts.

*Damon.* Let's have another meeting, since her  
words

Delude us thus ; we'll have a pregnant sign  
To show her mind.

*Alexis.* I go that way a-hunting,  
And will call for her.

*Damon.* I'll the while retire  
Into the temple , if I linger here,  
I'm afraid of meeting Amaryllis,  
Who with unwelcome love solicits me.

*Alexis.* And would she might prevail ! [*Aside.*

*Damon.* Till then, farewell.

*Alexis.* All happiness to Damon be,  
Except Laurinda.

*Damon.* All but hers to thee.

*Alexis.* Thus we in love and courtesy contend.

*Damon.* The name of rival should not lose the  
friend. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II., SCENE I.

PILUMNUS, URANIA.

*Ura.* Father, persuade me not ! The power of  
heaven

Can never force me from Amyntas' love ;  
 'Tis rooted here so deep within my heart,  
 That he which pulls it out, pulls out at once  
 That and my soul together.

*Pil.* Fond Urania !  
 Can ignorant love make thee affect the seed,  
 The hateful seed of cursed Lalage ?  
 Did I for this beget thee.

*Ura.* Father, you know  
 Divinity is powerful ; Cupid's will  
 Must not be question'd. When love means to sport  
 (I have heard yourself relate it), he can make  
 The wolf and lamb kiss kindly ; force the lion  
 T' forget his majesty, and in amorous dalliance  
 Sport with the frisking kid. When Venus rides,  
 She'll link the ravenous kite and milder swan  
 To the same chariot, and will yoke together  
 The necks of doves and eagles , whenas she  
 Commands, all things lose their antipathy,  
 Even contrarieties. Can I alone  
 Resist her will ? I cannot , my Amyntas  
 Shall witness that !

*Pil.* I blame thee not so much  
 For loving him while yet he was Amyntas ;  
 But being mad, and having lost himself,  
 Why shouldst not thou lose thy affection too ?

*Ura.* I love him now the rather he hath lost  
 Himself for me ; and should he lose me too ?  
 It were a sin he should !

*Pil.* What canst thou love  
 In his distemper'd wildness ?

*Ura.* Only that—  
 His wildness , 'tis the comfort I have left  
 To make my tears keep time to his distractions,  
 To think as wildly as he talks ; to marry  
 Our griefs together, since ourselves we cannot.  
 The oracle doth ask so strange a dowry,

That now his company is the only bliss  
My love can aim at. But I stay too long,  
I'll in to comfort him.

*Pil.*

Do not, Urania.

*Ura.*

Do not?

I must and will ; nature commands me no,  
But love more powerful says it shall be so. [*Exit.*

*Pil.* The gods did well to make their destinies  
Of women, that their wills might stand for law  
Fix'd and unchang'd. Who's this ? Chorymbus.

## SCENE II.

*Enter CHORYMBUS.*

*Pil.* Chorymbus, welcome.

*Chor.*

Sacred Pilumnus, hail !

And, fruitful Sicily, I kiss thy dust.

*Pil.* What news, Chorymbus ? is our country's mischief

Fetter'd in chains ?

*Chor.*

Thrice the sun hath past  
Through the twelve inns of heaven since my diligence  
Has been employ'd in quest of him whose death  
Must give poor lovers life, the hateful Claius ;  
Yet could I ne'er hear of him. The meanwhile,  
How fare the poor Sicilians ? Does awful Ceres  
Still bend her angry brow ? Find the sad lovers  
No rest, no quiet yet ?

*Pil.*

Chorymbus, none !

The goddess has not yet deign'd to accept  
One sacrifice ; no favourable Echo  
Resounded from her Ompha ; all her answers  
Are dull and doubtful.

*Chor.*

The true sign, Pilumnus,  
Her wrath is not appeas'd.



Troubled his brains so far he lost his wits ;  
 Yet still he loves, and she—— My grief, Chorymbus,  
 Will not permit me to relate the rest.  
 I'll in into the temple, and express.  
 What's yet behind in tears. [Exit.

*Chor.* Sad, sad Pylumnus !  
 And most distress'd Sicilians ! other nations  
 Are happy in their loves ; you only are unfortunate !  
 In all my travels ne'er a spring but had  
 Her pair of lovers, singing to that music  
 The gentle bubbling of her waters made.  
 Never a walk unstor'd with amorous couples  
 Twin'd with so close embraces, as if both  
 Meant to grow one together ! every shade  
 Shelter'd some happy loves that, counting daisies,  
 Scor'd up the sums on one another's lips  
 That met so oft and close, as if they had  
 Chang'd souls at every kiss. The married sort  
 As sweet and kind as they · at every evening  
 The loving husband and full-breasted wife  
 Walk'd on the downs so friendly, as if that  
 Had been their wedding-day The boys of five  
 And girls of four, e'er that their lisping tongues  
 Had learn'd to prattle plain, would prate of love,  
 Court one another, and in wanton dalliance  
 Return such innocent kisses, you'd have thought  
 You had seen turtles billing.

### SCENE III.

*Enter MOPSUS.*

*Mop.* What air is that ? *The voice of turtles billing ?*  
*Of turtles ! a good omen ! she is chaste—*  
*And billing, billing, O delicious billing !*  
 That word presages kissing.

- Chor.* Who is this ?  
*Mopsus*, my learned augur ?  
*Mop.* Stand aside—  
 The other side. I will not talk to thee,  
 Unless I have the wind.  
*Chor.* Why, what's the matter, *Mopsus* ?  
*Mop.* Th' art infected.  
*Chor.* What, with the plague ?  
*Mop.* Worse than the plague, the wisdom !  
 You have been in travel ; and that's dangerous  
 For getting wisdom.  
*Chor.* Then ne'er fear it, *Mopsus*,  
 For *I* come home a fool just as I went.  
*Mop.* By *Ceres* ?  
*Chor.* Yes  
*Mop.* By *Ceres*, welcome then.  
*Chor.* But, *Mopsus*, why do you walk here alone ?  
 That's dangerous too.  
*Mop.* Ay, but I come to meet  
 The citizens of the air, you have heard my skill  
 In augury ?  
*Chor.* Why, I have heard your name  
 Not mention'd anywhere in all my travels.  
*Mop.* How ? not mention'd ?  
*Chor.* Y' are too hasty, *Mopsus*,  
 Not without admiration.  
*Mop.* I know that.  
*Chor.* How should you know it ?  
*Mop.* Why, some birds or other  
 Fly from all countries hither, and they tell me.  
*Chor.* But how dare you converse with birds that  
 travel ?  
*Mop.* With an antidote I may ; but, my *Chorymbus*,  
 What strange birds have you seen beyond seas ?  
*Chor.* Brave ones :  
 Ladies with fans and feathers ! dainty fowls !  
 There were brave taking augury !

*Mop.* But, Chorymbus,  
Are those fine ladybirds such pretty things?

*Chor.* As tame as sparrows, and as sweet as  
nightingales.

*Mop.* Is the cock ladybird or the hen ladybird  
The better?

*Chor.* All are hens.

*Mop.* O, admirable!  
Would you had brought me one! But what's the fan?

*Chor.* A fan's a—wing of one side.

*Mop.* Delicate!  
And what's their feather?

*Chor.* Like the copple crown  
The lapwing has.

*Mop.* The lapwing? then they'll lie.

*Chor.* With men they will.

*Mop.* Delicious ladybirds!  
But have they such brave trains, such curious tails  
As our birds have?

*Chor.* Like peacocks; there's the head  
Of all their pride.

*Mop.* Nay, 'tis the tail, Chorymbus,  
Surely these things you call the ladybirds  
Are the true birds of Paradise?

*Enter CHORYMBUS' carriage.*

*Chor.* Very right.  
Mopsus, I cannot stay, I must attend  
My carriage to the temple: gentle Mopsus,  
Farewell.

*Mop.* Farewell, Chorymbus! By my troth,  
I never long'd for anything in my life  
So much as ladybirds—dainty ladybirds!  
I would fetch one of them, but I dare not travel  
For fear I catch the wisdom. O sweet ladybirds!  
With copple crowns, and wings but on one side!  
And tails like peacocks! Curious ladybirds!

SCENE IV.

AMYNTAS, URANIA, AMARYLLIS. *Manet MOPSUS.*

*Amyntas.* *That which I have not, may not, cannot have!*  
It is the moon! Urania, thou shalt wear  
The horned goddess at thy beauteous ear.  
Come hither, Pegasus, I will mount thy back,  
And spur thee to her orb.

*Mopsus.* O good Amyntas!

*Amyntas.* Why, art thou foundered, Pegasus?

*Amaryllis,*

Fetch him a peck of provender.

*Urania.* Sweet Amyntas!

*Amyntas.* What says my Cytherea? wouldst thou eat  
A golden apple? If thou wilt, by Venus,  
I'll rob the Hesperian orchard.

*Mopsus.* Ha, ha, he!

*Amyntas.* Ha? dost thou laugh, old Charon? sirrah  
sculler,

Prepare thy boat.

*Amaryllis.* For what? dear brother, speak!

*Amyntas.* Art thou my sister Helen? were we hatch'd  
In the same egg-shell?—Is your cock-boat ready?

*Mopsus.* It is, an't please your worship.

*Amyntas.* Very well!

Row me to hell!—no faster! I will have thee  
Chain'd unto Pluto's galleys.

*Urania.* Why to hell,

My dear Amyntas?

*Amyntas.* Why? to borrow money!

*Amaryllis.* Borrow there?

*Amyntas.* Ay, there! they say there be more usurers  
there

Than all the world besides. See how the winds  
Rise! Puff, puff, Boreas, what a cloud comes yonder,  
Take heed of that wave, Charon! ha! give me



The oars!—so, so ; the boat is overthrown,  
Now Charon's drowned, but I will swim to shore.

*Ura.* O Ceres, now behold him ! can thy eyes  
Look on so sad an object, and not melt  
Them and thy heart to pity ?

*Ama.* How this grief  
Racks my tormented soul ! but the neglect  
Of Damon more afflicts me : the whole senate  
Of heaven decrees my ruin.

*Ura.* And mine too.  
Come, Amaryllis, let's weep both together,  
Contending in our sorrows !

*Ama.* Would to Ceres  
That I were dead !

*Ura.* And I had ne'er been born !

*Amyntas.* Then had not I been wretched !

*Ura.* Then Amyntas  
Might have been happy

*Mep.* Nay, if you begin  
Once to talk wisely, 'tis above high time  
That I were gone—farewell, Bellerophon.  
I must go seek my Thestylis—She's not here. [*Exit.*]

*Amyntas.* My arms are weary ; now I sink, I sink !  
Farewell, Urania.

*Ama.* Alas ! what strange distractions  
Toss his distempered brain !

*Ura.* Yet still his love to me  
Lives constant.

*Amyntas.* Styx, I thank thee ! that curl'd wave  
Hath toss'd me on the shore—come, Sisyphus,  
I'll roll thy stone awhile : methinks this labour  
Doth look like love ! does it not, Tisiphone ?

*Ama.* Mine is that restless toil.

*Amyntas.* Is't so, Erynnis ?  
You are an idle huswife ; go and spin  
At poor Ixion's wheel.

*Ura.* Amyntas !

- Amyntas.* Ha?  
Am I known here?
- Ura.* Amyntas, dear Amyntas!
- Amyntas.* Who calls Amyntas? beauteous Proserpine?  
'Tis she.—Fair empress of the Elysian shades,  
Ceres' bright daughter, intercede for me  
To thy incensed mother: prythee, bid her  
Leave talking riddles, wilt thou?
- Ura.* How shall I  
Apply myself to his wild passions?
- Ama.* Seem to be  
What he conceives you.
- Amyntas.* Queen of darkness,  
Thou supreme lady of eternal night.  
Grant my petitions ' wilt thou beg of Ceres  
That I may have Urania?
- Ura.* 'Tis my prayer,  
And shall be ever, I will promise thee  
She shall have none but him.
- Amyntas.* Thanks, Proserpine.
- Ura.* Come, sweet Amyntas, rest thy troubled head  
Here in my lap.—Now here I hold at once  
My sorrow and my comfort. Nay, he still.
- Amyntas.* I will, but Proserpine——
- Ura.* Nay, good Amyntas——
- Amyntas.* Should Pluto chance to spy me, would  
not he  
Be jealous of me?
- Ura.* No.
- Amyntas.* Tisiphone,  
Tell not Urania of it, lest she fear  
I am in love with Proserpine: do not, fury.
- Ama.* I will not.
- Ura.* Pray, lie still!
- Amyntas.* [Know] you, Proserpine,  
There is in Sicily the fairest virgin  
That ever blest the land, that ever breath'd:

Sweeter than Zephyrus! didst thou never hear  
Of one Urania?

*Ura.* Yes.

*Amy.* This poor Urania  
Loves an unfortunate shepherd, one that's mad,  
Tisiphone,  
Canst thou believe it? Elegant Urania  
(I cannot speak it without tears) still loves  
Amyntas, the distracted mad Amyntas.  
Is't not a constant nymph?—But I will go  
And carry all Elysium on my back,  
And that shall be her jointure.

*Ura.* Good Amyntas,  
Rest here awhile.

*Amy.* Why weep you, Proserpine?

*Ura.* Because Urania weeps to see Amyntas  
So restless and unquiet.

*Amy.* Does she so?  
Then will I lie as calm as doth the sea  
When all the winds are lock'd in Æolus' jail,  
I will not move a hair, nor let a nerve  
Or pulse to beat, lest I disturb her. Hush!  
She sleeps!

*Ura.* And so do you.

*Amy.* You talk too loud,  
You'll waken my Urania.

*Ura.* If Amyntas—  
Her dear Amyntas, would but take his rest,  
Urania could not want it.

*Amy.* Not so loud

*Ama.* What a sad pair are we?

*Ura.* How miserable!  
He that I love is not!

*Ama.* And he that I  
Do love, loves not; or, if he love, not me

*Ura.* I have undone Amyntas!

*Ama.* And my Damon  
Has undone me.

*Ura.* My kindness ruin'd him.

*Ama.* But his unkindness me, unhappy me !

*Ura.* More wretched I ; for Damon has his reason,  
And he may love.

*Ama.* But does not thy Amyntas  
Return thee mutual love ?

*Ura.* True, Amaryllis ;  
But he has lost his reason. Mine has love,  
No reason.

*Ama.* Mine has reason, but no love.  
O me !

*Ura.* My Amaryllis, how thy griefs  
Meet full with mine to make the truest story  
Of perfect sorrow that e'er eye bedew'd  
With tears of pity !

*Ama.* Come, Urania ;  
Let's sit together like to marble monuments  
Of ever-weeping misery.

*Enter DAMON.*

*Damon.* Minds in love  
Do count their days by minutes . measure hours  
By every sand that drops through the slow glass,  
And for each vie a tear.

*Ama.* If so, my Damon,  
How many times hath thy unkindness ruin'd  
Sad Amaryllis ? every frown is mortal.

*Damon.* Ill luck, to seek my love and find my hate.

*Ama.* Be not so cruel to me ! Gentle Damon,  
Accept this witness of my love : it is  
The story of poor Echo, that for love  
Of her Narcissus pin'd into a voice.

*Damon.* Do thou so too.

*Ama.* Damon, suppose I should,  
And then the gods for thy contempt of me  
Should plague thee like Narcissus.

*Damon.* *Amaryllis,*  
 They cannot do it ; I have fix'd my love  
 So firm on my Laurinda, that for her  
 I e'er shall hate myself.

*Ama.* Prythee, love, accept it,  
 'Twas wrought by mine own hand.

*Damon.* For that I hate it !

*Ura.* Fie, brother ! can you be of the same stock,  
 Issue, and blood with me, and yet so cruel ?

*Damon.* Nor can I, sister, doat like you on any,  
 That is the cursed brat of Lalage.

*Amyntas.* Sayest thou so, Centaur ?

*Ura.* Good Amyntas, hold,  
 This is the Sacred Valley · here 'tis death  
 For to shed human blood.

*Damon.* Still idly you complain  
 To cross me, Amaryllis, but in vain ! [Exit.

*Ama.* O, I am sick to death !

*Amyntas.* What a brave show  
 The monster's brains would make !

## SCENE V.

THESTYLIS, MOPSUS, AMYNTAS, AMARYLLIS,  
 URANIA.

*Ama.* My grief o'erweighs me !

*Thes.* How fares my Amaryllis ?

*Ama.* Like a taper  
 Almost burnt out : sometimes all a' darkness,  
 And now and then a flash or two of comfort,  
 But soon blown out again. Ah, Thestylis !  
 I cannot long subsist ; for thee, vain labour,  
 Away ! I hate thee, 'cause my Damon does ;  
 And for that reason too I hate myself,  
 And everything but him !

*Ura.* Come, my sad partner ;  
 Poor rival of my sorrows. Go with me  
 Into the temple, I'll entreat my brother  
 To use thee kindly ; if in me it lie,  
 I'll help thee.

*Ama.* Do, Urania, or I die.

[*Exeunt URANIA, AMARYLLIS. Manet AMYNTAS,*  
*THESTYLIS, MOPSUS.*

*Thes.* What a strange thing is love !

*Amyntas.* It is a madness.  
 See how it stares ! Have at thee, thou blind archer !  
 O, I have miss'd him ! Now I'll stand thee, Cupid !  
 Look how the rascal winks a one eye, Thestylis !  
 Nay, draw your arrow home, boy, just i' th' heart !  
 O, I am slain !

*Thes.* Amyntas !

*Amyntas.* Dost not see ?  
 My blood runs round about me , I lie soaking  
 In a red sea Take heed ! See, Thestylis,  
 What a fine crimson 'tis ?

*Mop.* Where ?

*Amyntas.* Here, you puppet !  
 Dost thou not see it ?

*Mop.* Yes, I see it plain,  
 But I spy nothing

*Amyntas.* Then thou art a mole.

*Mop.* Now I look better on't, I see it plain ;  
 Does it not hurt you ?

*Amyntas.* Strangely. Have at thee !  
 How think you now ?

*Thes.* Be quiet, good Amyntas.

*Mop.* You'll fright away the birds else, and clean spoil  
 My augury.

*Amyntas.* Go about it ; I am quiet.

*Mop.* Now for some happy omen ! [*A cuckoo cries.*

*Amyntas.* Ha, ha, he !

*Mop.* Why laughs the madman ?

*Amy.* Who can choose but laugh?  
The bird cried *Horns*.

*Thes.* What happiness portends it,  
Sweet Mopsus?

*Mop.* Constancy in love, my Thestylis:  
This bird is always in a note.

*Thes.* Most excellent!

*Mop.* Bird of the spring, I thank thee—Mopsus  
thanks thee.

*Amy.* This is a man of skill, an Œdipus,  
Apollo, Reverend Phœbus, Don of Delphos.

*Mop.* What a brave man am I?

*Amy.* Thou canst resolve  
By thy great art all questions: what is that,  
That which I have not, may not, cannot have?

*Mop.* That which you have not, may not, cannot  
have?

It is my skill—you cannot have my skill.

*Amy.* Where lies that skill?

*Mop.* Lies here within this noddle.

*Amy.* Fetch me my woodknife, I will cut it off,  
And send it to Urania for a dowry.

*Mop.* No, no, I am deceiv'd: it is not that.

*Amy.* You dolt, you ass, you cuckoo!

*Mop.* Good Amyntas.

## SCENE VI.

DORYLAS, MOPSUS, JOCASTUS, THESTYLIS, AMYNTAS.

*Joc.* Is't not a brave fight, Dorylas? can the mortals  
Caper so nimbly?

*Dor.* Verily they cannot!

*Joc.* Does not King Oberon bear a stately pre-  
sence?

Mab is a beauteous empress.

- Dor.* Yet you kiss'd her  
With admirable courtship.
- Joc.* I do think  
There will be of Jocastus' brood in Faery.
- Mop.* You cuckold-maker, I will tell King Oberon  
You he with Mab his wife.
- Joc.* Do not, good brother,  
And I'll woo Thestylis for thee.
- Mop.* Do so, then.
- Joc.* Canst thou love Mopsus, mortal?
- Thes.* Why, suppose  
I can, sir, what of that?
- Joc.* Why, then, be wise,  
And love him quickly.
- Mop.* Wise? then I'll have none of her; that's the  
way  
To get wise children, troth, and I had rather  
They should be bastards.
- Amyntas.* No, the children may  
Be like the father.
- Joc.* True, distracted mortal:  
Thestylis, I say, love him, he's a fool.
- Dor.* But we will make him rich, then 'tis no  
matter
- Thes.* But what estate shall he assure upon me?
- Joc.* A royal jointure, all in faeryland.
- Amyntas.* Such will I make Urama.
- Joc.* Dorylas knows it—  
A curious park.
- Dor.* Pal'd round about with pick-teeth.
- Joc.* Besides a house made all of mother-of-pearl,  
An ivory tenniscourt.
- Dor.* A nutmeg parlour.
- Joc.* A sapphire dairy-room.
- Dor.* A ginger hall.
- Joc.* Chambers of agate.
- Dor.* Kitchens all of crystal.



*Amyntas.* O, admirable ! This is it for certain !

*Joc.* The jacks are gold.

*Dor.* The spits are Spanish needles.

*Joc.* Then there be walks.

*Dor.* Of amber.

*Joc.* Curious orchards.

*Dor.* That bear as well in winter as in summer.

*Joc.* 'Bove all, the fish-ponds : every pond is full——

*Dor.* Of nectar. Will this please you ? Every  
grove

Stor'd with delightful birds.

*Mop.* But be there any

Ladybirds there ?

*Joc.* Abundance.

*Mop.* And cuckoos too,

To presage constancy ?

*Dor.* Yes.

*Thes.* Nay, then let's in

To seal the writings.

*Amyntas.* There, boy, so-ho-ho-ho !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Dor.* What pretty things are these both to be born  
To lands and livings ! we poor witty knaves  
Have no inheritance but brains. Who's this ?

*Enter ALEXIS.*

One of my mistress's beagles.

*Alexis.* Dorylas,

I have had the bravest sport.

*Dor.* In what, Alexis ?

*Alexis.* In hunting, Dorylas : a brace of greyhounds  
cours'd a stag

With equal swiftness, till the wearied deer  
Stood bay at both alike : the fearful dogs  
Durst neither fasten.

*Dor.* So ; and did not you

Compare the stag to my fair mistress, ha !  
Pursued by you and Damon, caught by neither ?

*Alexis.* By Cupid, th' art i' th' right.

*Dor.* Alas, poor whelps !  
In troth I pity you. Why, such a hunting  
Have we had here ! Two puppies of a litter,  
Mopsus and wise Jocastus, hunting folly  
With a full mouth.

*Alexis.* I much wonder, Dorylas,  
Amyntas can be sad, having such follies  
To provoke mirth.

*Dor.* And to that end his sister  
Keeps them about him, but in vain—his melancholy  
Has took so deep impression.

*Enter DAMON.*

*Damon* My Alexis !  
Well met, I've been at your cottage to seek you.

*Alexis* But I am ne'er at home. Thou and I,  
*Damon,*  
Are absent from ourselves.

*Dor.* Excellent application !  
To see the wit of love !

*Damon.* Let us go seek her,  
To have a final judgment.

*Alexis.* That may end  
One of our miseries and the other's life.

*Damon.* O, lamentable ! who would be in love ?

*Damon.* Content.

## SCENE VII.

*Enter LAURINDA.*

*Damon.* Here comes my joy or death.  
*Dor.* O, pitiful !

*Alexis.* My sweet affliction.

*Dor.* Pitifully sweet :  
Ne'er fear your father, mistress, kiss securely ;  
I'll be your Mercury, and charm asleep  
Old Argus.

*Lau.* Do

*Dor.* But if he chance to spy  
You and your sweethearts here, I know not of it ?

*Lau.* You do not.

*Dor.* Nay, you know if I had seen them,  
I should have told him.

*Lau.* Y' are a trusty servant.

*Dor.* Poor Dorylas is blind, he sees not here.

*Damon* No, nor Alexis

*Lau.* No, not he !

*Dor.* Alack ! I am innocent . if the belly swell,  
I did not fetch the poison.

*Lau.* No , begone [*Exit DORYLAS.*]

*Damon.* Laurinda, now for mercy sake give period  
To our long miseries.

*Alexis.* Now you are [a]like cruel  
To both, and play the tyrant equally  
On him you hate as much as him you love.

*Damon.* Depriving one the comfort of his joy.

*Alexis* The other the sure remedy of his death.

*Lau* Damon, you have a love, fair Amaryllis .  
Content yourself with her.

*Damon.* I'll rather kiss  
An Ethiop's crisped lip . embrace a viper.  
Deformity itself to her is fair.

*Alexis.* Damon, thou hast thy answer.

*Lau.* And Alexis,  
There be in Sicily many virgins more  
Worthy your choice : why did you place 't on me ?  
Go seek some other.

*Alexis.* O, those words to me  
Are poison.

*Damon.* But to me an antidote.

*Alexis.* Thus she gave life to me to take't away.

*Damon.* And me she slew to raise me up again :  
You shall not slight us thus : what do you think  
Of me ?

*Lau.* Thou art the glory of the woods.

*Alexis.* And what am I ?

*Lau.* The pride of all the plains.

*Alexis.* These your ambiguous terms have now too  
oft

Deluded us.

*Damon.* Show by some sign which of us  
You have design'd for happiness.

*Lau* So I will.

[*She takes DAMON'S garland, and wears it on her  
own head, and puts her own on ALEXIS.*

*Damon,* as I affect thee, so I vow

To wear this garland that adorns thy brow :

This wreath of flow'rs, Alexis, which was mine,

Because thou lov'st me truly, shall be thine.

This is plain dealing, let not Cupid's wars

Drive your affections to uncivil jars ! [Exit.

*Damon.* Now, happy Damon, she thy garland wears,  
That holds thy heart chain'd in her golden hairs.

*Alexis.* Most blessed I ! this garland once did twine  
About her head that now embraces mine.;

*Damon.* Desist, Alexis, for she designs to have  
The garland that was mine

*Alexis.* But me she gave

That which was hers.

*Damon.* 'Tis more to take than give.

*Alexis.* I think 'tis greater kindness to receive.

*Damon.* By this your share's the less ; you but  
receive.

*Alexis.* And by your argument, yours you did but  
give ;

Love is the garland.

*Damon.* Then she did approve  
Of my affection best : she took my love.

*Alexis.* Fond Damon, she accepted love from thee,  
But (what is more) she gave her love to me ;  
In giving that to me, she proves my right.

*Damon.* Why took she mine, but meaning to requite?

*Alexis.* I will dispute no more.

*Damon.* Then let our spears  
Plead for us.

*Alexis.* And determine of our fears.  
Come, Damon, by this argument let us prove,  
Which 'tis of us Laurinda best doth love.

*Damon.* Yet 'tis, Alexis, clean against our oath.

*Alexis.* True, Damon, and perchance may run both.

*Damon.* So neither shall enjoy her.

*Alexis.* Cruel breath !  
Besides, this is the sacred vale, 'tis death  
To stain the hallowed grass but with one drop  
Of human blood.

*Damon.* So both should lose their hope.

*Alexis.* And (which is more) 'tis against her com-  
mands.

*Damon.* Whose very <sup>1</sup> breath has power to stay  
our hands.

*Alexis.* We'll have her answer make a certain end.

*Damon.* Till then, Alexis, let me be thy friend.

*Alexis.* Come, Damon, let's together seek relief.

*Damon.* 'Tis fit, being rivals both in love and grief.

### ACT III., SCENE I.

*Enter to them LAURINDA.*

*Damon.* Laurinda, by thyself—the sweetest oath  
That can be sworn——

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *every*.]

*Alexis.* By those fair eyes, whose light  
Comforts my soul !

*Damon.* Whose heat inflameth mine.

*Alexis.* Unless you deign at length to end our strife,

*Damon.* We both have vow'd to sacrifice our life,

*Alexis.* On one another's spear.

*Lau.* What shall I do ?

I find an equal war within my soul—

Myself divided ; now I would say Damon,

Another time Alexis ; then again

Damon, and then Alexis, like a shepherd,

That sees on either hand a ravenous wolf,

One snatching from his ewe a tender lamb,

The other watching for a gentle kid,

Knows not (poor soul) which hand to turn to first.

Now he would save his lamb, but seeing his kid

Half in the jaw of death, turns back in haste

To rescue that, where viewing then his lamb

In greater danger, runs to that again ;

As doubtful which to save as which to lose :

So fares it now with me. But, love, instruct me !

*Damon.* Resolve.

*Alexis.* Or we'll resolve.

*Lau.* No trick left yet ? [*Aside.*

*Enter DORYLAS.*

*Dor.* If ever one was pepper'd, look on me !

*Lau.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Dor.* You talk of love and Cupid,  
I have been plagu'd with a whole swarm of Cupids.

*Alexis.* What should this mean ?

*Dor.* I know not ; but I am sure  
I have a thousand natural rapiers  
Stuck in my flesh.

*Damon.* The meaning of the riddle ?

*Alexis.* The moral ?

*Dor.* In plain terms, I have been driving  
One of your swarms of bees, gentle Laurinda.

*Lau.* The purest wax give Damon: and, good swain,  
The honey to Alexis: this is plain.

*Dor.* Now will the honey and the wax fall together  
by th' ears.

*Damon.* Alexis, this plain sign confirms her grant,  
She gave me wax to seal the covenant.

*Dor.* Well argu'd for the wax: now for the honey!

*Alexis.* To me she gave the honey, that must be  
The sweetest, and the sweetest sweet is she.

*Dor.* The honey is the sweetest argument.

*Damon.* But by the wax she says that she from none  
But me will take true love's impression.

*Dor.* The wax is very forward to the bargain;  
He would be sealing of her.

*Alexis.* But plain the honey speaks; no other guest  
But I shall taste in her a lover's feast.

*Dor.* Delicious reason! my mouth waters at it.

*Damon.* The wax must make the taper that must  
light

The wedded pair to bed on Hymen's night  
Besides, 'tis virgin's wax; by that you see  
To me she destines her virginity.

*Dor.* Two excellent twin-arguments born at a  
birth.

*Alexis.* And honey shows a wedding, that must  
knead

A cake for Hymen ere we go to bed.  
Take you the wax, the honey is for me;  
There is no honey in the world but she.

*Dor.* His disputation still has some good relish in't.

*Damon.* I see, Alexis, all Laurinda's bees  
Serve but to sting us both.

*Dor.* Now, what's the matter?  
The moral?

*Lau.* See what it is to live a maid!

Now two at once do serve us and adore ;  
 She that weds one, serves him serv'd her before.

*Damon.* Alexis, come !

*Alexis.* Come, Damon !

*Damon.* Cure my fear.

*Alexis.* There's no help left but in a Pelian spear.

*Lau.* O, stay your hands, for, by my maidenhead——

*Dor.* Happy the man that shall quit her of that oath !

*Alexis.* Most happy Dorylas !

*Dor.* I knew that before.

*Lau.* I have protested never to disclose  
 Which 'tis that best I love , but the first nymph,  
 As soon as Titan gilds the eastern hills,  
 And chirping birds, the saunce-bell of the day,  
 Ring in our ears a warning to devotion—  
 That lucky damsel, whatsoe'er she be,  
 Shall be the goddess to appoint my love  
 To say, Laurinda, this shall be your choice ;  
 And both shall swear to stand on her award.

*Both.* By fair Laurinda's hand we swear.

*Lau.* Till then  
 Be friends, and for this night it is my pleasure  
 You sleep, like friendly rivals, arm in arm.

*Both.* Thanks to the fair Laurinda.

*Alexis.* Come, Damon, you this night with me shall rest.

*Damon.* Wert thou but my Laurinda, I were blest.

[*Exeunt DAMON and ALEXIS.*]

*Dor.* Mistress, if they should dream now——

*Lau.* And they should !

## SCENE II.

*Enter AMARYLLIS (her hair dishevelled) and URANIA.*

*Ura.* Sweet Amaryllis.

*Ama.* Stay me not, Urania.



*Dor.* More Cupids, more bees, more stinging yet !

*Ama.* Dishevell'd hair, poor ornament of the head,

I'll tear you from my crown ! what dost thou here ?  
Weak chains ! my pride presum'd you had a power  
To fetter heroes, and in amorous gyves  
Lead any shepherd captive !

*Ura.* Amaryllis !

*Ama.* But Damon breaks thee like a spider's loom !  
And thou, poor face, that wert so oft belied  
For fair and beauteous by my flattering glass,  
I'll tear those crimson roses from my cheeks,  
That but myself ne'er yet enchanted any,  
My will is fixed !

*Lau.* Where go you, Amaryllis ?

*Ama.* Since Damon hates my life, I'll go and see  
If I can please him in my death : if he'll but deign  
To kiss me, and accept my latest breath,  
I shall salute the gods a happy soul.  
This dart I'll give him ; and upon my knees  
Beg till I have obtain'd to die by him—  
Death from that hand is welcome.

*Lau.* I will show you  
A way most probable to redeem his love.

*Ama.* I shall wrong you, Laurinda. No, enjoy him,  
The treasure of the earth : my latest words  
Shall be prayers for you. Mild Urania,  
Sister in blood to Damon, not in affection—  
Nymph, take this whistle—'twas a Triton's once—  
With which I call my lambkins when they stray ;  
'Tis Amaryllis' last bequeathment to you.

*Ura.* Live happy, shepherdess, and wear it still.

*Ama.* Laurinda, my great legacy is yours,  
Gentle-ungentle Damon.

*Lau.* I re-bequeath him to my Amaryllis ;  
Come, therefore, amorous maid, be rul'd by me ;  
This night we'll sleep together.

*Dor.* And she too  
Should dream of Damon?

*Lau.* Dorylas, go to Thestylis  
T' excuse her this night's absence. Amaryllis,  
Wenches are ne'er so witty as abed,  
And two together make a statesman's head.  
Begone to Thestylis.

*Dor.* So I am, sure,  
Still Cupid's factor: well, ere long, I see,  
There will be many an heir the more for me.

*Ura.* My Bellamore, y' are under good protection,  
The temple gates will close unless I haste.

*Lau.* Urania, a happy night unto you.

*Ura.* The like to her that pities the distressed  
Amaryllis.

[*Exeunt LAURINDA, AMARYLLIS, URANIA.*]

*Dor.* So, so this honey with the very thought  
Has made my mouth so liquorish, that I must  
Have something to appease the appetite.  
Have at Jocastus' orchard! dainty apples,  
How lovely they look! Why, these are Dorylas'  
sweethearts.

Now must I be the princely Oberon,  
And in a royal humour, with the rest  
Of royal fairies attendant, go in state  
To rob an orchard! I have hid my robes  
On purpose in a hollow tree. Heaven bless me!

*Enter CLAIUS.*

What Puck, what goblin's this?

*Cla.* Thrice-sacred valley,  
I kiss thy hallow'd earth!

*Dor.* Another lover:  
Enamour'd of the ground!

*Cla.* Fain would I speak,

And ask for Amaryllis, but my fear  
Will not permit me.

*Dor.* 'Slid ! I think he takes me  
For Oberon already.

*Cla.* Youth, can you tell me  
How I may speak to-night with Amaryllis ?

*Dor.* Age, by no means to-night : this night she  
lodges

With fair Laurinda, old Medorus' daughter.

*Cla.* Can you instruct me then how I may meet  
Amyntas ?

*Dor.* Who, the madman ? Every evening  
He walks abroad into the valley here  
With Thestylis. Farewell, old walking ivy-bush !

[*Exit DORYLAS.*]

*CLAIUS solus.*

*Cla.* I see the smoke stream from the cottage tops ;  
The fearful huswife rakes the embers up ,  
All hush to bed. Sure, no man will disturb me.  
O blessed valley ' I, the wretched Claus,  
Salute thy happy soil, I that have liv'd  
Pelted with angry curses in a place  
As horrid as my griefs, the Lylbean mountain.  
These sixteen frozen winters there have I  
Been with rude outlaws, living by such sins  
As run o' th' score with justice 'gainst my prayers and  
wishes ;  
And when I would have tumbled down a rock,  
Some secret power restrained me. There I lately  
heard,  
By a disconsolate pilgrim that sought death,  
That my Amyntas' wits (ah me !) were marr'd.  
'Twas not a time to think to save myself,  
When my poor boy was lost. Lost, said I ? O  
Phœbus !  
If there be sovereign power in juice of herbs,

And that the teeming earth yield medicinal flowers  
 To cure all maladies, I have sought the skill,  
 No leaf, no root hath 'scap'd me—I may boast it—  
 I have been nature's diligent apothecary.  
 Be lucky, my emplaister ! I have temper'd  
 The surest receipt the world's garden yields ;  
 'Twould put Orestes in his wits again.  
 I know I step upon my death the oracle  
 Desires my blood for sacrifice, and Pylumnus  
 For his old hate still seeks it , make long stay  
 I dare not, only I desire t' apply  
 My medicine and be gone. Who's this I spy ?

SCENE III.

THESTYLIS, AMYNTAS, MOPSUS.

I do remember now that countenance,  
 It is my sister Thestylis , I'll stand close  
 T' observe their actions. [Retires

*Thest.* Would to Ceres,  
 She would be pleas'd at length to end her anger,  
 And pity poor Amyntas !

*Cla.* So pray I.

*Amynt.* I have the bravest spaniel in the world,  
 Of a sharp scent and quick , so-ho-ho ! so-ho-ho-ho !  
 Ringwood, Jowler, Whitefoot, so-ho-ho ! so-ho-ho !

*Mopsus.* I shall be a whole kennel of dogs anon.

*Amynt.* Juno, Vulcan, Venus ! so-ho-ho ! so-ho-ho !

*Mopsus.* Lord, what a heavenly puppy he makes me  
 now ?

*Amynt.* There, lady, there !

*Mopsus.* Ha ! be there ladydogs as well as ladybirds  
 too ?

*Amynt.* Beauty, Beauty !

*Mopsus.* 'Slid ! I was never call'd that name before.

Thestylis, Amyntas calls me Beauty,  
I prythee, come kiss me.

*Thes.* Thus I spend my life  
Laughing amidst my tears.

*Amyntas.* Now, Virtue, Virtue.

*Mop.* Is that a dog's name too? would I were  
hang'd

If I'll have anything of it for that trick.

*Amyntas.* Dost thou not scent it yet? Close, close,  
you rogue!

By Pan, the cur hunts counter.

*Mop.* O good master! Bow-wow, bow-wow-wow!

*Amyntas.* So, now he has't again.

What, at a fault, you mongrel? will you never  
Start me this oracle?

*Mop.* Start an oracle?  
As if an oracle were a hare?

*Amyntas.* So 'tis,  
And scuds away so swift we cannot take it.  
Start me this oracle.

*Mop.* Start it whoso will for me,  
For I'll not start it.

*Amyntas.* Then unkennel it.

*Mop.* Unkennel it?

*Amyntas.* Ay, 'tis a fox, a fox!  
A cunning, crafty rogue; nobody knows  
Which way to find him. Ha! what scent is this?  
Dost thou not smell?

*Mop.* What?

*Amyntas.* The meaning of the oracle.  
Unkennel it, or I will leash thee.

*Mop.* Good sir,  
I have no skill in starting or unkennelling,  
But if you'll have me spring an oracle——

*Amyntas.* And wilt thou do it? spring me, then, this  
oracle.

*Mop.* Ay, that I will; my skill lies all in birds,

Whose flight I fear I have observ'd so long  
That I am metamorphos'd to a spaniel.

*Amyntas.* Look, how my hawk of understanding soars  
About the partridge oracle!—Ill luck!  
'Tis a retreat again.

*Mop.* O, shall I never  
Rid me of this misfortune! Thanks, good omen!  
[*A crow caws.*]

*Cras, cras*, she says, to-morrow 'twill be better,  
Blackbird, I thank thee!

*Thes.* Little thinks the wretched *Claus* now  
How sad a life his poor *Amyntas* lives!

*CLAUS comes forward.*

*Cla.* Too well, unto his grief I'll go unto him,  
And follow him in his humour. [*Aside.*] You have got  
A dainty spaniel, sir?

*Amyntas.* I think the world  
Cannot afford his equal.

*Cla.* What breed is he?

*Amyntas.* True Spartan, I'll assure you.

*Cla.* Was the sire  
Of the same country?

*Amyntas.* No, as I remember  
He was an Irish greyhound, but the dam  
Came of *Acteon's* brood.

*Cla.* As how, I pray?

*Amyntas.* Why, thus: *Melampus* was the sire of  
*Lelaps*,

*Lelaps* to *Lagon*, *Lagon* to *Ichnobates*,  
*Ichnobates* to *Pamphagus*, and *Pamphagus*  
To *Dorceus*, he to *Labros*, that was sire  
To *Oresitrophus*, *Oresitrophus*  
To fleet *Theridamas*, *Theridamas*  
To swift *Nebrophonos*, *Nebrophonos*  
To the quick-nos'd *Aellus*, he to *Dromas*,

Dromas to Tigris, Tigris to Orybasus,  
 Orybasus to Peterelas, he to Nape,  
 The dam of Mopsus.

*Mop.* So, then, Orybasus  
 Was my great-grandfather. Though I be a dog,  
 I come of a good house. My ancestors  
 Were all of noble names past understanding.  
 What a brave man's my master ! where learn'd he  
 All this mystery.<sup>1</sup> Now I could find in my heart  
 To leave my augury and study heraldry.  
 A man, I think, may learn't as well as t'other,  
 Yet never fear of growing too wise upon't.  
 And then will I record the pedigree  
 Of all the dogs i' th' world. O, that I had  
 The arms of all our house by th' mother's side !

*Cla.* Sir, I have brave things in a basket for you.  
 Give me your dog, and you shall have 'em all.

*Amy.* Take him.

*Mop.* O heaven ! and shall I change my master,  
 One madman for another ?

*Amy.* Cur, be quiet,  
 I have said it, and my will shall be a law.

*Mop.* O good sir, for Melampus' sake, and Dorceus,  
 Lelaps, Ichnobates, Lagon, Melanchetes,  
 Labros, Nebrophonos, Orcsitrophus,  
 Tigris, Orybasus, Theridamas,  
 Aellus, Dromas, Nape, and the rest  
 Of all my noble ancestors deceas'd  
 Be merciful unto me ! Pity, pity,  
 The only hope of all our family.

*Cla.* Sir, can he fetch and carry ?

*Amy.* You shall see him.  
 Fetch, sirrah—there—the cur is run away,  
 Help me to catch my dog : you'll bring, you mongrel ?

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<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *this ? Ne'er stirre.*

*Mop.* Yes, much ! the birds will not advise me to it.

[*Exit.*

*Thes.* Sylvan, why gaze you on us ? would you frolic  
With poor Amyntas' madness ? 'twould ill beseem  
you

To make our grief your pastime.

*Cla.*

Not I, by heaven !

My joys are counterfeit, my sorrows real  
(I cannot hold from weeping). Ah ! you know not  
What grief lies here within (Tears, you'll betray me.)  
Give me my eyeful of this noble shepherd !  
Who hath not heard how he hath chas'd the boar ?  
And how his spear hath torn the paunch of wolves.  
On the bark of every tree his name's engraven.  
Now planet-struck, and all that virtue vanish'd.

*Thes.* Thy looks are fierce, thy words bespeak thee  
gentle

*Amyntas.* Why, wept he, Thestylis ?

*Thes.*

I did not mark him.

*Amyntas.* It was a mote in's eyes, I'll kiss it out ;  
I'll curl thy shackled locks, and crisp thy hair  
Like the straight-growing cypress , come, let's put  
Our heads together Thou art more than mortal,  
And shalt expound to Ceres what she asks.  
It is a gallant Sylvan, Thestylis.

*Cla.* I am not skill'd in riddles, no interpreter  
Of divinations, but dare contend  
With any empiric to do a cure,  
Whether the body or the mind be sick.  
That is my study . I but crave the leave  
To try the power of art upon this shepherd.  
If Esculapius be propitious to him,  
After the dew of one night's softer slumbers,  
I dare be bold to say he shall recover.

*Amyntas.* My dog again ? dost read it in the stars ?  
What a strange man is this ?

*Cla.*

Thy wits, Amyntas,



I mean ; O, cast thy arms in my embraces.  
 Speak, careful nymph, how came he thus distracted ?

*Amyntas.* I, do you mean ? with a very, very, very  
 mad trick—

By making verses.

*Cla.* Rest, rest, deluded fancy !

*Thes.* There was a time (alas, that e'er it was !)  
 When my poor shepherd fell in love.

*Cla.* With whom ?

*Thes.* The star of beauty, Pylumnus' much-admir'd  
 Urania.

*Cla.* O the cross darts of fate !

*Thes.* She (sweet nymph) enlodged  
 The casket of his love in her own bosom,  
 But Ceres set a dowry Out, alas !

Would she had asked our flocks, our kids, our groves  
 Would she had bid us quench the flames of Ætna  
 In Arethusa's streams, it had been easy—  
 We fight with words, and cannot conquer them,  
 This her imperious Ompha ask'd and thunder'd—  
*That which thou hast not, may'st not, canst not have,*  
*Amyntas, is the dowry that I crave.*

To find out her commands he lost himself.

*Cla.* Your story's pitiful 'Tis my profession  
 To wander through the earth, and in my travel  
 I am inquisitive after the sick to heal 'em ;  
 Their cure and kind acceptance is my pay  
 You will not fear to lodge me for a night ?

*Thes.* We have but homely hospitality.

*Amyntas.* I'll feast thee with some venison, brave  
 Montano.

*Cla.* Thy restitution is my feast, Amyntas ;  
 Your curds and chestnuts, and your country fare,  
 Is bounteous for so mean a guest as I :  
 But send for that Urania ; her sweet voice  
 Must sing a lullaby to drown his senses,  
 And charm soft sleep upon his troubled fancy.

'And 'fore the grey-ey'd morn do peep, be confident,  
I'll put the music of his brains in tune.  
You'll call Urania ?

*Thes.* Doubt not, sir, I will.  
Or send my servant Mycon by the Vale.

*Amy.* Come, Sylvan, if the dogs do bark, I'll brain  
'em.

We'll sleep to-night together, and to-morrow——

*Cla.* Will end (I hope) thy madness, not my sor-  
row

*Amy.* We'll go a-hunting, so-ho-ho ' so-ho-ho '  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter MOPSUS from the orchard.*

*Mop.* Are the mad dogs gone yet ?  
A little more would have persuaded me  
Into a spaniel , and I may be one,  
For anything I know. Yet, sure, I am not,  
Because (methinks) I speak ; but an this speaking  
Should be but barking now ? if I be a dog,  
Heaven send me a better master than the former !  
Ceres defend me, what strange elves are there ?

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter DORYLAS with a bevy of Fairies.*

*Dor.* How like you now my grace ? is not my  
countenance  
Royal, and full of majesty ? Walk not I  
Like the young Prince of Pigmies ? Ha ! my knaves,  
We'll fill our pockets. Look, look yonder, elves,  
Would not yon apples tempt a better conscience  
Than any we have, to rob an orchard, ha ?  
Fairies, like nymphs with child, must have the things

They long for. You sing here a fairy catch  
 In that strange tongue I taught you, while ourself  
 Do climb the trees. Thus princely Oberon  
 Ascends his throne of state.

*Elves.*      *Nos Beata Fauni Proles,  
 Quibus non est magna moles,  
 Quamvis Lunam incolamus,  
 Hortos sæpe frequentamus.  
 Furto cuncta magis bella,  
 Furto Dulcior Puella  
 Furto omnia decora.  
 Furto poma dulciora.  
 Cum mortales lecto jacent,  
 Nobis poma noctu placent,  
 Illa tamen sunt ingrata,  
 Nisi furto sint parata*

JOCASTUS, BROMIUS.

*Joc.* What divine noise, fraught with immortal harmony,  
 Salutes mine ear?

*Bro.*                      Why, this immortal harmony  
 Rather salutes your orchard, these young rascals—  
 These pescod-shellors, do so cheat my master,  
 We cannot have an apple in the orchard,  
 But straight some fairy longs for't. Well, if I  
 Might have my will, a whip again should jerk 'em  
 Into their old mortality

*Joc.*                      Dar'st thou, screech-owl,  
 With thy rude croaking interrupt their music,  
 Whose melody hath made the spheres to lay  
 Their heavenly lutes aside, only to listen  
 To their more charming notes?

*Bro.*                      Say what you will,  
 I say a cudgel now were excellent music.

*Elves.*                *Oberon, descende citus,  
Ne cogaris hinc invitus.  
Canes audio latrantes.  
Et mortales vigilantes.*

*Joc.* Prince Oberon? I heard his grace's name.

*Bro.*                O, spy his grace! Most noble prince,  
Come down, or I will pelt your grace with stones,  
That I believe your grace was ne'er so pelted  
Since 'twas a grace.

*Dor.*                Bold mortal, hold thy hand.

*Bro.* Immortal thief, come down, or I will fetch  
you.

Methinks it should impair his grace's honour  
To steal poor mortals' apples. Now have at you!

*Dor* Jocastus, we are Oberon, and we thought  
That one so near to us as you in favour  
Would not have suffered this profane, rude groom,  
Thus to impair our royalty.

*Joc.*                Gracious prince,  
The fellow is a fool, and not yet purged  
From his mortality.

*Dor.*                Did we out of love,  
And our entire affection, of all orchards  
Choose yours, to make it happy by our dances,  
Light airy measures and fantastic rings,  
And you, ingrateful mortal, thus requite us—  
All for one apple!

*Joc.*                Villain, th' hast undone me!  
His grace is much incens'd.

*Dor.*                You know, Jocastus,  
Our grace have orchards of our own more precious  
Than mortals can have any, and we sent you  
A present of them t'other day.

*Joc.*                'Tis right,  
Your grace's humble servant must acknowledge it.

*Bro.* Some of his own, I am sure.

*Dor.* I must confess  
 Their outside looked something like yours indeed ;  
 But then the taste more relish'd of eternity,  
 The same with Nectar.

*Joc.* Your good grace is welcome  
 To any things I have. Nay, gentlemen,  
 Pray do not you spare neither.

*Elves.* Ti-ti-ta-tie.

*Joc.* What say these mighty peers, great Oberon ?

*Dor.* They cannot speak this language, but in ours  
 They thank you, and they say they will have none.

*Elves.* Ti-ti-ta-ti, Tititatie

*Joc.* What say they now ?

*Dor.* They do request you now  
 To grant them leave to dance a fairy ring  
 About your servant, and for his offence  
 Pinch him do you the while command the traitor  
 Not dare to stir, not once presume to mutter.

*Joc.* Traitor (for so Prince Oberon deigns to call  
 thee),

Stir not, nor mutter.

*Bro.* To be thus abus'd !

*Joc.* Ha ? mutter'st thou ?

*Bro.* I have deserved better

*Joc.* Still mutter'st thou ?

*Bro.* I see I must endure it

*Joc.* Yet mutter'st thou ? Now, noble lords, begin  
 When it shall please your honours.

*Elves.* Tititatie.

Our noble friend permits.

*Elves.* Tititatie.

Do you not, sir ?

*Joc.* How, should I say I do ?

*Dor.* Tititatie.

*Joc.* Tititatie, my noble lords.

*Elves.* *Quoniam per te violamur*  
*Ungues hic experiamur.*

*Statim dices tibi datam  
Cutem valde variatam.* [They dance.

*Joc.* Tititatie to your lordship for this excellent  
music

*Bro.* This 'tis to have a coxcomb to one's master.  
*Joc.* Still mutter'st thou? [Exit BROMIUS.

*DORYLAS from the tree. JOCASTUS falls on his knees.*

*Dor.* And rise up, Sir Jocastus, our dear knight.  
Now hang the hallowed bell about his neck—  
We call it a mellisonant tingle-tangle :  
Indeed a sheep-bell stolen from's own fat wether—  
[Aside.

The ensign of his knighthood. Sir Jocastus,  
We call to mind we promis'd you long since  
The president of our dance's place, we are now  
Pleas'd to confirm it on you. Give him there  
His staff of dignity.

*Joc.* Your grace is pleas'd  
To honour your poor hegeman.

*Dor.* Now begone.

*Joc.* Farewell unto your grace, and eke to you :  
Tititatie, my noble lords, farewell. [Exit JOCASTUS.

*Dor.* Tititatie, my noble fool, farewell :  
Now my nobility and honoured lords,  
Our grace is pleas'd for to part stakes ; here, Jocalo,  
These are your share, these his, and these our grace's,  
Have we not gull'd him bravely ! see, you rascals,  
These are the fruits of witty knavery.

*MORSUS enters barking.*

*Dor.* Heaven shield Prince Oberon and his honoured  
lords !

We are betrayed.

*Mop.* Bow-wow-wow !

Nay, nay, since you have made a sheep of my brother,  
I'll be a dog to keep him.

*Dor.* O good Mopsus !

*Mop.* Does not your grace, most low and mighty  
Dorylas,

Fear whipping now ?

*Dor.* Good Mopsus, but conceal us,  
And I will promise by to-morrow night  
To get thee Thestylis.

*Mop.* I will ask leave  
Of the birds first. An owl ? the bird of night ;  
[*An owl shrieks.*

That plainly shows that by to-morrow night,  
He may perform his office.

*Dor.* And I will.

*Mop.* Why, then, I will conceal you. But your  
grace

Must think your grace beholding to me.

*Dor.* Well, we do.

*Mop.* And thank the owl, she stood your friend—  
And for this time, my witty grace, farewell.

*Dor.* Nay, be not so discourteous Stay and take  
An apple first : you, Jocalo, give him one,  
And you another, and our grace a third.

*Mop.* Your grace is liberal : but now I fear  
I am not he that must interpret th' oracle.  
My brother will prevent me, to my grief.  
I much suspect it, for this Dorylas  
A scarecrow cosen'd him most shamefully,  
Which makes me fear he's a more fool than I.

[*Exit Mopsus.*

*Dor.* So, we are clean got off : come, noble  
peers

Of faery, come attend our royal grace.  
Let's go and share our fruit with our Queen Mab  
And th' other dairymaids, where of this theme  
We will discourse amidst our cakes and cream.

*Elves.* Cum tot poma habeamus,  
Triumphos læti jam canamus.  
Faunos ego credam ortos  
Tantum ut frequentent hortos.

*I domum, Oberon, ad illas  
Quæ nos manent nunc ancillas.  
Quarum osculemur sinum,  
Inter poma, lac, et vinum.*

## ACT IV, SCENE I.

## MOPSUS, THESTYLIS

*Mop.* I would have you to know, Thestylis, so I  
would,  
I am no dog, but mortal flesh and blood,  
As you are.

*Thes.* O, be patient, gentle Mopsus

*Mop.* 'Slid, fetch and carry !

*Thes.* Nay, good sweetheart  
Be not angry.

*Mop.* Angry ? why, 'twould anger  
A dog indeed to be so us'd. A dog !  
I would not use a dog so bid a dog  
That comes of a good house to fetch and carry !  
Discourteous ! let him get dogs of his own,  
For I have got my neck out of the collar.  
Let him unkennel's oracles himself  
For Mopsus : if I start or spring him one,  
I'll die the dog's death, and be hang'd. Mad fool !

*Thes.* But, Mopsus, you may now securely visit  
Me and my house : Amyntas (heaven be prais'd !),  
Is now recover'd of his wits again.

*Mop.* How ? and grown wise !

*Thes.* Ceres be prais'd ! as ever.



*Mop.* Shut up your doors, then ; *Carduus Benedictus*,  
Or dragon water may do good upon him.

*Thes.* What mean you, Mopsus ?

*Mop.* Mean I ? what mean you  
To invite me to your house, when 'tis infected ?

*Thes.* Infected !

*Mop.* Ay ; Amyntas has the wits,  
And do you think I'll keep him company ?  
Though, as I told you still, I am suspicious  
Jocastus is the man that must——

*Thes.* Do what ?

*Mop.* It grieves me to think of it.

*Thes.* Out with't, man.

*Mop.* That must interpret I have cause to think  
(With sorrow be it spoken) he will prove  
The verier fool, but let him, yet now my augury  
That never fails me, tells me certainly,  
That I shall have thee, Thestylis, yet ere night.  
It was an owl——

## SCENE II.

*Enter to them CLAIUS and AMYNTAS.*

And see, see, Thestylis !  
Here comes the ivy-bush ; I'll stand aside,  
For I am most bodily afraid  
*Amyntas.* What deity lives here ? the soul of Phœbus  
Breathes in this powerful man : sure, Esculapius  
Revisits earth again, and in this shape  
Deals health amongst us ! I before was nothing  
But a brute<sup>1</sup> beast. O, tell me by what relic  
Of heavenly fire have you inspir'd me with  
This better soul of reason ! worthy sir,  
If y' are some god (as less I cannot deem you),

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *bruit* and

That, pitying of my miseries, came down  
From heaven to cure me—tell me, that I may  
With sacrifice adore you.

*Mop.* Adore him?  
Are there such ruffian gods in heaven as he,  
Such beggarly deities? [*Aside.*

*Amyntas.* If you will conceal it,  
And I by ignorance omit to pay  
Those sacred duties that I ought, be pleas'd  
To pardon me.

*Mop.* Heyday! well, Thestylis,  
You may be glad your house is not infected;  
He's ten times madder now than e'er he was,  
To deify this rude ill-favour'd Sylvan,  
This fellow with the beard all over. Thestylis,  
I dare not stay, unless my heels maintain  
My safety, I shall turn a dog again.  
[*Aside. Exit Mopsus.*

*Cla.* I am as you are, mortal; 'tis my skill  
In physic, and experience in the rare  
Virtue of herbs, that wrought this miracle.  
No divinity or power in me.

*Thes.* Amyntas, when shall we requite this kindness?

*Amyntas.* Never; I would willingly  
Have sacrific'd unto him, but his modesty  
Will not permit it. Though he will not suffer us  
To adore him as a god, yet we may pay  
A reverence to him as a father.

*Cla.* O, those words do touch the quick! [*Aside.*

*Amyntas.* For, if he be  
A father that begot this flesh, this clay,  
What's he to whom we owe our second birth  
Of soul and reason? Father, I must call you  
By that name Father.

*Cla.* Now the floodgate's open, [*Aside.*  
And the full stream of tears will issue out:  
Traitors, you will betray me: [*To his eyes.*

*Thes.*

Sir, why weep you ?

*Cla.* To think of this man's father. O, I lov'd  
him

As dearly as myself (my words and all  
Break out suspicious), has he not a daughter ?

As I remember well, he said her name was——

*Thes.* Amaryllis.

*Cla.*

Yes, I had almost

Forgot it ; I would fain have seen her too.

*Thes.* You cannot now, because to-night she lodgeth<sup>1</sup>  
With one Laurinda.

### SCENE III.

*Enter URANIA*

*Amyntas*

O my Urania, welcome !

Amyntas bids thee so—I, that till now  
Was not Amyntas come, my joy, and meet me,  
Full of our happiness !

*Urania*

Grant, Ceres, now

My hopes be faithful to me. My Amyntas,  
How come your thoughts so settled ?

*Amyntas*

O Urania !

Here, here he stands to whom I owe myself,  
And thou owest me · we reverence in our temples  
Marble and brass, whose statues serve for nothing  
But to hang cobwebs on O, how much rather  
Should we adore this deity, that bestowed  
Such happiness upon us !

*Urania*

Would we knew

How to deserve it !

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *lodg'd*.

*Cla.* So you may, Urania,  
If you will grant me one request.

*Ura.* Command it.

*Cla.* I would entreat you presently to vow  
Virginity to Ceres, that Amyntas  
No more may toil his brain in thinking what  
To give you for a dowry.

*Ura.* Sir, I will  
Presently about it : I'll only first  
Get some unknown disguise

*Cla.* I dare stay here  
No longer , for I must be gone, ere yet  
The light betray me. *[Aside.*

*Ura* Happiness attend you

*Cla.* Remember it, Urania

*Amyntas.* Farewell, father

*[Exeunt URANIA, AMYNTAS, THESTYLIS.]*

CLAIUS *solus.*

*Cla.* Thus, like a bat or owl, I spend my age  
In night or darkness, as asham'd of day,  
And fearful of the light the sun and I  
Dare never be acquainted. O guilt, guilt !  
Thou and thy daughter Fear are punishments  
Perpetual , every whistling of the wind  
Doth seem the noise of apprehenders ; shadows  
Affright me more than men. Each step I tread  
Is danger. Life ! why to live longer should we  
Not live at all ? I hear a noise ; false timorous-  
ness,  
Deceive me not. My eyes, instruct me too  
Heaven shield me !

## SCENE IV.

*Enter to him ALEXIS and DAMON.*

Fain I would inquire of them  
For Amaryllis, but if one of these  
Be Damon, I am lost. *[Aside.*

*Alexis.* How early, Damon, do lovers rise?

*Cl.* 'Tis he! I hear his name: good mole, away!  
*[Exit.*

*Damon* No larks so soon, Alexis.

*Alexis* He that of us shall have Laurinda, Damon,  
Will not be up so soon. ha! would you, Damon?

*Damon.* Alexis, no, but if I miss Laurinda,  
My sleep shall be eternal.

*Alexis* I much wonder the sun so soon can rise!

*Damon.* Did he lay his head in fair Laurinda's lap,  
We should have but short days.

*Alexis.* No summer, Damon.

*Damon.* Thetis to her is brown.

*Alexis* And he doth rise  
From her to gaze on fair Laurinda's eyes

*Damon.* O, now I long to meet our arbitress.

*Alexis* On whom depends our only happiness.

*Damon* It must be the first virgin that we greet  
From Ceres' temple.

*Alexis.* Yes, the first we meet.

*Damon.* I hear no noise of any yet that move.

*Alexis.* Devotion's not so early up as love.

*Damon.* See how Aurora blushes! we suppose  
Where Tithon lay to-night.

*Alexis.* That modest rose  
He grafted there.

*Damon.* O heaven! 'tis all I seek,  
To make that colour in Laurinda's cheek.

*Alexis.* The virgins now come from the temple.

*Damon.* Appeal unto the first.

## SCENE V.

*The Virgins pass over the stage with wax candles in their hands. AMARYLLIS goes the first; but she is stayed by DAMON, as unknown to be AMARYLLIS, she being veiled, and having on her head the garland that LAURINDA took from DAMON.*

Chaste, beauteous nymph!  
Ceres so grant your prayers, as you determine  
Justly our cause!

*Ama.* Ceres has heard my prayers,  
For all my morning orisons begg'd no more  
Than one kind word from Damon.

*Damon.* Amaryllis!

*Alexis.* That name breathes life and soul to poor  
Alexis.

*Ama* The same,—why startle you? you have not  
met

A poison, Damon

*Damon.* Yes, a thousand vipers  
Have stung my soul.

*Alexis.* As many joys crown mine  
With happiness.

*Damon.* Would I had met this morning  
Infectious vapours, cursing<sup>1</sup> plagues, not thee!  
No curse but that had power to ruin me!

*Alexis.* No other blessing hath preserved me.

*Ama.* What should this mean, my Damon? how  
have I

Displeas'd you, sweet? heaven knows it is my prayer,  
More than for heaven, to please you.

*Damon.* O my torture!  
Fly hence as far as hell, and hide thy head  
Lower than darkness; would thou hadst been acting

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *nursing*.

Incest or murder when thou cam'st to pray,  
Thou hadst in anything sinn'd less than this :  
Unseasonable devotion !

*Ama.* Can it be  
A sin to pray for Damon ?

*Damon.* Thou hadst blest me,  
Hadst thou sat all this while in some dark cell,  
Loading my head with curses.

*Ama.* Innocence  
Let[s] me not understand you.

*Damon.* I'll not stand  
To her award, she is a partial judge,  
And will decree unjustly.

*Ama.* How ? to Damon ?  
To him she loves so dearly ?

*Damon.* That's the reason ;  
She does confess, Alexis, that she loves me,  
That's argument enough against her.

*Ama.* Ceres, these obscure passions move me.  
*Alexis.* I'll instruct you,  
Take here the paper, pen, and ink.

*Ama.* Why yet, sir,  
I know no more.

*Alexis.* You are to pass your censure,  
Being the first nymph that we have met this morning,  
Which of us two must have the fair Laurinda.  
Write your award ; our mutual oaths do bind us  
Not to deny't.

*Damon.* 'Tis a mere plot contriv'd  
Betwixt this cursed nymph and you, Alexis.

*Alexis.* Damon, you wrong us both.  
*Damon.* Where did you steal  
This garland ? it was mine.

*Ama.* For that I love it,  
Because it once was thine.

*Damon.* For that I hate it,  
Cause it is thine ; had it been true to me,

Methinks, as soon as it had touch'd thy head  
It should have withered.

*Ama.* So it would have done,  
Had it not first touch'd yours. Laurinda gave me  
This garland, but ne'er told me of this accident.

*Damon.* Alexis, you deal false : 'tis a conspiracy  
'Twixt you and her.

*Alexis.* How can it? you know, Damon,  
I have not been one moment from your presence.

*Damon.* You took your time while I was sleeping.

*Alexis.* Neither,  
Nor I nor you could sleep one wink this night ;  
The expectation of this morning trial  
Did keep us both awake.

*Damon.* I do not know,  
But there is some trick in't, and I'll appeal  
From her too partial sentence.

*Alexis.* I'll the while  
Go fetch Laurinda : she shall force you stand  
Unto her trial. [Exit.

*Ama.* Damon, thy harsh language  
Is more than death unto me.

*Damon.* I do charge you to tear the paper,  
And refuse to judge between us.

*Ama.* No, I am resolved to write what I determine.

*Damon.* Now thou hast indeed a time wherein  
Thou may'st revenge my scorn. Take it,  
But I'll prevent thee. [He strikes her.

*Ama.* Welcome, death !  
From him all things are so. Damon, fly hence,  
Thou hast shed blood here in the Sacred Valley ;  
Make haste away, or thou art lost for ever !

*Damon.* Thy counsel's good ; no matter whose the  
guilt. [Exit DAMON.

*Ama.* What was it he said last ?—Thou hast  
indeed  
A time wherein thou may'st revenge my scorn !



With love, no otherwise : and there thou shalt not  
 Prevent me, Damon ; I will write. This ink  
 Deserves not to record the name of Damon :  
 'Tis black and ugly : thou thyself hath furnish'd me  
 With that of better colour. 'Tis my blood—  
 That's truly Cupid's ink. Love ought to write  
 Only with that. This paper is too coarse ;  
 O, that I had my heart to write it there.  
 But so it is already. Would I had  
 A parchment made of my own skin, in that  
 To write the truth of my affection—  
 A wonder to posterity ! Hand, make haste  
 As my blood does, or I shall faint, I fear,  
 Ere I have done my story. [Swoons.

## SCENE VI.

*Enter DORILAS.*

*Dor.* These milkmaids are the daintiest rogues ;  
 they kiss  
 As sweet as sillibubs ; surely Oberon  
 Lives a delicious life :—ha ! who lies here ?  
 A nymph ? If 'twere but now in Oberon's power  
 To steal away her maidenhead as she sleeps ;  
 O, 'twould be excellent sport, to see how she  
 Would miss it when she wakes ; what misery it is  
 To be a boy ! why could not my good father  
 Have got me five years sooner ? here had been  
 A purchase. Well, 'tis but five years longer,  
 And I shall hope to see a merrier world.  
 Nobody near, too ! 'Slid, the very thought's  
 Enough to make me man o' the sudden. Well,  
 I'll kiss her, though.

*Ama.*

O, I faint.

*Dor.*

She dreams.

Now shall I know all secrets. These same women

Are given so much to talk when they are awake,  
That they prate sleeping too.

*Ama.* My blood congeals  
Within my quill, and I can write no more.

*Dor.* Love-letters? she was troubled yesternight  
About inditing, and she dreams on't now.  
Poor sleepy secretary!

*Ama.* I will fold it up  
And send it—who's that's here? my eyes  
Are dim—ha! Dorylas.

*Dor.* Now she dreams she gives it me to carry;  
I half fear I use to carry letters in my sleep,  
Wearying myself all night, and that's the reason  
I am so loth to rise in the morning.

*Ama.* Dorylas, carry this letter for me.

*Dor.* I thought so.  
That's all that I can do: carry their letters  
Or run of errands! well, come five years hence,  
They may employ me better. [*Aside.*] Unto whom is it?

*Ama.* Unto Laurinda take it.

*Dor.* How, a red letter?

*Ama.* Say I wish all health to her and Damon;  
And being not able for to bear my griefs,  
I sought a remedy from mine own spear,  
And died.

*Dor.* How, dead? O me!  
See how her blood hath stain'd the holy valley!  
Well, you have done me wrong to kill yourself,  
Only to have me sacrific'd on the altar.  
I ne'er deserv'd it.

*Ama.* Fear not, Dorylas.

*Dor.* Fear not to die so like a calf? O Dorylas! O!

*Ama.* Good Dorylas, begone, whilst yet my breath  
Will give me leave to say it was not you.

*Dor.* See that you do, and so farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Ama.* Farewell!

How fearful death is unto them whose life

Has<sup>1</sup> any sweetness in it ! My days have all  
 Been so o'erworn with sorrow, that this wound  
 Is unto me rather a salve than sore,  
 More physic than disease. Whither my journey  
 Shall lead me now : through what dark, hideous place :  
 Among what monsters, hags, and snake-hair'd furies  
 Am I to go, I know not · but my life  
 Hath been so spotless, chaste, and innocent,  
 My death so undeserv'd, I have no reason  
 (If there be gods) but to expect the best ;  
 Yet what doth most torment me is the thought  
 How long 'twill be ere I again enjoy  
 My Damon's presence. Until then, Elysium  
 Will be no place of pleasure , and perchance,  
 When he comes thither too, he then may slight me  
 As much as now. That very fear doth make thee  
 Die, wretched Amaryllis !

## SCENE VII.

*Enter CLAIUS*

*Cla.* Now<sup>2</sup> no fear  
 Can make me lose the father. Death or danger,  
 Threat what you can · I have no heart to go  
 Back to the mountains, till my eyes have seen  
 My Amaryllis.

*Ama.* O, was ever love  
 So cross'd as mine ! was ever nymph so wretched  
 As Amaryllis ?

*Cla.* Ha ! I heard the sound  
 Of Amaryllis , where's that blessed creature,  
 That owes the name ? are you the virgin ?

*Ama.* Yes.  
 That fatal name is mine ; I shall anon  
 Be nothing but the name.

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *Had.*

<sup>2</sup> Old copies, *How.*

*Cla.* O, speak : what hand,  
What barbarous tiger's issue, what curst whelp  
Of bears or lions had the marble heart  
To wound so sweet a nymph ?

*Ama.* O, sir, my blood  
Calls none but fortune guilty : I by chance  
Stumbled on mine own dart, and hurt myself.

*Cla.* Then I have herbs to cure it. Heaven, I  
thank thee,  
That didst instruct me hither ! Still the blood  
Flows like a scarlet torrent, whose quick stream  
Will not be check'd : speak, *Amaryllis*, quickly !  
What hand this skin<sup>1</sup> hath stain'd, upon whose soul  
This blood writes murder, till you see the man  
Before your eyes, that gave the hurt, all hope  
In physic is despair. She will not speak,  
And now the cure grows to the last. Yet here  
I have a receipt will revive her spirits,

*[Applies a medicine, and rubs her temples.]*  
And till the last drop of her blood be clean  
Exhausted from those azure veins, preserve her ;  
But then she's lost for ever ! Then, O *Ceres*,  
If there be any in these groves—men, virgins,  
Beast, bird, or trees, or anything detesting  
This horrid fact, reveal it ! Sacred grass,  
Whose hallowed green this bloody deed hath stain'd,  
Ask nature for a tongue to name the murderer !  
I'll to the temple. If this place contain  
Any divinity, piety, or religion :  
If there be any god at home, or priest,  
Omphale or oracle, shrine or altar, speak  
Who did it : who is guilty of this sin,  
That dyes the earth with blood, and makes the heavens  
Asham'd to stand a witness ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *sunne*.

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter PILUMNUS and CHORYMBUS.*

*Pil.* What sad voice  
Disturbs our pious orgies ?

*Chor.* See, Pilumnus,  
A virgin all in gore.

*Pil.* Ceres defend us !  
The Sacred Valley is profan'd.

*Chor.* The place  
So dear to Ceres all defil'd with blood.

*Pil.* By Ceres and her holy Ompha, he  
That did it with his blood shall satisfy  
The goddess' anger ; who by blood offends,  
By his own (sacrific'd) must make amends.

*Cla.* I durst presume upon the power of art,  
Did I but know the murtherer.

*Pil.* Howsoever,  
'Tis death to him that did it.

*Chor.* Speak his name,  
Fair virgin.

*Amy.* O, if it be death to him  
That did it, I have not the power to live  
Behind him.

*Chor.* Who was it, then ?

*Amy.* Myself,  
And therefore in my death your law is satisfied,  
The blood and act both mine.

*Chor.* It is not so,  
For had it been by her own hand, my skill  
Could have preserv'd her life.

*Amy.* It was myself,  
Or one as dear.

*Cla.* Who's that ?

*Amy.* I'll rather die

Than name him, though it be a name I use  
Oft to repeat, and every repetition  
Is a new soul unto me: 'tis a name  
I have taught the birds to carol; every  
Laurel and cedar bears it registered  
Upon his tender bark: it is a name,  
In which is all the life I yet have left,  
A name I long to speak; yet I had rather  
Die all the several sorts of death twice over  
Than speak it once.

*Cla.* I charge thee by that duty  
Thou ow'st to me, Amaryllis—that thou ow'st to me,  
Who gave thee life<sup>1</sup>

*Pil.* What should this mean, Chorymbus? [*Aside.*

*Cla.* And by the womb that bare thee, by the breasts  
Of thy dead mother Lalage—

*Chor.* This is strange.

*Cla.* Conceal him not<sup>1</sup> in plain, I am thy father—  
Thy father, Amaryllis, that commands thee  
By these grey hairs to tell me. I am Claius.

*Pil.* How, Claius, and so fortunately found?

*Cla.* Ay, glut your hate. Pileumnus, let your soul,  
That has so long thirsted to drink my blood,  
Swill till my veins are empty, and carouse  
Deep in my heart, till you grow drunk and reel,  
And vomit up the surfeit, that your cruelty  
Quaff'd off with so much pleasure. I have stood  
Long like a fatal oak, at which great Jove  
Levels his thunder, all my boughs long since  
Blasted and wither'd, now the trunk falls too!  
Heaven end thy wrath in me!

*Pil.* Blessed be Ceres!  
What unexpected happiness is here?  
Rejoice, Sicilia's<sup>1</sup> miserable lovers,  
Crown all your brows with roses, and adore

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *Sicilians*.

The deity that sent him : he is come  
 Whose blood must quench the fire of Ceres' wrath,  
 And kindle more auspicious flames of love  
 In every breast.

*Cla.* Ay, do : I fear not death.  
 Let every virgin's hand, when I am slain,  
 Ring me a knell of plaudits : let my dirges  
 Be amorous ditties, and instead of weeping  
 Dance at my funeral ! 'Tis no grief for me  
 To die, to make my countrymen some sport.  
 Here's one in whom I only wish to live  
 Another age.

*Ama* What joy have I to live,  
 That ne'er liv'd yet <sup>2</sup> the time that I have spent  
 Since first I wept, then when I first had entrance  
 Into this world, this cold and sorrowful world,  
 Was but a scene of sorrow. Wretched I,  
 Fatal to both my parents <sup>1</sup> For my birth  
 Ruin'd my mother, and her <sup>1</sup> death my father.  
 O tragic life ! I either should have been  
 Ne'er born, or ne'er have died. When I began  
 To be, my sin began ; why should it then  
 Outlive me <sup>2</sup> for, though now I cease to be,  
 That still continues. Eyes, flow forth apace,  
 And be asham'd to see my wound run blood  
 Faster than you drop tears.

*Enter DAMON.*

See, here he comes,  
 His absence never until now I wished.

*Damon.* My conscience brings me back ; the feet  
 of guilt  
 Go slow and dull ; 'tis hard to run away  
 From that we bear about us !

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *my*.

*Cla.* The murderer  
Is in this place ; the issue of her blood  
Is stopped o' th' sudden. Cruel man, 'tis thou  
Hast done this bloody act that will disgrace  
The story of our nation, and imprint  
So deep a blemish in the age we live in  
For savage barbarism, that eternity  
Shall ne'er wear out. Pilumnus, on my knees  
I beg the justice of Sicilian laws  
Against this monster.

*Pil.* Claius, 'tis your hate  
And old revenge instructs you to accuse  
My son—you would have fellows in your death,  
And to that purpose you pretend, I know not  
What mysteries of art '

*Cla.* Speak, Amarylhis  
Is't not this wolf?

*Pil.* Say, virgin, was it he ?

*Ama.* O, I am angry with my blood for stopping.  
This coward ebb against my will betrays me,  
The stream is turn'd, my eyes run faster now.

*Pil.* Can you accuse my son ?

*Ama.* By Ceres, no.  
I have no heart to do it. does that face  
Look cruel ? do those eyes sparkle with hate  
Or malice ? Tell me, father, looks that brow,  
As if it could but frown ? Say, can you think  
'Tis possible Damon should have the heart  
To wound a virgin ? surely barbarous cruelty  
Dwells not in such a breast. Mercy and mildness :  
Courtesy, love and sweetness breathe in him :  
Not anger, wrath, or murder ; Damon was not  
Fed at a Thracian teat ; Venus did send  
Her doves to nurse him ; and can he be cruel ?  
Whence should he learn so much of barbarism  
As thus to wrong a virgin ? If he wound me,  
'Tis only from his eyes, where love's blind god



Whets his pil'd arrows ; he besides, you know,  
 Had never cause to wrong me ; for he knows  
 Always I lov'd him. Father, do not wrong  
 An innocent ; his soul is white and pure.  
 'Tis sin to think there lives a sin in him—  
 Impiety to accuse him.

*Pil.* In his looks  
 He carries guilt, whose horror breeds this strange  
 And obstinate silence. Shame and his conscience,  
 Will not permit him to deny it.

*Ama.* 'Tis, alas !  
 His modest, bashful nature and pure innocence  
 That makes him silent : think you that bright rose  
 That buds within his cheeks was planted there  
 By guilt or shame ? No, he has always been  
 So unacquainted with all act of sin,  
 That but to be suspected strikes him dumb  
 With wonder and amazement For, by Ceres  
 (I think my oath be lawful), I myself  
 Was cause of this.

*Cla.* Still I am confident  
 'Twas he.

*Pil.* It is your envy makes you so.

## SCENE IX.

*Enter ALEXIS and LAURINDA conversing*

*Lau.* I will, Alexis.  
 And so he must, if oaths be any tie.

*Alexis.* To lovers they are none : we break those  
 bonds  
 As easily as threads of silk. A bracelet  
 Made of you <sup>1</sup> maidens' hair's a stronger chain

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *your*.

Than twenty cobweb oaths, which while we break,  
Venus but laughs : it must be your persuasion  
That works him to it.

*Lau.* Alexis,<sup>1</sup> you must stand  
To what you promis'd ; how shall I believe  
Those other oaths you swear, if you respect  
This one no better ? It was my device  
To have her judge, was it not. Amaryllis ?  
How, all in blood !

*Clæ.* Yes, this unmerciful man  
(If he be man, that can do such a crime)  
Has wounded her.

*Ama.* Indeed it was not he.

*Pil.* You see herself frees him.

*Lau.* When last we left her,  
She was with Damon.

*Ama.* Pray believe her not,  
She speaks it out of anger. I ne'er saw  
Damon to-day before.

*Alexis.* And when we left 'em,  
He was incens'd.

*Ama.* You are no competent witness ;  
You are his rival in Laurinda's love  
And speak not truth, but malice. 'Tis a plot  
To ruin innocence.

*Lau.* O ungrateful man !  
The wolf that does devour the breast that nurst it  
Is not so bad as thou. Hear, hear this letter,  
Th' eternal chronicle of affection,  
That ought with golden characters to be writ  
In Cupid's annals, will (false man) convince thee  
Of foul ingratitude : you shall hear me read it.

*The Letter.*

*Laurinda, you have put it unto me  
To choose a husband for you. I will be*

---

*A judge impartial, upright, just, and true,  
Yet not so much unto myself as you.*

*Alexis.* Now I expect to hear my blessed doom.

*Lau.* *Alexis well deserves, but Damon more:*

*I wish you him I wish'd myself before.*

*Alexis.* O, I am ruin'd in the height of hope !  
How like the herb celestial is a lover !  
Now born, now dead again, he buds, sprouts forth,  
Flourishes, ripens, withers in a minute

*Lau.* *Take him, the best of men that ever eye*

*Beheld, and live with him for whom I die.*

*Amaryllis.*

Here look on't.

*Damon.* Writ with blood? O, let me kiss  
My bill of accusation ! here my name  
Looks, like my soul, all crimson every line,  
Word, syllable, and letter, wear the livery  
Of my unnatural action. Amaryllis,  
That name of all is black, which was alone  
Worthy so precious ink, as if disdaining  
The character of cruelty, which the rest  
Were cloth'd in - for as if that word alone  
Did wear this mourning colour, to bewail  
The funeral of my virtue, that lies buried  
Here in this living tomb, this moving sepulchre.

*Lau.* Know, murderer, I hate thy bed and thee,  
Unkind, unthankful villain !

*Ama.* Nay, Laurinda,  
You have bound yourself to stand to my award ;  
The sentence now is past, and you must love him ;  
It cannot be revers'd. You are deceiv'd ;  
He is not guilty of this sin, his love  
To me ; for mine makes him against his conscience  
Seem to confess it, but believe him not.

*Lau.* Nor will I, he is all falsehood and ingratitude.

*Damon.* Laurinda, you may spare in this harsh  
language

To utter your dislike. Had you a beauty  
More than immortal, and a face whose glory  
Far outshin'd angels, I would make my choice  
Here, and nowhere but here. Her virtue now  
Moves a more noble flame within my breast  
Than e'er your beauty did ; I am enamour'd  
More of her soul than ever yet I doated  
Upon your face. I do confess the fact.  
Pardon me, virtuous maid , for though the action  
Be worthy death, the object most condemns me !  
Take me to death, Chorymbus. Amaryllis,  
I go to write my story of repentance  
With the same ink wherewith thou wrote before  
The legend of thy love. Farewell, farewell !

[*Exeunt* CHORYMBUS, DAMON.]

*Pil* Laurinda and Alexis, do you call  
The shepherds and the virgins of Sicilia  
To see him sacrific'd whose death must make  
Their loves more fortunate. This day shall be  
Happy to all Sicilians but to me.  
Yet come, thou cursed Claus, the sweet comfort,  
Which I shall take when my revenge is done,  
Will something ease the sorrow for my son.

*Cla* Amaryllis, prythee, call Amyntas to me,  
And Thestylis, I fain would have mine eye  
Behold them once again before I die.

[*Exeunt* PILUMNUS, CLAUS.]

*Alexis*. Come, my Laurinda, through how many  
chances,  
Suspicious, errors, sorrows, doubts, and fears  
Love leads us to our pleasures ! many storms  
Have we sail'd through, my sweet ; but who could fear  
A tempest that had hope to harbour here ?

[*Exeunt* ALEXIS, LAURINDA.]

AMARYLLIS *sola*.

*Ama.* All, all but the distressed Amaryllis  
Are happy or less wretched. Fair Laurinda  
Is ready for a wedding, old Pilumnus  
Hath lost a son, yet mitigates his grief  
In Claius' death; my father Claius dies,  
Yet joys to have the son of his old enemy  
A partner of his sorrows; my father loses  
Only himself, and Damon, too, no more;  
Amyntas but a father. Only I  
Have lost all these: I have lost Claius, Damon,  
And myself too, a father with Amyntas,  
And all the rest in Damon, and (which more  
Affects me) I am cause of all. Pilumnus  
Had not else lost his son, nor had Amyntas  
Wept for a father, nor poor Thestylis  
Bewail'd a brother. Damon might have liv'd,  
And Claius, but for me. All circumstances  
Concur to make my miseries complete  
And sorrows perfect; for I lost my father  
As soon as I had found him, and my Damon  
As soon as I had found he lov'd me: thus  
All I can find is loss! O too-too wretched,  
Distressed virgin! When they both are dead,  
Visit their ashes, and first weep an hour  
On Claius' urn, then go and spend another  
At Damon's, thence again go wet the tomb  
Of thy dead father, and from thence return  
Back to thy lover's grave: thus spend thy age  
In sorrow; and, till death do end thy cares,  
Betwixt these two equally share thy tears.

ACT V., SCENE I.

*The Place of Execution.*

*Enter DORYLAS, and a Chorus of swains.*

*Dor.* Come, neighbours, let's go see the sacrifice  
Must make you happy lovers : O, 'twill be  
A fortunate season ; Father Corydon,  
You and old mother Baucis shall be friends.  
The sheep-hook and the distaff shall shake hands.  
You lovely freeze coats, nothing now but kissing,  
Kissing and culling, culling and kissing. Heyday !  
In hope it will be one day so with me  
I am content to live. Now let's ascend.  
[*They take their places.*]

SCENE II.

ALEXIS, LAURINDA, MEDORUS.

*Alexis* Now, my Laurinda, now (O happy now !)  
All lets that stood between my joy and me  
Are gone and fled.

*Lau.* Long, O, too long, Alexis,  
My doubtful fancy wavered whom to love—  
Damon or you ; in both was happiness,  
But double happiness was my single misery.  
So far'd it once, Alexis (for I well  
Remember it), with one of my poor ewes,  
Equally mov'd between two tufts of grass :  
This tempting one way, that enticing t'other ;  
Now she would this, then that, then this again,  
Until, poor fool (true emblem of her mistress),  
She almost starv'd in choosing which to feed on ;  
At last (so heaven pitied the innocent fool)

A western gale nipp'd one, which being blasted  
She fed upon the other.

*Alexis.* Pretty fool.

Let's now no more defer our nuptial joys.

*Med.* How sweet a folly is this love! But rash  
youth, Alexis,

(As youth is rash) runs indiscreetly on,  
While mature judgment, ripened by experience,  
Stays for love's season.

*Alexis.* Season? why, can love  
Be ever out of season?

*Med.* Yes, Alexis,  
Nothing's born ripe; all things at first are green.

*Alexis. Lau.* And such shall our affection still be seen.

*Med.* You are too hasty reapers, that do call  
For sickles in the spring.

*Alexis.* Love's harvest shall;  
(Lovers, you know) this harvest ought to be  
All the year long.

*Lau.* In Cupid's husbandry,  
Who reaps not in the spring reaps not at all.

*Med.* Women indeed too soon begin their fall.  
Yet, till curst Claius die, as now he must,  
Alexis and Laurinda, let my counsel  
Assuage the heat of youth, pray, be persuaded  
Awhile for to defer your nuptial bliss.  
'Tis but a while.

*Alexis.* A while in love's an age.

*Lau.* Maids in a while grow old.

*Med.* Temper loves fire.

*Alexis.* 'Tis but cold love that's temperate in  
desire.

*Med.* Yet, loving pair, stay till a fairer gale;  
He deserves shipwreck ('tis the mariner's flout)  
And justly too, that in a storm sets out.

*Lau.* I will suppress my flame (O, still it glows!)

*Alexis.* And I, but how unwilling, Cupid knows!

*Med.* 'Tis well ; now let's go take our place, to  
see  
For our sad griefs a sadder remedy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

AMYNTAS, AMARYLLIS.

*Ama.* Yes, it was he : he's in the temple, brother ;  
A place wherein he doth deserve a shrine,  
Yet 'tis<sup>1</sup> to him a prison. Can you gods  
Suffer the place that's reared unto your honours  
Be made so vile a thing ?

*Amy.* Pray, give me entrance ;  
I am not mad (and yet I would I were).  
Am I not mad to wish so ? Let me come  
And see him , sure, you had yourself a father,  
Did you not wish to see him, ere he died ?  
If he be dead, we'll only pray awhile,  
And weep ; will tears pollute the hallowed Ompha ?  
For we must shed them ; yes, we cannot choose :  
Come, sister, he will let us , for though Lalage  
Was our sad mother, yet the gods will let us  
Weep for her. Come, come, Amaryllis, come.  
[*Exeunt. They take their places.*

SCENE IV.

MOPSUS, JOCASTUS.

*Joc.* Brother, agreed, what means his gracious  
favour ?

*Mop.* It signifies you bear the bell away  
From all his grace's nobles.

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *is*.



- Joc.* Divinely augur'd !  
 For this I'll make thee augur to his grace.
- Mop.* Bellwether of knighthood, you shall bind me to you.
- Joc.* I'll have't no more a sheep-bell ; I am knight  
 Of the mellisonant tingle-tangle
- Mop.* Sure, one of my progeny ; tell me, gracious brother,  
 Was this mellisonant tingle-tangle none  
 Of old Actæon's hounds ?
- Joc.* Ignorant mortal !  
 Thou dost not understand the terms of honour.
- Mop.* How should I, sir ? my trees bear no such apples.
- Joc.* As mine ? th' Hesperian fruit are crabs to mine.
- Hence came the knighthood, hence.
- Mop.* The fame whereof rings loud.
- Joc.* We know it.
- Mop.* Four such knighthoods more  
 Would make an excellent peal.
- Joc.* I'll have 'em so.
- Mop.* But you must get a squirrel, too.
- Joc.* For what ?
- Mop.* To ring your knighthoods.
- Joc.* I'll have anything.  
 His grace will not deny me. O sweet orchard !
- Mop.* To see the fruit that came of such an orchard !
- Joc.* But shall we not see Claius sacrific'd ?
- Mop.* O, by all means.
- Joc.* But how deserv'd he death ?
- Mop.* No matter for deserving it or no ;  
 'Tis fit he suffer for example's sake.
- Joc.* And not offend ?
- Mop.* 'Tis fit he should offend.
- [ *They take their places.* ]

## SCENE V.

PILUMNUS *with a sacrificing knife, fire laid on the altar, a Priest holding a taper ready to kindle it, another Priest pouring water on CLAIUS' head, who was bound: CHORYMBUS leading out DAMON bound.*

*Pil.* Sicilians, nature and religion  
Are at contention in me my sad soul  
Divided 'twixt my goddess and my son,  
Would (in her strange distractions) either have me  
Turn parricide or apostate. Awful Ceres,  
For whom I feed the fattest of my lambs,  
To whom I send the holiest of my prayers,  
Upon the smoky wings of sweetest myrrh,  
Instruct my doubtful flamen ! as I cannot  
Forget I am thy priest ; (for sooner shall  
Our lambs forget to feed, our swains to sing,  
Our bees forget first from the fruitful thyme  
To cull them bags of nectar : everything  
Forget his nature, ere I can forget  
I am thy priest) ; nor can I but remember  
That Damon is my son, yet take him, Ceres !  
You need not pour water upon his head,  
I'll do it with my tears. Ceres, I hope  
Thy anger will not bind the father's eye  
To look into the bowels of his son.  
I'll therefore first spill on thy hallowed altar  
This captive's blood, and then retire myself  
Not to be present at my Damon's death,  
Lest nature might turn rebel to devotion.

*Song.*

*Ceres, to whom we owe that yet  
We do not mast and acorns eat :*

*That didst provide us better meat,  
 The purest flour of finest wheat.  
 This blood we spill at thy desire,  
 To kindle and to quench a fire.  
 O, let it quench thy flame of ire,  
 And kindle mercy more entire.  
 O, let this guilty blood atone  
 For every poor unlucky one,  
 Nymph or swain, whoever do groan  
 Under sad love's imperious throne.  
 That love a happier age may see  
 In thy long-tortur'd Sicily.  
 That blood which must th' atonement be,  
 Thus, goddess, thus we pay to thee.*

*Enter AMYNTAS, with AMARYLLIS.*

*Amyn.* Stay, stay that impious hand, whose hasty  
 zeal

Thinks murder can appease the goddess' wrath '  
 If it be murder must appease her wrath,  
 What is't can move her anger? Do not then,  
 Do not pollute her altar, lest it keep  
 The crimson stain of blood, and blush for ever  
 At this too cruel, ignorant devotion.

*Pil.* Avoid the madman.

*Amyn* Why, Pilumnus, why?

By the dread Ompha, spare this guilty blood,  
 And I'll expound the oracle.

What fire has yet his blood or quench'd or kindled?

*Pil.* Why, it hath quenched the sadder flames of  
 love,

And more auspicious fires begin to move.

*Amyn.* Where? in what breast? No love in all  
 Trinacria

But under Cupid's sceptre faints and groans  
 More now than ever. Thy unfortunate Damon,

And more unfortunate Amaryllis stand  
 A sad example. Thy Urania  
 (O sad, sweet name <sup>1</sup>) may with her poor Amyntas  
 Witness his tyrannous reign here in Sicilia.  
 Turtles grow jealous ; doves are turn'd unchaste ;  
 The very pelicans of Trinacrian woods  
 Are found unnatural, and thirst the blood  
 Of their young brood : alas ! who can believe it ?  
 Whom they were wont to suckle with their own.  
 O wretched season ! bitter fruits of love !  
 The very storks with us are parricides !  
 Nay, even the senseless trees are sensible  
 Of this imperious rage The gentle vine  
 (The happy emblem once of happier lovers),  
 That with such amorous twines and close embraces  
 Did cling about the loved-loving elm,  
 With slacker branches now falls down, and withers.  
 If then, to add more fuel to the flame,  
 To pour in oil and sulphur, be to quench it,  
 The flame is quench'd Nor are you he, Pilumnus,  
 That must expound the oracle ' 'tis a wit,  
 Such as mine is (neglected), that must hit  
 The goddess' meaning. You the living oracle  
 Of Sicilia, the breathing Ompha of the kingdom,  
 Will misconceive the goddess , you are wise,  
 Skill'd in the virtues of all herbs and flowers,  
 What makes our ewes can best, what keeps them sound.  
 Can tell us all the mysteries of heaven :  
 The number, height, and motion of the stars,  
 'Tis a mad brain,<sup>1</sup> an intellect you scorn,  
 That must unite this riddle.

*Pil.* But, I know,  
 The wrath of Ceres cannot be appeas'd  
 But by the blood of Claus.

---

<sup>1</sup> This reminds us of Dryden—

“ Great wits are, sure, to madness near allied ”

*Amyntas.*

So it is.

*Pil.* How can that be? yet his accurs'd gore  
Hath not imbru'd the altar.

*Amyntas.*

But his blood

Hath been already shed in Amaryllis.  
She is his blood; so is Urania yours,  
And Damon is your blood—that is the blood  
The goddess aims at—that must still her ire,  
For her blood hath both quench'd and kindled fire.

*Pil.* What hath it quench'd or kindled?

*Amyntas.*

Love: the fire

That must be quench'd and kindled—Damon's love  
To his Laurinda, in that blood extinguish'd,  
Is by that powerful blood kindled anew  
To Amaryllis, now grown his desire:  
Thus Claus' blood hath quench'd and kindled fire.

*All.* Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas!

*Pil.* And is the fire of Damon kindled  
But to be quench'd again? Ceres, a frost  
Dwell on thy altars, ere my zeal renew  
Religious fires to warm 'em.

*Amyntas.*

Spare these blasphemies;

For Damon is acquitted and assol'd  
Of any trespass.

*Pil.*

How, Amyntas? speak!

Thou that hast sav'd a father, save a son!

*Amyntas.* Thus. Amaryllis is the sacrifice  
The goddess aim'd at, and the blood of sacrifice  
(As you all know) may lawfully be spilt  
Even in the Holy Vale, and so it was;  
Besides, your Damon is a priest by birth,  
And therefore, by that title, he may spill  
The sacrificed Amaryllis' blood.

If this interpretation be not true,  
Speak you, Sicilians; I'll be judg'd by you.

*All.* Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas!

*Pil.* Amyntas, thou hast now made full amends

For my Philebus' death. Claius, all envy—  
 Envy, the viper of a venomous soul,  
 Shall quit my breast. This is the man, Sicilians—  
 The man to whom you owe your liberties.  
 Go, virgins, and with roses strow his way,  
 Crown him with violets and lily wreaths;  
 Cut off your golden tresses, and from them  
 Weave him a robe of love. Damon, pay here  
 The debt of duty that thou ow'st to me;  
 Hence was thy second birth.

*Damon.* Or hither, rather :  
 The balsam of Sicilia flowed from hence ;  
 Hence from this scarlet torrent, whose each drop  
 Might ransom Cupid, were he captive ta'en.

*Ama.* How much owe I my Damon, whose blest  
 hand

Made me the public sacrifice · could I shed  
 As many drops of blood, even from the heart,  
 As Arethusa drops of water can,  
 I would outvy her at the fullest tide:  
 That other virgins' loves might happy be,  
 And mine, my Damon, be as blest in thee.

*Cla.* O, what a shower of joy falls from mine eyes,  
 The now too fortunate Claius ' my Amyntas,  
 My Amaryllis, how shall I divide  
 My tears and joys betwixt you ?

*Pil.* Lovers, come ;  
 Come all with flow'ry chaplets on your brows,  
 And singing hymns to Ceres, walk around  
 This happy village, to express our glee ;  
 This day each year shall Cupid's triumphs be.

*Amynt.* Still my impossible dowry for Urania  
 Leaves me unfortunate in the midst of joy ;  
 Yet out of piety I will here awhile  
 (Though blest I am not, till she be my bride)  
 In public joys lay private griefs aside.

[*Exeunt, cum Choro cantantium.*]

*Joc.* And I'll go fetch the youngsters of the town,  
The mortal faeries and the lasses brown,  
To bring spic'd cakes and ale, to dance and play ;  
Queen Mab herself shall keep it holiday. [*Exit.*]

*Mop.* Ah, Dorylas ! that I could not have th' wit  
To have been a madman rather than a fool,  
I have lost the credit.

*Dor.* 'Tis no matter,  
You shall have Thestylis.

*Mop.* Shall I, Dorylas ?  
I had as lief interpret her as oracles.

*Dor.* And here she comes ; give me your quail-  
pipe,  
Hark you—— [*He whispers in his ear, and retires.*]

*Enter THESTYLIS.*

*Mop.* Now, Thestylis, thou shalt mine oracle be,  
Henceforth I will interpret none but thee

*Thes.* Why, have the birds (my Mopsus) counsell'd so.

*Mop.* They say I must, whether you will or no.

*Thes.* How know I that ?

*Mop.* The birds do speak it plain.  
[*Dorylas with a quail pipe.*]

Hark, Thestylis, the birds say so again.

*Thes.* I understand them not.

*Mop.* Will you be judg'd  
By th' next we meet ?

*Thes.* Mopsus, I am content,  
So you will stand unto it as well as I.

*Mop.* By Ceres, Thestylis, most willingly.

*Enter DORYLAS*

*Mop.* Ah, Dorylas ! heard you what the birds did  
say ?

*Dor.* Ay, Mopsus, you are a happy man to-day.

*Mop.* What said they, boy ?

*Dor.* As if you did not know !

*Mop.* But, Thestylis——

*Dor.* Why, sure, she understands it ;

Have you to her this language never read ?

*Mop.* No, Dorylas, I can teach her best in bed.

*Dor.* The birds said twice (as you full well do know),

You must have Thestylis, whether she will or no.

*Thes.* And I am caught ? 'Tis no great matter, though.

For this time, Mopsus, I will marry thee ;

The next I wed, by Pan, shall wiser be !

*Mop.* And have I got thee ? thanks, my witty boy.

*Dor.* Hark, Thestylis, the birds do bid you joy.

*Thes.* For fooling, Mopsus: now 'tis time, give o'er.

*Mop.* Madam, I may, but will be fool no more.

*Thes.* Mad after marriage as a fool before

For he's a fool that weds, all wives being bad ;

And she's a fool makes not her husband mad.

## SCENE VI.

*JOCASTUS with a morrice, himself Maud-marian ;  
BROMIUS the clown.*

*Dor.* See, Mopsus, see ! here comes your fairy brother,

Hark you, for one good turn deserves another.

[*Exeunt DORYLAS, MOPSUS.*]

*Joc.* I did not think there had been such delight  
In any mortal morrice ; they do caper  
Like quarter-fairies at the least : by my knighthood,  
And by this sweet mellisonant tingle-tangle,



The ensign of my glory, you shall be  
Of Oberon's revels.

*Bro.* What to do, I pray?  
To dance away our apples?

*Joc.* Surely, mortal,  
Thou art not fit for any office there.

*Enter DORYLAS, like the King of Fairies, with  
MORSUS.*

*Joc.* See, blind mortal, see,  
With what a port, what grace, what majesty  
This princely Oberon comes! Your grace is welcome.

*Dor.* A beauteous lady, bright and rare.  
Queen Mab herself is not so fair.

*Joc.* Does your grace take me for a woman, then?

*Dor.* Yes, beauteous virgin, thy each part  
Has shot an arrow through my heart;  
Thy blazing eye, thy lip so thin:  
Thy azure cheek and crystal chin.  
Thy rainbow brow, with many a rose:  
Thy sapphire ears and ruby nose:  
All wound my soul O, gentle be,  
Or, lady, you will ruin me.

*Joc.* Bromius, what shall I do? I am no woman:  
If gelding of me will preserve your grace,  
With all my heart.

*Bro.* No, master, let him rather  
Steal away all your orchard apples.

*Joc.* Ay, and [he] shall,  
Beauteous Queen Mab may lose her longing else.

*Dor.* How's this? are you no woman, then?  
Can such bright beauty live with men?

*Joc.* An't please your grace, I am your knight  
Jocastus.

*Dor.* Indeed I thought no man but he  
Could of such perfect beauty be.

*Joc.* Cannot your grace distil me to a woman?

*Dor.* I have an herb, they moly call,<sup>1</sup>  
Can change thy shape (my sweet) and shall.  
To taste this moly but agree,  
And thou shalt perfect woman be.

*Joc.* With all my heart. Ne'er let me move,  
But I am up to the ears in love.  
But what if I do marry thee?

*Dor.* My Queen Jocasta thou shalt be.

*Joc.* Sweet moly!  
Pray, let Bromius have some moly too,  
He'll make a very pretty waiting-maid.

*Bro.* No, indeed,  
Forsooth; you have ladies enough already.

*Dor.* Half your estate then give to me;  
Else, you being gone, there none will be,  
Whose orchard I dare here frequent.

*Joc.* Sweet Oberon, I am content.

*Dor.* The other half let Mopsus take.

*Joc.* And Thestylis a jointure make.

*Bro.* Why, master, are you mad?

*Joc.* Your mistress, sirrah.  
Our grace has said it, and it shall be so.

*Bro.* What, will you give away all your estate?

*Joc.* We have enough beside in fairyland.  
You, Thestylis, shall be our maid-of-honour.

*Thes.* I humbly thank your grace.

*Joc.* Come, princely Oberon,  
I long to taste this moly: pray, bestow  
The knighthood of the mellisonant tingle-tangle  
Upon our brother Mopsus; we will raise  
All of our house to honours.

*Mop.* Gracious sister!

*Joc.* I always thought I was born to be a queen.

*Dor.* Come, let us walk, majestic queen,

---

<sup>1</sup> The same employed by Ulysses in the "Odyssey."

Of fairy mortals to be seen.  
 In chairs of pearl thou plac'd shalt be,  
 And empresses shall envy thee,  
 When they behold upon our throne  
 Jocasta with her—Dorylas.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Joc.* Am I deceiv'd and cheated, gull'd and fool'd ?

*Mop.* Alas, sir ! you were born to be a queen.

*Joc.* My lands, my livings, and my orchard gone ?

*Dor.* Your grace hath said it, and it must be so !

*Bro.* You have enough beside in fairyland !

*Thes.* What would your grace command your maid-  
 of-honour ?

*Dor.* Well, I restore your lands : only the orchard  
 I will reserve for fear Queen Mab should long.

*Mop.* Part I'll restore unto my liberal sister  
 In lieu of my great knighthood.

*Thes.* Part give I.

*Joc.* I am beholding to your liberality.

*Bro.* I'll something give as well as do the rest.  
 Take my fool's coat, for you deserve it best.

*Joc.* I shall grow wiser.

*Dor.* Oberon will be glad on't.

*Thes.* I must go call Urania, that she may  
 Come vow virginity. [Exit.

## SCENE VII.

PILUMNUS, AMYNTAS, &c.

*Amyntas.* Ceres, I do thank thee,  
 That I am author of this public joy,  
 But is it justice (goddess) I alone  
 Should have no share in't ? Every one, I see,  
 Is happy but myself, that made them so ;  
 And my Urania, that should most be so.

I thirst amidst the bowls ; when others sit  
 Quaffing off nectar, I but hold the cup,  
 And stand a sadder Tantalus of love,  
 Starving in all this plenty ; Ceres' demand  
 Feeds me with gall ; stretchung my doubtful thoughts  
 On many thousand racks : I would my dowry  
 Were all the gold of Tagus, or the ore  
 Of bright Pactolus' channel. But, Urania,  
 'Tis hid : alas ! I know not what it is.

## SCENE VIII.

*Before the Temple of Ceres.*

*Enter THESTYLIS, with URANIA in the background,  
 dressed as a vestal.*<sup>1</sup>

My Thestylis, since first the sea-god's trident  
 Did rule the small three-pointed piece of earth  
 Of this our conquering soil, it has not been  
 A place of so much story as to-day :  
 So full of wonders. O, 'twill serve (my Thestylis)  
 For our discourse, when we go fold our ewes :  
 Those shepherds, that another day shall keep  
 Their kids upon these mountains, shall for ever  
 Relate the miracle to their wondering nymphs.  
 O my Urania, it will fill their ears  
 With admiration.

*Thes.* Sir, Urania's here.

*Amy.* How, in this habit. This (methinks) fits  
 not

A lover, my Urania.

*Ura.* Yes, Amyntas,

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies read simply, *Urania*, *Thestylis*, but the former does not come on at first.

This habit well befits a virgin's life.  
 For since my dowry never can be paid,  
 Thus for thy sake I'll live and die a maid.

*Amy.* O, is it just, so fair a one as you  
 Should vow virginity? must the sacred womb  
 Of my Urania, fit to have brought forth  
 A fruitful race of gods, be ever barren,  
 Never expect Lucina? shall this beauty  
 Live but one age? how cursed our posterity,  
 That shall have no Uranias! can one tomb  
 Contain all goodness? Ceres, rather blast  
 The corn thou gav'st us: let the earth grow barren  
 These trees and flowers wither eternally.  
 Let our ploughs toil in vain, and let there be  
 No more a harvest! every loss is small,  
 Yea, though the Phoenix-self should burn to ashes,  
 And ne'er revive again. But let there be  
 Some more Uranias——

*Enter PILUMNUS.*

*Pil.* It is necessity,  
 We must obey. *[Aside.*

*Amy.* But yet, Urania,  
 I hope we may sometimes come pray together,  
 'Tis not profane, and midst our sacred orisons  
 Change a chaste kiss or two; or shall I too  
 Turn virgin with thee. But I fool myself;  
 The gods intend to cross us, and in vain  
 We strive (Urania) to cross them again.

*URANIA kneeling before the OMPHA.*

*Ura.* Great Ceres, for thy daughter Proserpine's  
 sake  
 (Ravish'd by Pluto from Sicilian plains  
 To reign with him Queen of Elysian shades),

Accept the sacrifice of a virgin ; for  
 It is thy pleasure—thine, by whom the earth  
 And everything grows fruitful, to have me  
 Be ever barren : thy impossible dowry  
 Makes me despair to be Amyntas' bride,  
 Therefore that cold chaste snow, that never should  
 Have melted but betwixt his amorous arms,  
 I vow unto thy cloister (awful goddess ')  
 Almighty Ceres, is not this life holy *Echo. Folly.*  
 Better than live in an unhappy love ?

*Echo Happy love.*

Be judge, ye woods, and let Amyntas speak.

*Echo Amyntas speak.*

*Pil.* The goddess is well pleas'd ; she deigns to  
 answer

By gracious echoes. Go, Amyntas speak.

*Amyntas.* Why, will she answer me before Urania ?  
 No, 'twas the music of her angel's voice,  
 Whose heavenly accents with such charming notes  
 Ravish'd the goddess' ears, she could not choose  
 But bear a part in that harmonious song—  
 Yet if she will after such melody  
 Endure to hear the harsh Amyntas speak.

*Echo. Amyntas speak.*

When wilt thou think my torments are enou' ?

*Echo Now.*

Alas, how is it possible I should hope it ?

*Echo. Hope it.*

How shall I pay the dowry, that you ask me ?

*Echo. Ask me.*

I ask a dowry to be made a husband

*Echo. A husband.*

Answer directly to what I said last.

*Echo. What I said last.*

A husband, Ceres ? Why, is that the guess ?

*Echo. Yes.*

"That which I have not, may not, cannot have,"

I have not, may not, cannot have a husband.  
'Tis true I am a man, nor would I change  
My sex to be the empress of the world.  
Urania, take thy dowry; 'tis myself—  
A husband; take it.

*Ura.* 'Tis the richest dowry  
That e'er my most ambitious prayers could beg!  
But I will bring a portion, my Amyntas,  
Shall equal it, if it can equal'd be:  
"That which I have not, may not, cannot have,"  
Shall be thy portion. 'tis a wife, Amyntas.

*Amyntas.* Should greater queens woo me in all their  
pride,  
And in their laps bring me the wealth of worlds,  
I should prefer this portion for the best.  
Thanks, Ceres, that hath made us both be blest.

*Echo.* *Be blest*

*Cla.* Pilumnus, let us now grow young again,  
And like two trees, robb'd of their leafy boughs  
By winter, age, and Boreas' keener breath,  
Sprout forth and bud again. This spring of joy  
Cuts forty years away from the grey sum.  
Once more in triumph let us walk the village.

*Pil.* But first I will entreat this company  
To deign to take part in this public joy.

## PILUMNUS EPILOGISES.

---

All loves are happy , none with us there be,  
Now sick of coyness or inconstancy.  
The wealthy sums of kisses do amount  
To greater scores than curious art can count.  
Each eye is fix'd upon his mistress' face,  
And every arm is lock'd in some embrace ;  
Each cheek is dimpled; every lip doth smile  
Such happiness I wish this blessed isle,  
This little world of lovers, and, lest you  
Should think this bliss no real joys nor true,  
Would every lady in this orb might see  
Their loves as happy as we say they be '  
And for you gentle youths, whose tender hearts  
Are not shot-proof 'gainst love and Cupid's darts,  
*These are my prayers (I would those prayers were*  
*charms)*

That each had here his mistress in his arms.  
True lovers (for 'tis truth gives love delight),  
To you our Author only means to write.  
If he have pleas'd (as yet he doubtful stands)  
For his applause clap lips instead of hands.  
He begs nor bays, nor ivy—only this,  
Seal his wish'd plaudit with an amorous kiss.

*[Exeunt Cantantes,*





HEY FOR HONESTY.

## EDITION.

Πλουτοφθαλμία Πλουτογαμία. *A Pleasant Comedie, Entituled Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery. Translated out of Aristophanes his Plutus, by Tho Randolph. Augmented and Published by F J.*

*Dixit Fabula sum satis superque  
At Pauper satis et super Poeta*

*London, Printed in the Year 1651 4o Printed in two columns.*

Not in the collected editions, from which it may have been excluded accidentally, or in consequence of a feeling that it was the result of divided authorship

This very scarce and curious adaptation (for translation it is not) was, like nearly the whole of Randolph's works, a posthumous book, and seems either to have been left in an incomplete state, or to have received additional touches from the editor, F J[ames?]

The volume was evidently published by F J—whoever he was—with the name of the dedicatee left blank, in order that each copy might be filled up with a different name, and a presentation fee obtained, but in that here used none has been inserted.

Lamb has given a specimen of this piece in his "Extracts from the Garrick Plays." Some authorities, who cannot have read "Hey for Honesty," describe it as little more than a translation from Aristophanes, whereas, in truth, it is an original production, with nothing but the name of the ancient Greek poet and his satire put in the forefront. It is, like all Randolph's writings, brimful of fun, fine animal spirits, masterly talent, scholarship, and serviceable allusions. The last are always very curious, but are such as very seldom require explanation, as they are found so often in our early writers. The mention of Pericles, Sir John Oldcastle, Sir John Falstaff, the Ghost of Hamlet's father, and Shakespeare himself, are interesting.

TO THE TRULY VIRTUOUS AND  
ACCOMPLISHED GENT.

[Name left blank.]

*The publisher of this Comedy wishes health and  
happiness everlasting.*

—o—

NOBLE GENTLEMAN,—

I T was the happiness of my stars, to have known you long ago, as the very eye of our garden of England, all which both admire and love you; and it is the height of my ambition, to salute your hands, that love honesty, with the comedical advancement of honesty. I am confident, what Aristophanes and his translator have pencilled in this kind, you love to own, though drawn out in a weak sciography. But you had rather see it performed in men's lives, than personated on the stage; rather represented in action, than acted in speculative representations. I crave your courteous patronage, sufficient panoply even against envy itself. I prostrate it to your judicious test (at vacant hours) to approve of, and of myself too, who am your humble servant and admirer, F. J.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> These initials I fail to identify, but in the British Museum is an unpublished play called "The Queen of Corsica," 1642, by Francis Jaques.

## *THE PREFACE TO THE READER*



READER,—

**T**HIS is a pleasant comedy, though some may judge it satirical. 'Tis the more like Aristophanes the father: besides, if it be biting, 'tis a biting age we live in. Then biting for biting. Again, Tom Randal, the adopted son of Ben Jonson, being the translator hereof, followed his father's steps; they both of them loved sack and harmless mirth, and here they show it, and I (that know myself) am not averse from it neither. This I thought good to acquaint thee with. Farewell                      Thine, F I.

*To his worthy Friend F. J., on the setting  
forth of this excellent Comedy.*

TO join things so divided in this age,  
Shows thy rare masterpiece of wit right sage  
Out of th' Athenian Sea to draw it forth,  
Commends not only learned skill, but worth.  
I mean both honesty and wealth so rare  
Do these two planets in conjunction share  
Of one man's breast. Their divers aspects shine  
Malign (like Saturn) in sextile or trine,  
To each ingenuous soul I know, our nation  
Would fain obscure this luminous constellation .  
But thou hast rescued it, and set it free  
In the bright orb of ingenuity.  
Go on, brave soul ! let each heroic spirit  
Know 'tis allied to riches as by merit  
Vindicate them . while muckworm-minded men  
Feel the sharp dint of thy incensed pen.  
Doom them to dunghills ; and thy potent scorn  
Not lend them hose to put on head or horn !

*THE ARGUMENT OR SUBJECT OF THE  
COMEDY.*

---

CHREMYLUS, an honest decayed gentleman, willing to become rich, repaireth to the oracle of Apollo to inquire how he might compass his design. The oracle enjoyneth him to follow that man whom he first met with, and never part from his company. The man he met is the old blind God of Wealth disguised. After this, Chremylus calleth his poor (but honest) neighbours to partake of his happiness. The honest party rejoice at the news; rascals only and vicious persons are discontented. Plutus is led to the Temple of Esculapius, by whose art and help he recovereth his eyesight. At this knaves are even mad, they murmur and complain exceedingly. Likewise the Goddess Poverty, that aforetime had great power in the land, complaineth that her sceptre is almost broken to pieces, thereupon she raiseth wars, but is routed; she also is vanquished in disputation of the necessity of poverty. Knaves again salute the Weeping-cross,<sup>1</sup> as well as Penniless-bench. Nay, the Pope himself is even starved. Lastly, to vex them more, the God of Wealth is introduced, married to Honesty.

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<sup>1</sup> A common metonym for repentance. See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p 178.

## THE INTRODUCTION.



*Enter* ARISTOPHANES and TRANSLATOR.

*Arist.* 'Ὡς ἀργαλέον πρᾶγμ' ἰδὼν ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ θεοί,  
Δούλον γενέσθαι παραφρονοῦντος δεσπότου.

*Tran* Now a bots on your παραφρονοῦντος δεσπότου !  
You Master Δούλος, if you come here with your Ζεῦ  
καὶ θεοί, I'll take your *Aigaleon Pragma* on the cox-  
comb.

*Arist* Honest rogue ! Now, in the name of fortune, how did I meet thee here ? And how do all the mad boys in London ? clerks, informers, solicitors, and some poor honest Cavaliers ?

*Tran.* Out upon thee, devil, thou art come from hell, and I see all our doings is known there. Is't possible ? Well, I perceive all things will have their place Faith, to tell thee, Goldsmiths' Hall is damnable rich ; and informers will have the devil and all. Honest Cavaliers are known by their threadbare clothes. But prythee, Aristophanes, how hast thou done this two thousand years ? How do all the jovial elders in Athens ? Have you a good cup of sack at the Pegasus still ? Come, here's to thee in the Attic dialect, *i. e.*, a cup of canary in a black pot : remembering the merry wench at the Centaur Her nose is as sharp as the Excise. But fie upon thee for an ass ! dost thou come to speak Hebrew-Greek at London ?



Why, three-quarters of the city are Roundheads, man, that of all the languages of Babylon think it a heresy to understand any but their native English. The schools of Latin and Greek have a long vacation : if thou wilt please um, thou must needs speak English ; and I'll give thee t'other pottle for thy pains, too.

*Arist.* Thou mayest command me anything, my little poetical Fury ? But which of my comedies do you think fittest ? What, my *Equites* ?

*Tran.* What, thy *Troopers* ? No, we have enough of them already

*Arist.* What then ? my *Vespa* ? my witty *Wasps* !

*Tran.* No, no, my merry Greek, take heed, my wit of the world ! this is no age for wasps ; 'tis a dangerous touchy age, and will not endure the stinging.

*Arist.* Why, then, you shall have *Plutus*, 'tis a golden comedy, fit to be acted in Goldsmiths' Hall, if the company will be round about it But I must request the audience to forbear their censures till they understand me.

[*He retires a little.*]

*Enter GHOST OF CLEON.*

*Arist.* Blessing on me, what's here ! What ghost is this ! Has he committed adultery in his grave, that he comes to take penance in a white sheet ? It looks like Cleon.

*Cleon.* Is't not enough that I have been the laughter Of Grecian stages, and the scorn of Athens , But British Isle, sever'd from all the world, Must know my shame ? shall the ridiculous age Make only Cleon subject of their sports ? Time was, when Athens felt my great commands ; When at a sitting I could breathe out taxes, Could reach a province ; and with stretch'd-out justice Crush the malignant party into air, That only fed them like chameleons !

And good enough—while my own fat *corpusculum*  
 Was stuff'd with dainties ; while the boorish peasants  
 Did bow to save sequest'ring ; and the parsons  
 Devoutly pray'd to get a benefice,  
 Whom I transmitted to pluralities ·  
 Only with caution, that they should not have  
 More than some synod-men. Aristophanes,  
 That wicked Cavalier, I outed him  
 For a malignant sermon 'gainst my worship,  
 Some twenty years now since. He was a grater  
 Upon his tithes too, and read common prayer,  
 But you, poor cobbler of his wretched wit,  
 Translator of his scoffs <sup>1</sup> what hath old Cleon  
 Deserved of you, thus to incense your brain—  
 Your broker's brain, your wit at second-hand <sup>2</sup>  
 'Tis true, I was a tanner · what of that ?  
 Yet (by my vexed soul) dare but to laugh,  
 I'll make the Furies sequester thy noddle,  
 And Radamanth my clerk shall have a warrant  
 To plunder all delinquents dare look wan,  
 In scorn of Cleon, the committee-man.

*Arist.* O sir, your office is disbanded. Foh, now  
 I smell a tanner <sup>1</sup> Why, sir, who scrapes your hides  
 in hell, while you are on this side Acheron ? If you  
 make not speedy return, the devil will want leather to  
 make Cæcus a pair of boots. Get you to Tamworth,  
 to Tamworth <sup>1</sup>

*Cleon.* You arch malignant buffon, scoffing Royalist,  
 Fennor of Greece,<sup>2</sup> Tarlton of Athens, how darest  
 thou  
 Flout at the well affected, and scoff those men

---

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the old legendary ballad of "The King and the Tanner of Tamworth," printed in Hazlitt's "Popular Poetry."

<sup>2</sup> This is a reference to William Fennor, the literary antagonist of Taylor the water-poet

Upon whose shoulders all the commonwealth  
And safety of Athenians remains ?

*Arist.* The commonwealth on thy shoulders ?  
Prythee, persuade me that Atlas was a tanner !  
Come, brother, let's conjure him away.

*Al bopotan marpse bursalleton anculokeiles.*

*Tran.* *Gamophilessu draconta coalemon haimatopan-*  
*ten.*

*Arist.* *De tote paphlagonon men apollutia he scorod-*  
*dalme.*

*Tran.* *Coiliopolesi de theos mega kudos opazei*

*Arist.* *Ait on me poloin allantias mallon heloontai*

[*Exeunt* CLEON and ARISTOPHANES

*Manet* TRANSLATOR *et prologizat.*

The Attic honey-tongue of Athens here  
Invites you to his Hybla, and his cheer  
Deserveth honest guests. Spare my expressing  
An English cook hath spoil'd it in the dressing  
And therefore some that sit with mustard looks,  
May say, God sent us meat, the devil cooks,<sup>1</sup>  
I know you cannot banquet at the board  
With such coarse country viands we afford.  
No dainty females, ladies of the court,  
No pretty imps, but clowns to make you sport.  
Here's sequestrators and a rabble crew  
From Goldsmiths' Hall, and Haberdashers, too ;  
Excisemen, peepers, and informing sharks,  
Brave home-spun people, with committees' clerks.  
If you have curious palates, you may fast ;  
We bring no cates for any serious taste.  
Our homely rustic Grecian poet's birth  
Cares not to make his circle flow with mirth.  
Else, had I Morpheus' wand to charm your sight,

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<sup>1</sup> A proverb.

I'd close your eyes with slumber, that you might  
Not feed you (though with witches' seeming fare),  
While these poor follies personated are.  
For great is now this paper-tribulation,  
Bad in itself, made worse by expectation.  
It might have pleased the poet, had it been done  
In some old rotten barn at Islington ;  
Where tables clapp'd together might have been  
A stage well-fitting such a worthy scene.  
We meant it but a show ; if more it be,  
Your kind acceptance christens it Comedy  
Be this your judgment then. O, censure it  
As the poor rany of a Græcian wit !  
The whilst we'll act, and still your servants be,  
With the engagements of our hand and knee

## THE ACTORS' NAMES.

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PLUTUS, the God of Wealth  
CHREMYLUS, an honest decayed gentleman.<sup>1</sup>  
CARION, his servant.  
BLEPSIDEMUS, friend to Chremylus  
SCRAPE-ALL, }  
STIFF, } four country swains  
CLODPOLE, }  
LACKLAND, }  
DULL-PATE, a son to Scrape-all.  
CHREMYLA, wife to Chremylus.  
HONESTY, daughter to a scrivener.  
CHIP-LATIN, a poor curate.  
DICKINS, a rich parson  
PENIA-PENNILLSS, Goddess of Poverty  
CARADOC, }  
BRUN, } Soldiers  
HIGGEN, }  
TIRMOOK, }  
MERCURIUS, God of Theft  
GOGGLE, an Amsterdam-man  
NEVER-GOOD, a sequestrator  
JUPITER'S VICAR, the Pope  
BOY, servant to Goggle  
NEANIAS, a young gallant.  
ANNY, an old woman  
ARISTOPHANES, the poet.  
TRANSLATOR, T R  
A crew of Tinkers, &c.  
GHOST of CLEON.

The Scene, London

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<sup>1</sup> Chremylus is one of the *dramatis personæ* in the "Jealous Lovers," see p. 68.



## *Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery.*

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### ACT I, SCENE I

*Enter PIUTUS, stumbling on the stage, after him,  
CHREMYLLUS and CARION.*

Car. O BONNY Jove, and the rest of the boon  
    gods that dwell in the tippling-house  
of Olympus, there be metals and hard things in the  
world, but nothing so hard as to be bound prentice  
in bedlam, and have a fool to one's master! my  
very livery is faced with his worship's foolery. Our  
condition is miserable, for if our masters but dine at  
the ordinary of mischief, the poor servingman is sure  
to be fed with the scraps of misfortune. We must  
share of our master's misery, we are but tenants, they  
will not let us be freeholders to the petty lordships of  
our corpusculous fortune. Damnable fortune! how  
fatally hast thou sold the tenure of us to him that  
will pay us our wages! 'Tis very true that I tell you.  
And now see the perverse effects of all. O, how I  
could cuff Apollo! I have a quarrel to Apollo, that  
wry-legged, riddling, fiddling god, that snorts out oracles

from his gilded brundlet. They say this same gaffer Phœbus is a good mountebank and an excellent musician. But a deuce on him, it does not seem so ; he has sent my master home so sick of melancholy, that I dare swear this scurvy Tom Piper of Delphos did not play him so much as one fit of mirth, nor a jig or Sellinger's round. And now see how he follows a blind puppy i' th' tail, contrary to law or reason. For we, that have our eyes, should lead, not follow the blind. The very dog in the Chronicles, that had his eyes, stood upon his royal prerogative, of going before the blind beggar of Bednal Green. Nor can he be content to do it himself, but he must take me, too, guilty of the same ignorance. If I but ask him a question, he hath not so much manners as my gran-nam's sow ; I cannot get him to grunt me an answer. Yet I cannot choose but speak ; though my hedge of teeth were a quickset, my tongue would through. You, sir, that say you are my master, if you do not tell me why we follow this blundering guide, be sure I will never leave vexing and tormenting you. You shall tell me, that you shall

*Chrem.* O, the age we live in ! Sirrah quintessence of impudence ! to what a fine pass are you arrived ?

*Car.* Nay, 'tis e'en so, sir Your sword and-buckler man must take the wit upon him for once.

*Chrem.* But if you do not learn your distance better, look, is not here a crab-tree cudgel ? beware of Weeping-Cross.

*Car.* Master, I am privileged. Do you see my feather ? So long as I wear this, 'tis Shrove Tuesday with us prentices, perpetual Shrove Tuesday.

*Chrem.* But if I take off your feather, then we shall have you presently crestfallen, and then my crab-tree tutor here may read a lecture of ethics to your saucy shoulders.

*Car.* Why, and if it do, sir, you shall find that I have as valiant shoulders as another man. Come, exercise your cudgel : you masters are like Roman magistrates, you have rods of authority. Yet try, see whether you or I will be first weary. Come, you trifle ; all the cudgels in Christendom, Kent, or New England, shall never make me quiet, till you show me who this is we follow. Why, sweet honey, sugar, cinnamon, delicate master, if I did not wish you well, do you think I would be so inquisitive ? In dud, la, you must tell me, and I shall be satisfied.

*Chrem.* Well, I have not the power to conceal [from] thee any longer ; for of all my servants, thou art so trusty, true-hearted, faithful, and honest, that I dare swear there is not an arranter thief amongst 'um [*Aside.*

*Car.* Now heaven bless your worship ! I have always had your worship's commendations ! pray Jove I may deserve it ! Proceed, good sir.

*Chrem.* Well, thus it is. In the days of my folly I was a just, precise, and honest man.

*Car.* 'Twas in the days of your folly you were a precisian, I myself was almost half a one once, but I am converted

*Chrem.* Well, being honest, I was, by natural consequence, very poor.

*Car.* Who knew not that ? though I know not what your honesty was, yet I am sure, there is never a gut in my belly but may swear for your poverty. Nay, and you had no more wit than to be honest in this wise age, 'twere pity that you should live and die a beggar.

*Chrem.* But others, such as your demure cheaters——

*Car.* That have the true goggle of Amsterdam——

*Chrem.* With some corrupted law-gowns, Ployden's pupils——



*Car.* That can plead on both sides for fees——

*Chrem.* With round-headed citizens and cuckolds.

*Car.* Ay, sir, and townsmen.

*Chrem.* These, I say, grew rich the while.

*Car.* Damnably rich. Faith, master, such miracles have not ceased in these days. I have known many in these times have grown rich out of a poor estate, the devil knows how, not I.

*Chrem.* Therefore I repaired to Delphos to ask counsel of Apollo, because I saw myself almost arrived at Gravesend, to know if I should bring up my son suitable to the thriving trades of this age we live in, namely, to be a sequestrator, or pettifogger, or informer, or flatterer, or belonging to knights o' th' post, or a committee-man's clerk, or some such excellent rascal, clothing himself from top to toe in knavery, without a welt or gard of goodness about him. For I see, as the times go now, such thriving education will be the richest portion I can leave him.

*Car.* Ay, sir, leave but your son the legacy of dishonesty, and I will warrant him he shall out-thrive all Westminster Hall, and all——

*To your demand what did Don Phœbus mutter?*

*What answer through his laurel-garland flutter?*

*Chrem.* You shall hear. He bid me, in plain terms, whomsoever I first met withal, him I should follow, and never leave his company till he came home.

*Car.* And was this piece of darkness the first you met with? Now, in my conscience, he was begot at midnight, goodman midnight, and retains the quality of the season. None to meet but blindman-buff, that winks at all faults!

*Chrem.* This is the very man

*Car.* Troth, and he may tell you your fortune, gipsy-like, and all out of your pockets, too. He may

show you your destiny. He looks like one of the blind whelps of my old lady Chance. Ha, ha, ha ! Master, though you be born to lands, I see a poor servingman may have as large inheritance of wit as a justice of peace. Why, and't please your ignorance, any man of brains might easily understand the god's meaning. why, he bids you bring up your son to claim the grand charter of the city, namely, to be as arrant a knave as his countrymen For truly—

*A blind man may see, though he never see more.*

*That the way to be honest is the way to be poor.*

*Chrem* The oracle doth not tend that way, there is some greater mystery in it, if this old Cupid would but tell us who he is Come, let's follow him close ; perchance we may find out some other meaning.

*Car.* On other meanings, perchance, we may pitch ;

*This is the way to be weary, though not to be rich.*

*[Music Exeunt ambo.]*

## SCENE II

*Enter* CHREMYLUS, CARION *To them* PLUTUS.

*Car* Master, we have run a terrible long wild-goose chase after this blind beetle For my part, I sweat every inch of me, one drop fetches another. As for my shoes, you must needs give me a new pair. Their ungodly soles are e'en ready to depart ; they are giving up the ghost And yet we walk like the emblem of silence : we have not put our blind gentleman-usher to any interrogatories. You, sir, Homer the second ! first I command you in fair terms tell us who you are ; if commands will not serve my turn, my cudgel shall entreat you.

*Chrem.* You were best tell us quickly, too.

*Plu.* I tell you, the devil take you.

*Car.* Do you hear what he says, master? The good old gentleman bids your worship good morrow.

*Chrem.* He speaks to thee, that asked him so clownishly. Sir, if you like the behaviour of a civil gentleman, do me in courtesy the favour as to tell me who you are?

*Plu.* Why, all the devils in hell, and as many more, confound thee too!

*Car.* Nay, nay, take him to you, master: keep your Apollo's oracle to yourself, I have no share in it.

*Chrem.* Now, if thou doest not tell me, by Ceres, I will use thee like a villain, as thou art.

*Plu.* Good gentlemen, let me be beholding to you for one infinite favour.

*Chrem.* What's that?

*Plu.* Why, to let me be rid of your company.

*Car.* Master, be ruled by a wiser man than yourself for once, and follow my counsel. Let us take this same old Appius, that has lost the use of his natural spectacles, and carry him to the top of the castle-hill, and there leave him to tumble down and break his neck ere he come to the bottom.

*Chrem.* Let it be quickly, then.

*Car.* Ay, and then we'll leave him to be hanged the next assizes, for being accessory to his own death.

*Plu.* Nay, good merciful gentlemen!

*Car.* Will you tell us then, you owl?

*Chrem.* You bird of the night, will you tell us?

*Plu.* I will never tell you; for if you but once know who I am, ten thousand to one, but you will do me some mischief; you will never let me go.

*Chrem.* By heaven, we will, if you please.

*Plu.* List, then, and give ear; for, as far as I can see (being blind), I am constrained to tell what I thought to have concealed. I am Plutus, the rich god of wealth: my father was Pinchback Truepenny, the rich usurer of Islington; my mother, Mistress Silverside, an alderman's widow. I was born in Golden Lane, christened at the Mint in the Tower; Banks the conjuror and old Hobson the carrier were my godfathers.

*Car.* As sure as can be, this Plutus, god of wealth, is a pure Welshman, born with his pedigree in his mouth, he speaks it so naturally. I'll lay my life he was begot and bred in the silver-mine that Middleton<sup>1</sup> found in Wales

*Chrem.* Thou hadst been a very rascal, if thou hadst not told us thy name had been Plutus, the god of wealth

*Car.* God of wealth! art thou he? O, let me kiss thy silver golls.

*Chrem.* Thou art welcome to me too. But art thou Plutus, god of wealth, and so miserably arrayed? O Phœbus Apollo! O gods and devils, and Jupiter to boot! Art thou Plutus, the rich son and heir to Pinchback Truepenny?

*Plu.* I am he myself

*Car.* But art thou sure that thou thyself art thyself? art thou he?

*Plu.* I am the selfsame Plutus Rich, the selfsame son and heir to the selfsame Pinchback Truepenny. marry, till my eyes are open, I shall never be heir-apparent.

*Chrem.* Ay, but how camest thou so miserable nasty?

*Plu.* Forth from Patrochus' den, from hell at West-

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Hugh Middleton, ancestor of the Middletons of Chirk Castle.

minster; conversing with some black ones there, whose faces since their baptism hath not been washed.

*Chrem.* And why goest thou so lamentably poor?

*Plu.* Jupiter, envying the good of miserable mortals, put me (poor soul) into these dismal dumps.

*Chrem.* Upon what occasion, pray thee?

*Plu.* I'll tell you,

In the minority of my youthful days  
I took a humour—an ingenious humour,  
To flee the company of rogues and rascals,  
And unto honest men betake myself.  
Jupiter, spying this (mere out of envy),  
Put out my eyesight, that I might not know  
Knaves from the honest, but to them might go.

*Chrem.* Was this from Jove? why, none but honest men

Honour his deity

*Plu.* Why, what of that? this heathen god accepts  
As well the pilgrim-salve of wicked men,  
As the religious incense of the honest  
Thus does the lecherous god, that hath already  
Cuckoldis'd half the world, and plac'd his bastards  
By mortals' fires, envy virtuous minds

*Chrem.* To leave off versifying, if thou hadst thy eyesight,  
Wouldst thou be true to fly from vicious persons?

*Plu.* Ay, I protest I would.

*Chrem.* And wholly employ thy eyes to pious uses.

To go to th' company of honest and ingenuous souls?

*Plu.* Only to them, for I have not seen so much as one of them this many a day.

*Car.* Why, what if you have not, you blind puppy-dog? What a wonder's that? Why, I that have as good eyes as any man i' th' company, can hardly find many. They have more wit nowadays than go

abroad openly. Virtue by that means would become too cheap and common. I remember, I saw one once, but he died young for grief, that he had not wit enough to be a knave; every one laughed at him for being out of fashion. Had he lived till now, I would h' showed him at Fleet Bridge for a monster. I should have beggared the *Beginning o' th' World*,<sup>1</sup> the strange birds from America, and the pup-pets too. I would have blown a trumpet *tarantara*—"If any man or woman in town or city be affected with strange miracles, let them repair hither. Here within this place is to be seen a strange monster. A man that hath both his ears and but one tongue, that cannot carry two faces under one hood, that has but one couple of hands, and on each hand five honest fingers. And, what is more strange, he has but one heart; who dares, as if he were none of Adam's posterity, be honest at this time o' th' year, and will give every man his due in spite of his teeth. Is not this as rare as a blazing star to look on?"

*Plu.* Well, now you have heard all, pray give me leave to be gone.

*Chrem.* Not so, by Jove; for now we have a greater desire to stay you than ever.

*Plu.* I told you so, I thought you would be troublesome.

*Chrem.* Nay, I beseech you leave us not now, for, though you should take Diogenes his lanthorn and candle, and search from noon to night, you could not find an honest man from the tropic of Cancer to Capricorn.

*Car.* Sir, I will swear and be deposed for my master, he is as arrant a Cancer as any Capricorn in Christendom.

*Plu.* I know they all promise fair, but when they

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<sup>1</sup> A favourite and common representation

have once got me, they lay aside their threadbare honesty, as if, being grown rich, it were a disparagement to be virtuous any longer.

*Car.* Yet all men are not knaves.

*Plu.* Yes, most, if not all, by Jove.

*Car.* Pray, sir, though you put my master in, let me be excepted. Body of me, call me knave in a crowd! If I be not revenged, and that soundly. You were best take heed of your general rules. Could not you have said (you blind buzzard) for aught I can see you may be one among the rest. But to speak it so peremptorily!

*Chrem.* Nay, if you but knew what you should gain by staying! Mark me, I can cure thee of thy blindness: I can do as great miracles as Fnnston waters.

*Plu.* Truly, as blind as I am, I can see when I am well. Have my eyesight restored? I hope I shall never live to see that day.

*Chrem.* What says the man?

*Car.* He has a natural desire to be wretched, to play at blindman-buff all his lifetime. Good mole, what dost thou above ground?

*Plu.* No, no, if Jupiter did but know of this project, he would powder me into a pretty pickle.

*Chrem.* Hear me, man, he cannot souse thee worse than he has already, to make thee run stumbling o'er the world. I warrant, thy shins have cursed him a thousand times.

*Plu.* I know not that; but methinks my buttocks begin to quake with the very thought of him.

*Chrem.* I think so, but what the devil makes thee so timorous. I know, if thou shouldst but recover thy eyesight, thou wouldst not value Jupiter's command at three-halfpence, but break wind in his face to counter-thunder him.

*Plu.* Nay, do not tell me so, good Wickedness.

*Chrem.* Have but patience, and I will plainly de-

monstrate that thy command is greater than any Nubicog Jupiter's.

*Plu.* Whose? mine? Am I such a man? so powerful?

*Chrem.* Ay, though, if thou hadst but wit and eyes enough to see it; for first, I ask you what does Jupiter reign by?

*Plu.* Why, by that which he rained into Danæ's lap, a shower of silver

*Chrem.* And who lent him that silver?

*Car.* Why, who but Plutus, and yet the beggarly Jove pays him no use nor principal. Well, Jupiter, we shall have Plutus lodge you in Ludgate shortly, to take up your shop, and make your thunderbolts there, and cry lamentably, *For the Lord's sake, bread, bread for the poor prisoners* ' unless you can mortgage the golden or silver age to give better security to your creditor.

*Chrem.* Ask, why do men sacrifice to Jove, if not for silver?

*Car.* By heaven, for silver. No penny, no pater-noster, quoth the Pope Does goodman Jupiter think we'll pray, to wear out our stockings at knees, for nothing?

No, of all prayers, this is the result—

*Jove, make me rich, or pray, quicunque vult.*

*Chrem.* Is not Plutus, then, the author of grand sacrifices? Where would the Directory lie, if it were not for the new act of the priests' maintenance? Nay, if we were to sacrifice a bull or ram, do you think the butcher would give it to the god for nothing? No, no; if Plutus should not purchase devotion with his coin, the Olympian kitchen would smell of nothing but Lent and fasting-days all the year after.

*Plu.* Why, I pray, may I put Jupiter out of commons when I please?



*Chrem.* May you? ay, marry, may you! Doest not thou maintain him? He lives at thy charges? Jupiter had not best anger thee, lest thou take an opinion, and starve him.

*Plu* Say you so? Is it by my courtesy they sacrifice to Jove?

*Chrem.* Yes, altogether, for whom is he honoured by?

*Plu.* By reverend priests.

*Chrem.* And dost thou think the Levitical men would not disband if there were want of pay or tithes? It is most certain, money is the Catholik empress of the world, her commands are obeyed from Spain to the Indies.

*Car* 'Tis true, master, had I been rich (but I curse my stars, I was born under the threepenny planet, never to be worth a groat), I should have scorned the degree of sword and buckler; but now, for a little silver and a threadbare livery, I have sold the fee-simple of myself and my liberty to any worshipful piece of folly that will undertake me

*Chrem.* I have heard your Gentilezzas,<sup>1</sup> your dainty Curtezanas, in plain English, your arrant whores of Venice, such as are ready-stewed for any man's appetite. If a poor man desire to sin a little, they presently sit cross-legged, but if a rich man tempt them, at the sound of his silver they cannot hold their water. Why, the whores of Pict-hatch, Turnbull, or the unmerciful bawds of Bloomsbury, under the degree of Plutus, will not let a man be acquainted with the sins of the suburbs. The pox is not so cheap as to be given gratis. The unconscionable queans have not so much charity left as to let you damn yourself for nothing.

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *Gentilissians*

*Car.* 'Tis very true that my master tells you. For Plutarch reports in the life and death of Bess Broughton, that she never unbuttoned to any of the guard for nothing.

*Chrem.* But you may think this is spoken only of bad men, such as have prostituted their souls to the world. As for good Round——, they desire not money—no, good souls, not they.

*Car.* What, then, I pray?

*Chrem.* Why, this wishes for a good trooping-horse, that for a fleet pack of hounds.

*Car.* Ay, when they are ashamed to ask money in plain terms, they veil their avarice under some such mask or other; but he that wishes for a horse makes silver the intent of his journey, and they that beg for hounds, 'tis money they hunt for.

*Chrem.* All arts and crafts 'mongst men were by thee invented Ay, and the seven sciences, but for thee, they could never have been so liberal

*Plu.* O, horse that I was, never to know my own strength till now'

*Chrem.* 'Tis this that makes great Philip of Spain so proud.

*Car.* Without thee (Plutus) the lawyer would not go to London on any terms.

*Chrem.* All the generals, Hopton and Montrose, are by thee maintained. Troth, all the troopers or footmen without thee would never be contented with free-quarter only, there must come taxes, contributions, and excise to boot

Did not Will Summers break his wind for thee?

And Shakespeare therefore write his comedy?

All things acknowledge thy vast power divine

(Great God of Money) whose most powerful  
shine

Gives motion, life. Day rises from thy sight.

Thy setting, though at noon, makes night

Sold, pathologic cause of what we feel or see,  
 All in this All are but the effects of thee.

*Phu.* O heavens! can I do all these things you talk of? Ill tude this wretched blindness of mine, that would never let me see what command or power I had. All the world for a pair of eyes and a looking-glass! Sure, now the Delphian gate and I have good wits: for we jumped together in this opinion, that it is an excellent thing for a man to know himself. I shall love a *Nosce teipsum*, as long as I live, for this trick. Can I do all these things?

*Chrem.* All these? ay, by heaven, canst thou, and millions more than these. Why, there was never any man weary of thy company, O God of Wealth! Thou art a welcome guest where'er thou comest. There is plenty of all things plenty of love.

*Car.* And plenty of white bread and butter.

*Chrem.* Plenty of honour.

*Car.* And plenty of cheese-cakes.

*Chrem.* Plenty of friends.

*Car.* And plenty of bag-puddings.

*Chrem.* Plenty of servants.

*Car.* And plenty of surmenty.

*Chrem.* Plenty of health.

*Car.* And plenty of custards

*Chrem.* Plenty of command.

*Car.* And plenty of pease-porridge.

*Chrem.* Never any man has enough of thee. If he can change a groat, yet he despairs of a bed till he can get a tester. Then he procures a full jury of pence to be empannelled for the finding out of a shilling. That done, the ambitious niggard will fain usurp a crown, which must be made a noble one: and that is never safe till it have a good angel to guard it. All this obtained, he cannot without a mark be reckoned a man of notice; nor has he a patch of a gentleman till he be worth a piece.

*Car.* The good old gentleman thinks he has lost all this while handsome, grave, grey-pated quibblers. Good heaven, what pretty things these wits are when they are out of date!

*Chrem.* When the purse is full, the pouch gapes; and when the pouch has its bellyful, the great chest yawns wide enough to swallow the Indies and Goldsmiths' Hall, and the devil to boot; and yet, when all is done, they think themselves as poor as Irus, if their estates do not outvalue Doomsday Book.

*Plu.* You say true, sir; yet, methinks, I am afraid of one thing.

*Chrem.* What is that?

*Plu.* That I shall never attain to that Utopia you speak of, 'tis a country so hard to conquer. Castles in the air are very impregnable.

*Chrem.* Sir, upon my word, let not that trouble you. do your endeavour, and I'll warrant you shall see as perfectly as any Lynceus in Christendom.

*Plu.* Than Lynceus! what was he?

*Chrem.* One that could see the very moles in the sun, and the least things in the world.

*Plu.* I can see the least in the world already; I thank you for nothing. I can see less than any Lynceus living. But how canst thou, poor mortal worm, take off the sequestration of my eyesight, and restore me to perfect seeing again?

*Chrem.* Do not doubt it, for thy delinquent eyes Shall be admitted to compound, and see most perfectly. Be of good hope: the Delphian god has sworn, And therewithal brandish'd his Pythian laurel, That Plutus should outlook the stars to blindness.

*Plu.* Ha, ha, ha! How does he know so much? I never was acquainted with that same Apollo in my life. I remember I have been foxed at his oracle at Temple Bar. I am afraid this Apollo is one of your fellow-jugglers.

*Chrem.* Cannot a man persuade you? have not I said it?

*Plu.* Well, then, do you look to it.

*Car.* So we had need, for you cannot yourself.

*Chrem.* Take you no care, I will do it, though I die to-morrow before breakfast.

*Car.* Marry, and that were a miserable thing—to go to the grave upon a fasting stomach. Pray, master, when you take in hand the cure of Plutus his eyes, let poor Carion have a finger in it.

*Chrem.* A finger in it! That were the way to put out his eyes.

*Car.* 'Tis strange, master, you should have no more understanding: my meaning was, you would accept of my help, good Master Chremylus

*Chrem.* Well, sirrah, we will, and some other fellow-partners' too—some of our plundered neighbours, that are enjoined for penance to fast four days a week, for having surfeited on too much honesty

*Plu.* Marry, heaven forbid: I shall be ill help up with such miserable helpers as they. The hungry rascals will go near to devour me quick, like Irish cannibals. No, let me be blind still, that my eyes may never be conscious to the plundering of my flesh and bones in pieces. 'Twere a miserable spectacle for them to begin with.

*Chrem.* I warrant you need not fear that if they once grow rich, they'll rather feed on roast-beef and marrow-bone pies, like committee-men, than cosen the worms of so lean a carcass. Sirrah Carion, where be your couple of footmen?

*Car.* Here, master, what should I do?

*Chrem.* Run and call my honest poor neighbours; you shall find the miserable drudges tugging at the plough-tail for their landlords. No, now I think on't, the excisemen came to-day, and fetched them away for contribution. Go to them: you know the

way to the office near Cuckold's Pound, London? Tell them in their cars that we have Plutus at home, and will share him amongst us : we'll divide him into several messes, and each man take his part by seniority. But stay ; do you hear ? beware of knaves, and of veal.

*Car.* Veal, it seems, is not so good. But what shall I do with this leg of mutton here ? I dare not venture the safety of it amongst 'um ; the villains carry dangerous teeth about 'um.

*Chrem.* We'll take care for that : meet me at home two hours hence. [Exit CHEMYLUS.

*Car.* O, what a plot are we going about ! I could laugh for joy.

Now may I forsake my dump,  
And bestir my hobnail'd stump,  
Skip about and frisk and jump :  
Honest men are turn'd up trump,  
I shall find them in a lump.

But every knave must have a thump.

O, what a plot is this, to blow up all the knaves in a kingdom together—nay, in all the world ; put in Turks, Jews, pagans, and infidels ! Why, Catesby and Percy were puisnies. Garnet and Digby, and Faux, if they had gone about such an honest gunpowder treason as this, they had never had their heads upon poles a daw-catching over the Parliament House. Well, they were hanged for knaves and fools ; but we shall thrive, and be wise and worshipful, and honest too ; for Carion's a man in the plot.

This is a stratagem was never such  
That honest men alone should be rich,  
That honest men should thrive by right, not wrong.  
London, take heed ; for thou'lt be poor ere long.

[Exit CARION.

## SCENE III.

*Enter* SCRAPE-ALL, *a farmer, and* DULL-PATE, *his son.*

*Scrape.* I live at Islington, and I have heard  
Plutus is come to Westminster. Sure, sure,  
He'd take it ill if I forbear to visit him,  
He knows I am his kinsman.  
For I was kin to Pinchback Truepenny  
His father, who did live at Islington,  
An usurer almost next door to me.  
Most opportunely here he comes, I see  
God save you, sir, your poor kinsman salutes you.

*Enter* PLUTUS.

*Plu.* Who's this? my eyesight fails me; what's  
your name?

*Scrape.* Scrape-all, your kinsman, lives at Islington.

*Plu.* O, I remember, are you honest now?  
I have a humour to love honest men.

*Scrape.* The country thinks so, I'm converted lately.  
Dull-pate, my son, is also here come with me.

*Plu.* Of what profession is he?

*Scrape.* A parson, verily.

*Plu.* What would he have?

*Scrape.* A benefice—two or three,  
An't like your worship.

He's a true Scrape-all, of the Scrape-all's' blood;  
True Dull-pate Scrape-all, he hath pass'd the synod.

*Plu.* O, has he so? I thought to have sent him  
thither.

I have few livings left now to bestow.  
My golden prebends which I had at Paul's  
(You know) are sunk i' th' dust. For other places,  
The best the synod has 'um. Yet your son

Dull-pate (I know), he cannot want preferment,  
 He looks so learnedly, and goes in black, too—  
 He may change habits, 'tis allow'd of now,  
 As the world goes. Is he not a tradesman?  
 He'd thrive the better if he can snuffle handsomely.  
 Was he ever train'd up at the universities?

*Scrape.* Yes, out of both—that is, never of either.

[*Aside.*

*Plu.* However, he will be rich. Let him leap over  
 The steeple-houses, and teach in private;  
 His vails will be the fatter: tithes and cures  
 He must preach down as antichristian,  
 And take as much as both. He has an excellent  
 name,

A thriving name! I think you said 'twas Dull-pate.

*Scrape.* Yes, sir. Now thank your patron, and be  
 gone.

*Dull.* *Thankatus et Godamerciatus vester dignitas.*

[*Exit DULL-PATE.*

*Scrape.* He gives your worship thanks and god-a-  
 mercy.

*Plu.* I have no skill in physiognomy:  
 But, sure, thou wilt be rich, Dull-pate, and wealthy.

*Scrape.* Uncle, we thank you. Will it please you  
 know

The entertainment of our poor cottage?

*Plu.* No, it is against the complexion of my  
 humour

To visit any man's house. I never got  
 Any commodity by it in my life.

For if I chance to light into the clutches  
 Of some vile usurer, he buries me

Quick under ground, or keeps me prisoner closely  
 In his old chests, where without sheets I lie,  
 But his indentures keep me company.

And if I fall into the prodigal hands  
 Of some mad, roaring *Tyture* *tu*, he spends me



Upon his lecherous cockatrice, or, playing,  
 Throws me away at passage : <sup>1</sup> so am I turn'd  
 Stark naked out of doors, with not so much  
 As a poor purse to make a nightcap of.

*Scrape.* It seems you never met with moderate men ?

But this is my disposition : when occasion  
 Serveth, no man more liberal . when opportunity  
 Invites, no man more thrifty.

Come, let's go in. O, how my wife shall joy  
 At sight of thee, as much as for a French hood  
 Or taffata kirtle ! Thou art my best beloved.

*Plu* I easily believe it.

*Scrape.* Who would not tell thee  
 The truth of things, I wish that he were lousy  
 (Sweet rogue) at Beggar's Bush, or else confin'd  
 To the perpetual regiment of Bridewell.  
 Come, my dear uncle, come ! O, how I love  
 The silver hairs of thy most delicate chin,  
 Though I be rich by wickedness and sin.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

## ACT II., SCENE I.

*Enter* CARION, CLODPOLE, JACKLAND, *and* STIFF,  
*three rustics.*

*Car.* Come along, you old hobnails ! I'll have  
 your horses shod with gold of Ophir or Peru. Ha,  
 you old muck-worms ! I'll make your hog-trough  
 paunches so fat, that the leanest of you all shall out-  
 weigh the Archbishop of Spalato. What an *Æsopical*  
 roaring lion am I, to lead this army of asses into the  
 field ! Come, my master's old friends, you that have

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<sup>1</sup> A well-known game at dice. See Nares, edit. 1859, p. 638.

ate many a bushel of salt—I would say garlic in his company. Make haste, you plough-lackeys, boors, his kinsmen. You, neighbour Lackland, set the best foot forward. And you, goodman Clodpole, old snail with a slimy nose, if you make not haste, they will have done scrambling ere we come.

*Clod.* Now, by the rood of my granam's soul, Ich go as vast as my legs will bear me. What would you have of an old man that's grown crazy?

*Car.* Crazy?

*Clod.* Ay, crazy. Do you think a man that has one voot in the grave can trudge as vast as zuch a young knave as thou? When I was a stripling of thy age, I could have tricked it, i' vaith, master ficar knows, with the best of the parish.

*Lack.* Neighbour, neighbour, I'll tell you what I do devise you now, this is my 'pinion.

*Car.* Your 'pinion, you goose? and what is your 'pinion?

*Lack.* Marry, this is my 'pinion now. This saucy knave may do it to uflout us. 'Tis best to command of him what is his master's contention in zending vor us now, la.

*Car.* Why, have not I told you? My master zends for you to change this nasty condition of yours into some delicate happiness. You shall be rich, you rogues, all of you justices of peaces, lords, emperors, or (what is more) high-constables.

*Clod.* Very well said. But I will be none of his peaces nor lords; let me be a high-constable. I will have a new vlail as zoon as I come to my honours, and thou shalt be next to exceed me in my house of office.

*Lack.* Ay, but, neighbours, how shall this be de-fected. Let him dissolve us of that now. It seems not possetible, so it does not.

*Car.* Why, you villiagos, my master has brought

home an old lame, rotten, mangy, toothless, sapless, bald-pate, rusty-musty-crusty-fusty-dusty old dotard, just such another as my neighbour Stiff or Lackland, or you, Clodpole, with a slimy nose, with a great bunchback.

*Lack.* A bunchback ! Nay, then, thou art a messenger of gold. Ha, neighbours ! that was not a bunchback, I warrant you, la ; they were huge bags of gold. That's another 'pinion of mine, neighbours ; what do you 'jecture in that ?

*Car.* You 'jecture like an ass . that bunch at his back was but a natural budget of old mischiefs.

*Lack.* Do not think to play 'the jackanapes with me for nothing. Have I not here a good cudgel ? if thou do, thou shalt be clapper-de-clawed.

*Car.* I wonder what you take me for : what dishonesty did you ever know by me ?

*Clod.* Dishonesty, zay you ? None—not we. 'Tis a very honest monkey : yet I have zeen him, neighbours, zit in Bridewell, when the loving vetters have been close friends to his legs.

*Car.* Very true ; at the same time, you were one of the justices of hell ; Radamanthus had newly resigned his office to you.

*Clod.* Now the murrain founder thee, thou parlous wag, thus to 'buse thy betters ! Sirrah, look you deveal unto us why your master hath 'vited us from our natural poccupations.

*Car.* Prick up your ears then, and I will tell you. My master hath brought home Plutus to enrich you all. Thou shalt be mayor of the city ; canst not thou sleep on the bench ? Thou shalt be bailie ; hast not thou wit enough to tell clocks ? And all the rest of your frozen-bearded neighbours understanding aldermen.

*Lack.* Nay, zo they be aldermen, 'tis no matter vor understanding : 'tis a beggarly quality, vit for none

but poor scholars and losophers. But has thy master got Plutus, and shall we all be rich in good zooth, Carion?

*Car.* Ay, in zooth, neighbour Lackland, as rich as Midas, if you had but ass's ears.

*Lack.* Nay, vor if that be all, I shall do well enough, I warrant you; mine are of a pretty length already. It does me good at the heart, neighbours, zo it does.

*Stiff.* Vaith, would Master Clip-Latin our ficar were here too. He's an honest man, he reads common prayer, we can vollow him and understand him. He will not meddle with Diricksstories nor extrumperies. He has but poor twanty nobles a year, think of it, neighbours.

*Clod.* Vaith, and thou sayest right, neighbour Stiff, and he gives us good destructions once a moreth—as good as a nomine.

*Lack.* Ay, and I like him. He's none of the humdrams, he'll clap it up quickly, especially if there be a match at the alchouse.

*Clod.* Mass, and he'll drink sack and claret as fast as any synod man.

*Stiff.* Ay, neighbours, and he's none of them that be proud, he will not scorn to drink with his poor neighbours, too, if Plutus would give him twice twanty nobles, I would not think it too much.

*Lack.* I warrant, our proprietor would hang himself 'vore he would allow it.

*Clod.* 'Tis no matter, we'll 'tution Plutus ourselves vor him.

*Stiff.* Nay, neighbours, and let's tell him he'll cursten and bury after the old way. I warrant, when Master Clip-Latin's gone, we shall never have such a man again to fit the parish. Every one loves him but Never-good the sequestrator, that——

*Lack.* When Plutus comes, we'll think of him.

Vaith, neighbours, shall we be rich? What will my neighbour Rent-all do? He'll get him a satin doublet, and scorn his proud landlord: and Steal-all the tailor, and Noyse the ballad-singer, will ride about in coaches, and all the rest of 'um too.

[*Clod.*] Vaith, shall we have Plutus? shall we be rich? I shall e'en throw away my leather slops and my pitchfork. O, it 'joyces my heart! Neighbours, it is as good news as a pot of ale and a toast on a vrosty morning.

*Stiff.* I could give a penny for a Maypole to dance the morris vor arrant joy. Shall we be rich. I' vaith?

*Car.* Now will I with the Cyclops sing, *Threttanelo*,  
*Threttanelo.*

Which Polyphemus erst did ring,  
To the tune of *Fortune my foe.*

*Chorus.* *Threttanelo, Threttanelo:*  
And sing we all merrily, *Threttanelo, Threttanelo.*

*Car.* Bleat you like ewes the while.

*Chorus.* Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba '

*Car.* Like frisking kids full merrily go, *Threttanelo*,  
*Threttanelo.*

*Chorus.* And sing we all——

*Car.* Dance out your coats like lecherous goats,  
*Threttanelo, Threttanelo!*

*Chorus.* And sing we all——

*Car.* Let us this Cyclops seek:  
To the place where he sleeps let us go, *Threttanelo*

*Car.* Put out as he lies  
With a colestaff his eyes, *Threttanelo!*

*Chorus.* And sing we all merrily,  
And sing we all——

*Car.* But now you shall see  
I Circe will be,  
And turn you to hogs ere I go, *Threttanelo.*  
Go grunt you all now,  
Like your mother the sow, *Threttanelo.*

*Chorus.* And sing we all—  
And sing we all——

*Car.* But come you pig-hogs, let us leave jesting. I restore you to your old metamorphosis, as you may see in the first leaf of Virgil's *Bucolics*. I will go the next way to the cupboard, and fill my guts like an emperor. And then, if you have anything to 'mand me on a full stomach, you may ply me in what you please.

[*Music. Exeunt omnes.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter* CHREMYLUS, STIFF, CLODPOLE, LACKLAND.

*Chrem.* Honest neighbours, welcome: I will not bid you good morrow now. That was my salutation in the days of poverty: that stinking compliment never fitted my mouth, but when my breath smelt of onions and garlic. Gramercy, old blades, for coming. Let me hug you. O, what a sweet armful of friends is here! If you be but valiant now, and defend Plutus, the least of you all shall have wealth enough to confront Prester-John and the Grand Signior too.

*Clod.* If that be all, my life for yours. Valiant! Why, Mars himself was an arrant coward to me; I have beat him at vootball above twenty times. If you did but zee me once, I warrant you would call me goodman Hector, as long as I lived for't. Did you not zee how I cuffed with Hercules for a twopenny loaf last Curmass? Let Plutus go! No, let me return again to onions and pease-porridge then, and never be acquainted with the happiness of a sirloin of roast-beef.

*Chrem.* Well, neighbours, march in. I see Blep-sidemus coming toward. He has heard of my good fortune, that makes him foot it so fast. In the days

of my poverty all my friends went on crutches, they would come to me as fast as black snails ; but now they can outrun dromedaries. This 'tis to be rich and happy. Now I have a rich loadstone lieth under my threshold, that draws in all their iron spurs.

He that will have his friends about him tuck  
Must have the alluring bait of golden muck.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter BLEPSIDEMUS, and to him CHREMYLUS.*

*Blep.* What should this be ? or by what means ?  
'tis strange

That my friend Chremylus is grown so rich ;  
I scarce believe't, because I know him honest ,  
Yet every barber's shop reports it boldly.  
'Tis very strange he should grow rich o' th' sudden ;  
And then, 'tis stranger far, that being grown wealthy,  
He calls his poor friends to be partners with him ;  
I am sure, 'tis not the courtesy of England

*Chrem.* Friend Blepsidemus, welcome ; I am not the  
same beggarly Chremylus I was yesterday. Be merry,  
true-blue, be merry , thou art one of my friends too ,  
I'll put you all into a humour of thriving

*Blep.* Are you so wealthy, sir, as report speaks ?

*Chrem.* So wealthy ? ha ' soft and fair. Cousin  
Blepsidemus, I shall be anon.  
Things of great consequence have some danger in  
them.

*Blep.* Danger ? what danger ?

*Chrem.* Why, I'll tell thee all. If we bring this  
business to pass, we shall be brave blades : be drunk  
with sack and claret every day , glutted with roast-  
beef, pasties, and marrow-bone pies , but if our hopes

be frustrate, we are undone · we must to leeks and onions again.

*Blep.* All is not right, I fear, I do not like it,  
Thus suddenly to thrive, and thus to fear,  
Makes me suspect my judgment and his honesty  
[Soliloquises.

*Chrem.* What honesty?

*Blep.* If those your sacrilegious hands have plundered

Apollo's temple, and enrich'd your coffers  
With gold and silver ravish'd from the altars,  
If you repent, yet do not mock your friends.  
Perchance you have invited all your neighbours  
To hear you make a learned confession,  
To shake hands from the ladder, and take leave  
Of their dear Chremylus at the fatal tree?  
No, you shall pardon me I'm not in the humour  
To take a walk toward Paddington<sup>1</sup> to-day.

*Chrem.* Marry, heaven forbid<sup>2</sup> there's no such cause  
nor matter

*Blep.* Nay, tittle now no longer, 'tis too manifest.

*Chrem.* You do me wrong thus to suspect a friend.

*Blep.* Fore Jove, I think there's not an honest man,  
But drossy, earthy muckworm-minded vassals,  
And these full soon mortgage their souls for silver—  
Jove's image for the state's.

*Chrem.* By heaven, I think thou art mad. Do thy  
naked brains want clothing. Blepsidemus? for I see  
thy wit is gone a wool-gathering

*Blep.* I see Chremylus is not Chremylus, for (me-  
thinks)

Who hath lost his honesty hath lost himself.

*Blep.* As sure as can be, some gib<sup>2</sup> cat that died  
issueless has adopted thee for his heir, and be-

<sup>1</sup> Tyburn was in the neighbourhood of Paddington.

<sup>2</sup> A male cat. See a long note in "Nares," 1859, p. 360.



queathed the legacy of his melancholy to thee. It is impossible thou shouldst be so mad else.

*Blep.* Thy countenance so oft changing, and thy eyes In constant <sup>1</sup> goggling, call thee guilty, Chremylus, Of a dishonest, juggling soul.

*Chrem.* Nay, good raven, do not croak so ; I know what your croaking tends to. Now, if I had stolen anything, you and the devil would have put in for a share.

*Blep.* Do I do this to claim my share? what share?

*Chrem.* Come, there is no such matter, my fingers have not learned the sleight of hand. Picking and stealing is none of their profession.

*Blep.* O, 'tis some learned distinction; what, you'll say

You did not steal, you did but take't away !  
Well, 'tis not good to equivocate with a halter,  
Gregory<sup>2</sup> is a cunning disputant .  
An argument of hemp is hardly answered.

*Chrem.* What melancholy devil has possessed thee. I am sure it is no merry one. This madness doth not smell of Edmonton?<sup>3</sup>

*Blep.* Whom have you plundered then? Whose bung is nipped?

*Chrem.* No man's.

*Blep.* O Hercules! whose tongue speaks truth?  
In what cold zone dwells naked honesty?

*Chrem.* I see, friend, you condemn me ere you know the truth.

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *Unconstant*.

<sup>2</sup> Gregory Brandon, the common hangman at that time. This appears to be one of F. J.'s interpolations or "augmentations," as Brandon was not the executioner, I believe, so early as 1635, before which "Hey for Honesty" must have been written as Randolph left it.

<sup>3</sup> An allusion to a play called "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," printed in the tenth volume of Hazlitt's Dodsley.

*Blep.* Come, do not jest your neck into the noose.  
Tell me betimes, that with the key of gold  
I may lock up the vermin's mouth. Informers  
Are dangerous cattle, if they once but yawn ;  
As bad as sequestrators, but I'll undertake—

*Chrem.* I will not have you undertake anything  
for me ; you will be at too much charges. Sir, my  
intent is to enrich all honest men.

*Blep.* Why, have you stolen so much ?

*Chrem.* No, faith, a little will serve the turn ; there  
are so few of them. But, sirrah, know I have Plutus  
himself at home

*Blep.* Who ? Plutus, god of wealth ?

*Chrem.* The same, by heaven and hell.

*Blep.* What, heaven and hell by Westminster Hall,  
where lawyers and parliament-men eat French broth ?  
Have you Plutus, by Vesta ?

*Chrem.* And by Neptune too.

*Blep.* What Neptune ? Neptune of the sea ?

*Chrem.* By Neptune of the sea or any other Neptune  
in Europe. He is the small legged gentleman-  
usher's god, for his chariot is drawn with calves.

*Blep.* Why do you not send him about among your  
friends ?

*Chrem.* What, before he have recovered his eye-  
sight ?

*Blep.* Why, is Plutus blind ?

*Chrem.* By Jove, is he.

*Blep.* Nay, I did always think so ; and that's the  
reason he could never find the way to my house.

*Chrem.* But now he shall at a short-hand.

*Blep.* What, brachygraphy ? Thomas Shelton's art ?

*Chrem.* No, I mean suddenly.

*Blep.* He shall be welcome. But why do you not  
get some skilful oculist for him ? Have you never  
a chirurgeon about the town that hath eyes to sell of  
his own making ?

*Chrem.* Now the 'spital-house on the Puck-fist tribe of them. If a man have but a cut finger, the cure of it shall be as long as the siege of Breda. Physicians and surgeons are good for nothing but to fill graves and hospitals.

*Blep.* Sure, then, that's the reason none but sextons pray for them?

*Chrem.* No, I'll have a better device, he shall go to the Temple of Esculapius.

*Blep.* Come, let us make haste To be rich as soon as we can. *Dives qui fieri vult, et cito vult fieri—*

*Chrem.* We will get a *Fieri facias* of the lawyers. They pick all the wealth out of the countrymen's pockets. Have but patience I will warrant thee as rich as any alderman. [*Offers to go.*]

#### SCENE IV

*Enter PENIA, and meets them.*

*Penia.* Must I needs meet you, you old dotards? Are you not ashamed of your grey coxcombs? You are going about a fine piece of impudence, to undo me and all my children? But I shall plague you for it.

*Chrem.* Now Hercules and his club defend me!

*Penia.* I'll cut your throats, and slit your impudent gurgulios, you calves at threescore! How dare you undertake such confederacy? but you shall throttle forth, by all the ash-coloured cattle about me.

*Blep.* What creature is this with the red-or-hre face? She looks as if she were begot by marking-stones.

*Chrem.* By stones, sure: 'tis some Erynneis that is broke loose from the tragedy.

*Blep.* By Jeronymo, her looks are as terrible as Don Andraea or the Ghost in Hamlet.

*Chrem.* Nay, 'tis rather one of Beelzebub's heralds.

*Blep.* Why so?

*Chrem.* Why, dost thou not see how many several coats are quartered in her arms?

*Penia.* So, so; and who do you think I am?

*Blep.* Some bawd of Shoreditch, or Turnbull broker of maidenheads, &c.

*Chrem.* Why, woman, why dost thou follow us? we have done thee no wrong.

*Penia.* No, good honest scavengers, no wrong! By the skin betwixt my eyebrows, but I'll make you know 'tis a wrong. Is it no wrong to cast me out of every place, and leave me nowhere to be in?

*Chrem.* Yes, thou shalt have the liberty of hell, and all good kindnesses the honest devils can do thee, for my sake. But what art thou? why dost not thou tell us who thou art?

*Penia.* One that will be soundly revenged on you all, for committing more than gunpowder treason against a poor woman, that hath not so much as a tooth in her head that means you any harm.

*Blep.* We will not trust so much as thy gums for all that. Who art thou?

*Penia.* I am Poverty — *Penia* - Poverty, eldest daughter of Asotus Spend all, of Brecknockshire, one that hath kept house with you this thirty years and upwards, I have sat winter and summer at your great-grandfather's table.

*Blep.* O Apollo, and the rest of the 'spital-house gods! tell me how I may run away.

*Chrem.* Nay, stay, you cowardly drone!

*Blep.* Stay! no, not for the world, I will not keep Poverty company, there be vermin about her which I would be loth should cosen the worms of my carcase.

*Penia.* Dare you grunt, you unethical rustics, being taken in the fact?

*Chrem.* Stay, coward, shall two men run away from one woman?

*Blep.* One woman! ay, but 'tis Poverty;  
 Penia-Poverty, or Penia-Penniless.<sup>1</sup>  
 No tiger so cruel: I had rather fight with Mall Cut-  
 purse and my Lady Sands both together at quarter-  
 staff.

*Chrem.* Good Blepsidemus, stay.

*Blep.* Good Chremylus, run away.

*Chrem.* Shall we leave Plutus thus?

*Blep.* How shall we resist this warlike Amazon, the  
 valiantest of all tinkers' trulls and doxies. She has  
 made me pawn my Bilbo-blade and rusty headpiece at  
 the alehouse many a time in arrant policy. Let us run;  
 there is no hope of safety but in footmanship. Our  
 valour is clean contrary to Achilles, for our greatest  
 security lies in our heels. Let us run stone walls  
 are not defence enough, her hunger will break through  
 and devour us.

*Chrem.* Take thy porridge-pot, man, for a helmet,  
 thy ladle for a spear, and a sword of bacon, and thou  
 art armed against Poverty *cap-a-pie*. and then Plutus  
 shall come and cut her throat, and raise a trophy out  
 of her miserable carcase.

*Penia.* Dare you snarl, you curs, after the contriv-  
 ing such damnable injury.

*Blep.* What injury, you old beldame? We have not  
 ravished thee, I am sure: thy beauty is not so much  
 moving. Dost think we mean to lie with red ochre?  
 to commit fornication with a red lattice? I know not  
 what thy lower parts can do, but thy very forehead  
 is able to burn us. Let thy salamander nose and  
 lips live in perpetual flames for me. Jove send thee  
 everlasting fire! There is no Cupid in thy com-  
 plexion: a man may look upon thee without giving  
 the flesh occasion to tempt the spirit: if all were

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<sup>1</sup> An equivoque on *Penniless* and *Penny-lass*.

made of the same clay thou art, adultery would be a stranger in England.

*Penia.* O immortal gods ! is it no injury to restore Plutus to his eyesight ? Now Furies put out all your eyes, and then consume all the dogs in Christendom, that there may be none to lead you !

*Chrem.* What harm is it to you if we study the catholic good of all mankind ?

*Penia.* What catholic good of mankind ? I'm sure the Roman Catholic religion commands wilful poverty.

*Blep.* That is because Plutus is blind his blindness is the cause of that devotion. But when Plutus can see again, we will kick you out of the universe, and leave you no place but the Universities, marry, those you may claim by custom, 'tis your penniless bench. We give you leave to converse with sleeveless gowns and threadbare ca-socks

*Penia.* But what if I persuade you it's necessary that Poverty live amongst you ?

*Blep.* Persuaded ' we will not be persuaded ; for we are persuaded not to be persuaded, though we be persuaded. Thus we are persuaded, and we will not be persuaded to persuade ourselves to the contrary, anyways being persuaded.

*Penia.* If I do not, do what you will with me ; leave me no place to rest in but the empty study of that pitiful poet that hath botched up this poor comedy with so many patches of his ragged wit, as if he meant to make Poverty a coat of it.

*Blep.* O *Tumpan's* *kas Cephonas* ! Jack Dolophin and his kettledrum defend us !

*Chrem.* But if you be convicted and nonplussed, what punishment will you submit yourself unto ?

*Penia.* To any.

*Blep.* Ten deaths : other cats have but nine, Grimalkin herself. Let us be sure Poverty die out-

right. I begin to be bousy in her company. Let's march. *[Exeunt ambo.]*

*Penia.* Yet I thank Jove I am better acquainted in city and country than these think of. In the city many that go in gay clothes know me; in the country I am known for taxes, excise, and contributions: besides, I have an army royal of royalists, that now live under the sequestration-planet, I shall muster them up, if need be. But first I will go marshal up my forlorn-hopes of tatterdemallions—Welsh, English, Scots, and Irish. I hope to give these Round—a breakfast, for all they vapour now; I hope to bring 'um under my dominion shortly.<sup>1</sup> *[Exit PENIA.]*

## SCENE V.

*Enter SCRAPE-ALL, CLODPOLE, STIFF, DICÆUS, and POVERTY.*

*Clod.* Neighbours, ich hear we must chop logic with Poverty, 'cha wonder what this logicking is, tid never know yet to-yere: they zay one gaffer Aristotle was the first vounder of it, a bots on him!

*Scrape.* 'Cha remember my zon went to the 'varsity, and I ha heard him say a fine song—

*Hang Brerwood and Carter in Crakanthorp's garter,  
Let Kekerman too bemoan us;  
I'll be no more beaten for greasy Jack Scaton,  
And conning of Sandersonus.*

At Oxford or Cambridge 'twould make a man a-hungry to hear 'um talk of 'gisms and argations, and prettickables and predicaments, and gatur antecedens,

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<sup>1</sup> Another passage, which has the appearance of having been interpolated by the editor.

and prurums, and postriorums, and probos, and val-  
leris. 'Cha think this logic a hard thing, next to the  
black art.

*Stiff.* Neighbours, an't be zo, what a murrain ails  
us! Why, shall we venture Plutus on pretticables and  
predicarments? shall we lose all our hopes by an *argo*  
*valleris*? This is my 'pinion, this same Poverty will  
prove the best computant of 'um all : why, she cannot  
choose but repute (as master ficar says) very well, and  
most tregorically.

*Dic.* Tregorically? Categorically, neighbour! Sir  
John meant so, I warrant you.

*Stiff.* Why, tregorically and catergorically ; tre and  
cater, there's but an ace difference , therefore bate me  
an ace, quoth Bolton, and I say she will repute very  
well, and tregorically , for she hath ever kept company  
with scholars, ever since my memory, or my granam's  
either. No, let me take my catergorical flail in hand ;  
and if I do not thresh her to death with lusty argu-  
ments, let me never live to problem again at a pease-  
rick.

*Dic.* Neighbours, be content. Poverty, stand you  
on one side, and I'll stand on the other , for I will be  
opposite to you, *à diametro*, and teach you to know  
your distance. Thus I dispute. The question is  
whether Plutus ought to receive his eyesight? I say  
ay, *et sic probò*

If it be fit that good and honest men,  
Whose souls are fraught with virtue, should possess  
Riches and wealth, which heaven did mean should be  
The just reward of goodness, while proud vice,  
Stripp'd of her borrow'd and usurped robes,  
Should have her loath'd deformities unmasked ;  
And vicious men, that spread their peacocks' trains,  
Have carcasses as naked as their souls—  
But if once Plutus should receive his eyes,  
And but discern 'twixt men, the world were chang'd:



Then goodness and full coffers, wealth and honesty,  
 Might meet, embrace, and thrive and kiss together;  
 While vice with all her partners starves and pines,  
 Rotting to dirt and filth, leaving to hell  
 Black souls. Who better counsel can devise?  
*Ergo*, 'tis fit Plutus receive his eyes.

*Clod.* That argo has nettled her, I warrant. Thou shalt be Plutus his professor for this. What has my she-Bellarmino now to answer?

*Dic.* As the mad world goes now, who could believe  
 But purblind fate and chance did hold the sceptre  
 Of human actions? Who beholds the miseries  
 Of honest mortals, and compares their fortunes  
 With the unsatiable pleasures of gross epicures,  
 Whose bursting bags are glutted with the spoils  
 Of wretched orphans—who (I say) sees this,  
 But would almost turn atheist, and forswear  
 All heaven, all gods, all divine providence?  
 But if to Plutus we his eyes restore,  
 Good men shall grow in wealth, and knaves grow  
 poor.

*Stiff.* In my 'pinion this simple-gism——

*Dic.* Fie, neighbour! 'tis a syllogism

*Stiff.* Why, simple and silly is all one: be what gism it will be, sure 'twas not in true mud and fig-tree, there was never a tar-box in the breech of it.

*Penia.* O dotards, how easily you may be persuaded to die as arrant fools as you were born! If Plutus recover his eyesight, and distribute his riches equally, you shall see what will become of your anabaptistical anarchy: what arts or sciences would remain. If every Vulcan be as good as yourselves, what Smug will make your worships' dripping pans?

*Dic.* Why, he that makes the fire-shovels and tongs: or, if all fail, *quisque est fortuna suae faber*, we'll make our dripping-pans ourselves. We can do more than that—we can preach to ourselves already.

*Penia.* Who would cobble your shoes, or mend your honourable stockings?

*Dic.* O, there be sermon-makers enough can do that bravely: the only metaphysics they are beaten in. *Rem acu tangunt.*

*Penia.* Who would carry you up to London, if the waggon-driver should think himself as good a man as his master?

*Dic.* Why, we would ride thither on our own hackney-consciences

*Penia.* Nay, if this were so, the very tailors, though they damned you all to hell under their shopboards, would scorn to come to the making up of as good a man as Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

*Dic.* Marry, that were a happy time for the Low Countries, the Spanish pike would not then be worth a bodkin.

*Penia.* There would be no presbyters to directorise you, no laundresses to soap you, no ploughmen to feed you, no innkeepers to fox you, no sycophants to flatter you, no friends to cheat you. *Ergo*, you have brought your hogs to a fair market'

*Stiff.* How she proves herself a sow in conclusion!

*Dic.* 'Twas in conclusion, that it might not be denied. Methinks Poverty disputes very poorly, and that's a wonder, for likely the naked truth is on her side

*Clod.* Yet she remembered an argo, and that made her argument not so weak and impudent: in my 'pinion, this argo is a quarter staff, at least

*Dic.* And (Poverty) what good turn can you do us, except it be to fill our ears with the bawlings of hungry brats and brawling bastards? No doubt, you bring us a flock of fleas and a herd of lice to store the pasture-grounds of our miserable microcosms; ~~the~~ unmannerly hogs with hunger betimes to desire us to defer our breakfasts a fortnight longer. You

can give us field-beds, with heaven for our canopy, and some charitable stones for our pillows. We need not expect the felicity of a horse, to lie at rack and manger; but yet our asses and we must be content with the same provender. No roast-beef, no shoulders of mutton, no cheese-cakes, no Machiavilian Florentines:<sup>1</sup>

And (whence our greatest grief does rise)

No plumb-porridge, nor no plumb-pudding pies.

*Ergo* (Poverty) I will answer your arguments at the whipping-post

*Lack.* That was strong and piercing for plumb-porridge: for truly one porringer of plumb-porridge is an argument more unanswerable than Campion's ten reasons.<sup>2</sup>

*Dic. Aliter probo sic.* Your poor creatures have not wherewith to bury themselves; but it is not fit that the soul should go a-begging for the charges of the body's funeral. *Ergo falleris, Domina Poverty.*

*Penia.* You do not dispute seriously; you put me off with trifling nugations. Thus I dispute. If I make men better than riches, I am to be preferred before riches. But I make men better; for poor men have the better consciences, because they have not so much guilt, I call their empty purses to witness. *Aliter probo sic.* I moralise men better than Plutus. *Exempli gratia.* Plutus makes men with puffed faces, dropsy bodies, bellies as big as the great tub at Heidelberg; noses by the virtue of Malmsey so full of rubies, that you may swear, had Poverty had dominion in their nativities, they had never had such rich faces: besides, they have eyes like turkey-

<sup>1</sup> A kind of dish, as to which see Nares, edit. 1859, in v. Florentine.

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to a book entitled "*Edmundi Campiani Jesuitæ Rationes Decem,*" 8°, 1582.

cocks, double-chins, flapdragon-cheeks, lips that may spare half an ell, and yet leave kissing-room enough. Nay, 'tis the humour of this age; they think they shall never be great men unless they have gross bodies. Marry, I keep men spare and lean, slender and nimble; mine are all diminutives, Tom Thumbs; not one Colossus, not one Garagantua amongst them; fitter to encounter the enemy by reason of their agility, in less danger of shot for their tenuity, and most expert in running away, such is their celerity. *Ergo*, Irus is a good soldier, and Midas is an ass.

*Scrape.* Troth, she has touched Midas: she has caught him by the worshipful ears.

*Dic.* Nay, 'tis no wonder if they be slender enough, you keep them with such spare diet they have so much Lent and fasting-days, that they need not fear the danger of being as fat as committee men. If a man should see a company of their lean carcasses assembled together, 'twould make him think dooms-day were come to town before its time.

*Penna* Moreover, that which is most noble is most preferable. But poverty is most noble. Minor, I prove thus: whose houses are most ancient, those are most noble but poverty's houses are most ancient; for some of them are so old, like vicarage-houses, they are every hour in danger of falling.

*Clod.* What a silly woman's this to talk of nobility houses! Does not she know we are all Levellers, there's no nobility now.<sup>1</sup>

*Stiff* Neighbour, I think so too: I am an Un-pundant<sup>2</sup> too, I think.

*Dic.* Nay, she does not dispute well. Her major was born in bedlam: her minor was whipped in Bride-

<sup>1</sup> Another augmentation by the editor, which points to the political events which occurred after the death of Charles I.

<sup>2</sup> i.e., Independent.

well. *Ergo*, her conclusion is run out of her wits. For well said M. Rombus, *Ecce mulier blancata quasi lilium*. Now I oppose her with a dilemma, *alias* the cuckold of arguments. My dilemma is this. Citizens and townsmen are rich, for theirs is the cornucopia ; *ergo*, riches are better than poverty. Nay, if riches were not in some account, why would Jupiter be so rich ? for you see he has engrossed to himself the golden age of Jacobuses, and the silver age of shillings and sixpences, and left us nothing but the brazen age of plundering and impudence, for tinkers' tokens are gone away too. To conclude in ore syllogism more—I will prove my tenet true by the example of Hecate, queen of hell. She would turn the clerk of her kitchen out of his office, and not suffer him to be the devil's manciple any longer, if he should bring any lean carcase or any carrion-soul to be served up at her table. Her chief dish is the larded soul of a plump usurer, basted with the dripping of a greasy alderman, the sauce being made with the brains of a great conger-headed lawyer, buttered with the grease of a well-fed committee-man, served up for want of saucers in the two ears of an unconscionable scrivener. *Ergo*, Poverty, you may go and hang yourself.

*Penia*. O, for the Barbadoes ! I have no place left for my entertainment.

*Dic*. Come, brethren, let us kick her out of the universe.

*Penia*. O, whither shall I betake myself ?

*Dic*. To the house of charity

*Penia*. To the house of charity ? that's an old, ruined, cold lodging, as bad as a correction-house. Good your worships, take some pity on miserable Poverty !

*Dic*. Did you ever hear such a solecism ?

*Lack*. Troth, master, I never knew it in my life : all our parish was ever against it.

*Clod.* And ours too, and I think all England over.

*Dic.* Poverty, then I say thou shalt have a justice of peace's charity—the whipping-post, thou shalt be lashed under the statute of sturdy rogues and beggars. Look for no pity, 'tis charity to pity those that are rich. Go, get you packing.

*Penta.* Well, sirs, though you put Poverty away now, yet you or your heirs may be glad to send for me ere long.

[*Exit POVERTY.*]

*Clod.* It shall be to the gallows then, by my consent. if you mean to prevent it, the best way is to go and pine away quickly.

*Stiff.* Farewell, old rag of Babylon, for we must be rich, and therefore worshipful. By your leave, master parson.

[*Exeunt omnes. Music.*]

## SCENE VI

*Enter CLIP-LATIN, a Parson, DIC & S, a Parson, CLODDOLE, STIFF, SCRAPE-ALL.*

*Dic.* Last night I laughed in my sleep. The queen of taints tickled my nose with a tithe-pig's tail. I dreamt of another benefice, and see how it comes about! Next morning Plutus, the god of wealth, comes to my house, and brings me an augmentation and a good fat living. He said he came to visit me: as sure as can be, I am ordained to be rich at his visitation, 'tis better than the bishops or archdeacons. Now must I be one of the Assembly, and walk demurely in a long black cloak at Westminster, forgetting all my Greek and Latin.

*Clip.* Faith, brother, that have I done already: my name's Clip-Latin truly, I read a homily, and pray by the service-book divinely

*Dic.* Divinely, quoth a! Thou must take *ex tempore* in hand, or else thou wilt ne'er be rich in these days.

*Clip.* Do you hear, neighbours? shall us leave the Common-Prayer?

*Stiff.* God forbid, master ficar! why, 'twas writ in David's time; and Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins joined it to the Psalms in those days, and turned it into such excellent metre, that I can sleep by it as well as any in the parish.

*Clod.* Besides, neighbour, we don't know this new sect what they pray, we can't vollow them in their extrumperies

*Clip.* You see the case is clear, sir I am for the king and the Prayer-Book.

*Stiff.* Well said, parson, we shall love thee the better for that, hold there still

*Dic.* Yet (brother) because thou art of our cloth, I'll speak to Plutus for thee. Thou shalt have twenty pounds *per annum* standing stipend, and the love of thy parish, because thou takest nothing of them. Dost mark me? Twenty pounds, I say I must be gone.

[*Exit DICÆUS.*]

*Clip.* A good saying and a rich. Now shall I surfeit in a satin cloak, from twenty nobles to twenty pounds! O brave!

*Scrape.* We are glad of it, vaith, master ficar.

*Clip.* Come, neighbours, upon this good news, let's chop up to my host Snego's, he'll be glad to hear of it too. I am resolved to build no more sconces, but to pay my old tickets. Come, let's in and drink a cup of stingo.

*Stiff.* Vaith, vicar, thou givest us good destruction still.

Come in, come, come.

SCENE VII.

*Enter BLEPSIDEMUS, CHREMYLUS, CARION.*

*Blep.* O the divinity of being rich! Now Plutus is come. But who is Plutus? Why, he is the nobleman's tutor, the prince's and State's fleet of plate, the lawyers' Littleton, the major<sup>1</sup> and aldermens' sur-gown, the justice's warrant, the constable and bumbailies' tip-staff, the astronomer's blazing star, the mathematician's record or counting-table, the Cavalier's service-book, the Presbyterian's Directory, the Independent's Ex-tempore, the Pope's Golden Legend, the Friar's Nun, the Monk's Breviary, the worldling's god, the Prelate's canons, and Bishop's oath, &c.—I could reckon more, but he is the very ladder to worship and honour. I must be rich, and therefore honourable and proud, and grave.

*Chrem.* O gentleman-like resolution!

*Blep.* Yet now I think on't, I will not be grave; for grave bodies do naturally descend to base conditions, which is clean contrary to the complexion of my humour; yet I will cry *Hum!* with the best in the parish. I will understand as little as the wealthiest citizen of them all.

*Chrem.* Marry, and that's a proud word, Blepsidemus.

*Blep.* I will sleep as soundly at church, and snore as loud at sermons, as the churchwarden himself, or the master of the company.

*Chrem.* O infinite ambition!

*Blep.* I will entertain none for my whores under the reputation of ladies, unless they be parson's daughters.

*Chrem.* O, because they may claim the benefit of the clergy.

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<sup>1</sup> Mayor.



*Blep.* I will deign none the honour of being my worship's cuckolds that is not a round-headed brother of the Corporation

*Chrem.* He'll make it a principle of the City Charter. Horns of such making will be of as great esteem as the cap of maintenance.

*Blep.* Hereafter, gentlemen, hereafter, I say, in contempt of a penny quart, I will throw Pisspot Lane in the face of Pie Corner. I will be foxed nowhere but at round-headed inns, that I may be honestly drunk, and carry it with the greater gravity and safety. The soul of sack and the flower of ale shall be my drink, that my very urine may be the quintessence of canary.

*Chrem.* Why, then, Vespasian might desire no greater revenue than the reversion of your chamber-pot

*Blep.* But come, let us withdraw, and carry Plutus to the Temple of Esculapius. Carion, make ready the necessaries, see you play the sumpter-horse with discretion. Let us make haste, for I long to be worshipful.

Come, friends, this day gives period to our sorrow,  
We will drown cares in bowls of sack to-morrow.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

### ACT III, SCENE I.

*Enter* PENIA-POVERTY, HIGGEN, TERMOCK, BRUN,  
CARADOC, and an army of rogues.

*Penia.* Soldiers, you see men Poverty despise,  
Since God of Riches hath recover'd eyes;  
Let us invade them now with might and main,  
And make them know their former state again.

March forth, brave champions, though your noble  
valours

Be out at elbows, show yourselves to be

Patches of worth, rags of gentility.

Brave blades, array'd in dish-clouts, dirty plush,

Like the brave senators of Beggar's-Bush ;

With Poverty sole empress of your states,

Spend your best blood, you have no wealthy fates.

Methinks I see your valours, and espay

Each rag a trophy of your victory.

Come, Brun, thou worthy Scot of gallant race,

What though thou lost an arm at Chevy Chase,

Resume thy valour And thou, Caradoc,

True leek of Wales, Pendragon's noble stock,

Stir up thy Welsh blood to encounter these,

With zeal as fervent as thy toasted cheese.

And thou, brave Redshank, too, Termock by name,

Wonder of Redshanks and Hibernia's fame.

To conquer these, or scatter them like chaff,

Or lick them up as glib as usquebaugh.

And Higgen, thou, whose potent oratory

Makes Beggar's Bush admire thy el'quent story,

Come bravely on, and rescue me from danger,

Else Poverty to you will prove a stranger,

Which heavens forbid !

*All.* Poverty, Poverty, Poverty, for our money !

*Pema.* Nay, without money, sirs, and be constant  
too.

*All.* Poverty, Poverty, Poverty, our patroness !

*Cara.* Cat's plutter a nails ; her were best by her troth  
take very many heeds how her make a commotion  
in her stomachs, if her ploud be but up twice and  
once, her will tug out her sword, and, gads nigs ! let  
her take very many heed, her will carbonado very  
much legs and arms. By St Taffie, I'se tear the most  
valiantest of them all into as arrant atoms as there be  
motes in the moon. Try he dare whose will ; I tickle

their hoopsir dominees, else, never let her sing hapatery, while she has live any longer. If her do not conquer them upside down, let her never while she lives in Heurope, God bless her, eat cause boby<sup>1</sup> with the man in the moon. Her coshen Merlin, her countryman, hath told her in a whisper very a many much tale of her valour above fourscore and twenty years since.

*Penia.* Bravely resolved! O, how I love thy valour! 'Tis sweeter than metheglin. ay, all Carnarvon cannot afford a comrade half so noble.

*Ter.* And Termock vill shpend te besht ploud in hish heelsh in the servish.

*Penia.* Renowned Termock, thanks from our princely self.

*Ter.* Nay, keep ty tancks to thyself, Termock is ty trusty shubsheckt.

*Brun.* And aies wos gang with thee, mon. Aies have bin a prupder gud man in the Borders. Aies fought blith and bonny for the gewd Earl Douglas. Aies show thy foemen a Scutch trick. Aies mumble their crags like a sheep's-head or coke's-nose. Aif I do not, let me bund to sup with nothing but perk and sow-baby.

*Penia.* Well said, brave Brun; hold but thy resolution,

And never a soldier breathing shall excel thee.

*Brun.* Nays, mon, aif I cannot give 'um mickle rashers enough myself, ais gang home to my Bellibarne, and get lusty martial barns, shall pell-mell their noddles. What gars, great Higgen?

*Hig.* Attend, attend. I, Higgen, the grand orator,

<sup>1</sup> Toasted cheese. In the "Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge," 1542, Borde makes his Welshman say—

"I do loue cause boby, good toasted cheese."

Compare "Old English Jest-Books," i. 104.

Begin to yawn, lend me your asses' ears ;  
 Give auscultation. Higgen, whose pike-staff rhetoric  
 Makes all the world obey your excellence  
 By cudgelling them with crab-tree eloquence.  
 By lusty doxies, there's not a quire cove,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nobler than I in all the bousing kens  
 That are 'twixt Hockly-i'-th'-hole and Islington.  
 By these good stampers, upper and nether duds ;  
 I'll nip from Ruffmans of the Harmanbeck,  
 Though glimmer'd in the sambles, I cly the chates :  
 I'll stand the pad or mill, the church's deneir.  
 Nip bungs, dupp gibbers leager, louse and bouse.  
 Ligger in strommel, in darkmans for pannum  
 Should the grand Ruffian come to mill me, I  
 Would scorn to shuttle from my poverty.

*Pen.* So, so, well spoke, my noble English tatter,  
 Lead up the vanguard, muster up an army,  
 An army royal of imperial lice.

*Hig.* And I will be the Scanderbeg of the company  
 The very Tamberlain of this ragged rout ;  
 Come, follow me, my soldiers.

*Brun* Yaws, grand captain, sir, suft and fair ; gar  
 away, there be gewd men in the company. Aies,  
 captain ; for aies have more Scutch lice than thou  
 hast English creepers, or he British goats about him.

*Hig.* What then ? my lice are of the noble breed,  
 Sprung from the Danes, Saxons, and Normans'  
 blood ;  
 True English born, all plump and all well-favour'd :

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<sup>1</sup> This passage is a very curious and valuable contribution to the antiquities of slang, and shows how Randolph seems to have neglected no branch of literary inquiry likely to profit him in the course of composition. See Hotten's "Slang Dictionary," 1864, arts. Cove, Ken, &c. ; but there are some phrases here which should find place in a new edition of that very flimsy and imperfect publication.

Take warning, then, good sir ; be not so proud  
As to compare your vermin, sir, with ours.

*Ter.* Pleash ty shit grash, let nedder nodder of them my shit empress have te plash of ty captain, I am te besht of edder odder. I have seen te fash of the vild Irish. Termock knows vat it is to fight in the bogs like a valiant costermonger, up to the nosh in ploud Not to make much prittle and prattle to none purposh Termock has fight under Oneale for her king and queen in te wars Vat I speak, 'tish by te shoes of Patrick, if that Termock be the captain, thou shalt beat ty foes to peeces and pashes.

*Cara.* Is Caradoc no respected amongst her ; her lice are petter a pedecree as the goodst of them all. Her lice come ap Shinkin, ap Shon, ap Owen, ap Richard, ap Morgan, ap Hugh, ap Brutus, ap Sylvius, ap Aeneas, and so up my shoulder. Ant her lice will not deshenerate from her petticree, precious coles ! Her ancestors fought in the wars of Troy, by this leek, as lustily as the lice of Troilus Nay, by St Taffie, the lice of Hector were but nits in comparison of her magnanimous lice. Do not disparege her nor her lice, if her love her guts in her pelly.

*Ter.* But if Termock have no lish, sall he derefore not be te captain ? Posh on her lish ! Termock hash none grash a Patrick, no such venomous tings will preed in hish country.

*Hig.* I will be captain, for my robes are martial  
True martial robes, full of uncurable wounds.  
My doublet is adorned with thousand scars,  
My breeches have endured more storms and tempests

Than any man's that lies perdu for puddings.  
I have kept sentinel every night this twelvemoneth ;  
Beheaded ducks and geese, spitted the pigs,  
And all to victual this camp of rogues.

*Cara.* Faith, and her clothes are as ancient a

petticree as thine, her fery doublet is coshen-sherman  
to Utter Pendragon's sherken, or else Caradoc is a  
fery rogue, by St Taffie.

*Pen.* You shall not thus contend who shall be  
captain ;

I'll do't myself. Come, follow me, brave soldiers.

*Brun.* I' faith ' she is a brave virago, mon

*Cara* By St Taffie, she is an Amashon, a Deborah,  
A Brunduca,<sup>1</sup> a Joan of Oleance,<sup>2</sup>  
Pucelle de Dieu, a Mall Cutpurse, a Long Meg of  
Westminster.

*Ter.* She sall be te captain, for all tee, or any  
odder in English lond.

*Hig* Whips on you ail ' follow the feminine gender ?  
Fight under th' ensign of a petticoat ?

An act unworthy such brave spirits as we

Remember our old virtues, sha'll we forget

(Our ancient valours ? Shall we in this one action

Stain all our honour, blur our reputations ?

Can men of such high fortunes deign to stoop

To such dishonourable terms ? How can our  
thoughts

Give entertainment to such low designs ?

My spirits yet are not dissolv'd to whey :

I have no soul so poor as to obey

To suffer a smock rampant to conduct me

*Brun* Aif thou's keep a mundryng-mandring, mon,  
I'se gang to Edinburgh. The deil lead your army  
for Brun, aies no meddle Adieu, adieu !

*Cara* Ah, Brun ' blerawhee, blerawhee

*Ter* Ah, Brun, Brun ! shulecrogh, fether, vilt  
thou ? fether, vilt thou ?

<sup>1</sup> Probably an intentional blunder for *Boudica*. See Dyce's  
Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. v.

<sup>2</sup> Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, but the Welshman was,  
no doubt, made to blunder.

*Brun.* What yaw doing, mon, to call Brun back ; and you be fules, I'll stay no longer.

*Cara* Ah, Brun, Brun ! shall be captain, by all te green cheese in the moon. Brun shall be captain for Caradoc, it her would not give place to Brun, her heart were as hard as Flintshire.

*Ter.* Brun sall be te besht in te company, if tere were a tousand tousand of 'um

*Hig.* I'll not resign my right, I will be captain.

'Tis fit I should hath not my valour oft  
Been tried at Bridewell and the whipping-post ?

*Pen* Let Higgen, then, be captain. his sweet tongue

And powerful rhetoric may persuade the rout.

*Cara.* Cat's plutter a nails ! Higgen shall be captain for her ears , yet Caradoc will be valiant in spite of her teeth.

Ho ' brave Captain Higgen '

*Omnes* Higgen ' a Higgen, a Higgen !

*Hig.* So then, soldiers, follow your leader. valiant Brun,

Lead you the rear , you, Termock shall command  
The regiment of foot Generous Caradoc,  
Have you a care of the left wing,

*Cara* O disparishment to her reputation ! Brutus hish coshen look the whing. 'Think you her will flee away ? Her will stand to it tooth and nail while there be skin and bones in her pelly

*Brun.* Let the army ging to the deil Aies no meddle

*Ter* Stay tere, man, vat tou do, Brun ?

*Hig* My brave comradoes, knights of [the] tatter'd fleece,

Like Falstaff's regiment, you have one shirt among you.

Well seen in plund'ring money for the alehouse.  
Such is the fruit of our domestic broils,

We are return'd to ancient poverty ;  
 Yet (seeing we are lousy) let us show our breeding.  
 Come, though we shrug, yet let's not leave our calling :  
 Lieutenants rampant, bravely all train'd up  
 At the well-skill'd artillery of Bridewell ;  
 March on, brave soldiers, you that ne'er turn'd back  
 To any terror but the beadle's whip.

*Brun.* St Andrew, St Andrew !

*Cara.* St Taffie, St Taffie !

*Hig.* St George, St George !

*Ter.* St Patrick, St Patrick !

*Pen.* Saints are discarded

But Andrew, Taffie, George, and Patrick too,  
 May the whole mess of them be all propitious !

*Hig.* If any do resist us, let us throw  
 Our crutches at them. I have here  
 An empty sleeve to strike out all their teeth,  
 Besides a maukin to wipe all our wounds.  
 Be valiant, and as erst the Spanish cobbler  
 Enjoined his eldest son upon his deathbed  
 See you do nothing that may ill beseem  
 The families you come of, let not the ashes  
 Of your dead ancestors blush at your dishonours  
 Increase the glory of your house, for me,  
 I'll ne'er disgrace my noble progeny.

*Cara.* Caradoc disgrash her petticree ? No, by St  
 Prutus' bones, her will fight till her stand, while tere  
 be legs in her heels. If her pe killed, her will not  
 run away

*Brun.* Aies gar away ? Aies not budge a foot, by  
 St Andrew

*Ter.* Terinock disgrash lush sadders and mudders ?  
 Terinock will stand while tere be breath in his breech.



## SCENE II.

CARION, CLODPOLF, LACKLAND, STIFF, SCRAPE-ALL,  
to them. CARION *whips them* · they run.

*Penia.* Higgen, Scanderbeg, Tamberlain, grand  
Captain Higgen!

*Hig.* Soldiers, shift for yourselves. We are all  
routed.

*Penia.* Is this you would not disgrace your noble  
progeny?

*Hig.* My ancestors were all footmen. Running  
away will not disgrace my progeny. *[Exit*

*Cara.* O disgrash to peat St Taffie's coshen! Use  
the true Pritish no petter?

*Penia.* Caradoc, will you and your lice disgrash her  
progeny? The vermin of Hector and Troilus would  
not do so for all Achilles' myrmidons

*Car.* Her do follow her petticee from head to foot,  
her grandsire Aeneas ran away before.

*[Exit CARADOC*

*Brun.* Marry, ill tide thee, mon, use a mon of our  
nation no better.

*Penia.* Generous Brun, I thought you would not  
have budged a foot, by St Andrew!

*Brun.* What of that, woman? Aies no endure  
poverty,

The Scots love mickle wealth better than so

*[Exit BRUN*

*Penia.* Will Termock too disgrash his fadders and  
mudders?

*Ter.* Termock runs for te credit of his heels, to look  
the reshiment of foot. *[Exit TERMOCK*

*Penia.* Now woe is me! woe is my poverty,

That can find grace or mercy in few places!

What shall I do? If my whole army fly,

I must run too, if I stay here, I die. *[Exit PENIA.*

## SCENE III.

CARION *and the rustics* CLODPOLE, STIFF, &c.

*Car.* So now, you see, Carion for his valour may compare with Don Quixote or the Mirror of Chivalry. Come, come along, you old fortunate rascals; you that in the days of Queen Richard fed upon nothing but barley broth and puddings, you shall be rich, you rogues, all of you feed hard at the council-table. How daintily wilt thou become a scarlet gown, when such poor snakes as I shall come with cap and knee, *How does your good lordship? Did your honour sleep well to night? How does Madam Kate and Madam Ciss, have their honours any morning-milk cheese to sell? Will it please your lordship to command your servant to be drunk in your honour's wine-cellar? Your honour's on all duties, and so I kiss your honour's hand—*

*Clod.* Thou shalt kiss my honour's tail. Then will I again say, *Fellow, how does thy honourable lord? Tell him he does not congregate from the noble family he comes of. I would have some consubilitation with him concerning a hundred of his lordship's pitchforks. But I am going to the Bench, and with the committee to firk up the proud priests before us, and humble the country. Tell him Madam Kate is as sound as a kettle thou shouldst have concoursed with her ladyship, but she is skimming her milk bowls and melting her dripping-pans as busy as a body louse. Now, fellow, go into my wine-cellar to play on my sack-buts, and take no care for finding the way out again. But, sirrah, see you drink my honour's health.* You see I can tell what belongs to lordships, and what is more, to good manners. But what's the news abroad, my honest *Coranto stilo novo sub form pauper?*

*Car.* I know not what to say, but that my master is

Emperor of Constantinople, a second Tamberlain, we shall have nothing but glory, beef, and bajazets in every cupboard. Plutus has left stumbling; the puppy is nine days old, and can see perfectly. Gramercy, Esculapius! 'tis pity but thou shouldst have a better beard than Apollo thy father. O Esculapius, the very poultice of surgeons and unnaal of physicians!

*Clod.* Vaith, neighbours, then let us make bon-fires: this news is as sweet as zugar-zops. [*He sings*

*My Jane and I full right merrily this jollity will avouch,  
To witness our mirth upon the green earth  
Together we'll dance a clatter-de-pouch  
Clatter-de-pouch, clatter, &c.*

*LACK.* And then will I kiss thy Kate and my Ciss  
As soon as I rise from my couch,  
The wenches I'll tumble and merrily jumble,  
Together we'll dance a clatter-de-pouch.

*CHORUS.* Clatter-de-pouch, clatter-de-, &c.

*CAR.* I'll kiss if I can our dairymaid Nan,  
Together we'll billing be found  
Let every slouch dance clatter de pouch,  
Together we'll dance a Sellenger's round

*LACK.* I will not be found at Sellenger's round.  
Although thou do call me a slouch,  
Banks's horse cannot prance a merrier dance,  
Than rumbling and jumbling a clatter-de pouch  
Clatter-de-, &c.

*CHORUS* Than rumbling, &c

[*Exeunt CLODPHOLE and LACKLAND*]

*Enter MISTRESS CHREMYLUS, and CARION.*

*Mis. Chrem.* Here's rumbling and jumbling indeed. I was spinning my daughter a new smock, and they keep such a noise I cannot sleep for 'um. Passion o'

my heart ! I wonder what news there is abroad, and why that knave Carion makes no more haste home.

*Car.* Now will I be an emperor, and condemn my mistress.

*Mis. Chrem.* Carion, what news, Carion ?

*Car.* I cannot answer them to-day, command the ambassadors to attend our will to-morrow.

*Mis. Chrem.* Why, Carion, I say !

*Car.* Go, give my gold chain and precious jewel——

*Mis. Chrem.* What, are you mad ?

*Car.* And a rich cupboard of my daintiest plate—  
Well, let me see what it will cost me now  
For to maintain some forty thousand men  
In arms against the Turks ?

*Mis. Chrem.* Sirrah, do you know yourself ?

*Car.* Suppose I lend some twenty thousand millions——

*Mis. Chrem.* Some twenty thousand puddings !

*Car.* And send two hundred sail to conquer Spain,  
and Rupert too, and fright the Inquisition

Out of their wits——

*Mis. Chrem.* If any be out more than thou, I'll be hanged.

*Car.* The King of Poland does not keep his word.  
And then my tenants for my custom-house  
Are twenty hundred thousand pounds behindhand.  
In Haberdasher's Hall, or Isle of Tripoli.

*Mis. Chrem.* Take that for your Haberdasher's Hall, or Isle of Tripoli. [*She cuffs him*

*Car.* Traitors ! my guard ! where are my beef-eaters ? O, my old mistress ! was it you ? Why, are you not drunk with mirth ? I was in good hope, ere this, to have seen you reeling in a French hood. Well, have at your old petticoat, madam. I have news will ravish you, my dainty madam—a bushel of unmeasurable joy.

*Mis. Chrem.* Then prythee, tell thy comfortable

message ; and if it tickle me in the telling, I will give thee a pair of high shoes more than thy quarter's wages.

*Car.* Listen then, while I anatomise my whole discourse from the head to the heel.

*Mis. Chrem.* Nay, good Carion, not to the heel.

*Car.* But I will, though your heel were a Polonian or a French heel, which is the fashion

*Mis. Chrem.* Nay, do not molest me, Carion ; I am very squeamish, and may chance have a qualm come over my stomach.

*Car.* Then I begin First we came to the god leading Plutus, then most miserable, but now as happy as Fortunatus his nightcap First we made him a dipper, we ducked him over head and ears in water, and then we made him an anabaptist<sup>1</sup>

*Mis. Chrem.* Alas, poor soul 'twas enough to have put him into an ague, one would not have used a water-spaniel more unmercifully.

*Car.* No, nor a curst quean in a cucking-stool, mistress. You see what creatures these dippers are. I warrant, when the young lasses were a-dipping, the blind rogue could see that well enough Well, mistress, coming to the temple of Esculapius, where all the altars stood furnished with reeking pasties and hot pippin-pies, O, 'twas such sweet religion, my mouth watered at it Just upon the hearth they were beathing a great black-pudding, to stay the god's stomach till breakfast. Here we laid Plutus in a cradle, and rocked him asleep

*Mis. Chrem.* O the folly of such simpletons ' lay an old man in a cradle'

*Car.* And why not? is he not a child the second

<sup>1</sup> This passage reads like an addition by the editor and augmentor. The Anabaptist controversy made no great stir till after the poet's death. See, as to the baptism or dipping of adults, the curious frontispiece to Heatley's "Dippers Dipt."

time? Next, every man made his own bed : the liberal god allowed us fresh pease-straw.

*Mis. Chrem.* And was there no more lame and impudent creatures at this spital-house?

*Car.* Of all sorts, mistress. There was a young heir, newly crept out his wardship, that had been sick of a young lady three years and upwards.

*Mis. Chrem.* Just as I am of Chremylus, sirrah, seeing you are of good parts and properties, you may presume to come sometimes into my bedchamber

*Car.* No, mistress, the dairymaid shall serve my turn. Next was a pretty waiting gentlewoman, that with dreaming of her lord was fallen into a terrible green-sickness

*Mis. Chrem.* Now, by my holidam, I could have cured that myself. if she be troubled with the maiden-head grief, I can give her as quick deliverance as any Esculapius in Euroje

*Car.* Many lawyers were troubled with the itch in their fingers, many young heirs in a consumption; burst citizens, so overswelled with interest money, that they were in danger of breaking. Many treasureurs, sequestrators, and receivers came for help, for they had received so much moneys, that they had lost their eyesight, and could not see to make accounts. There were townsmen came to have their brow antlers knocked off, Presbyterians for the Directory, Cavies for the service book, some tradesmen and scholars, that had long led upon costive usurers, being much bound, came to the temple to be made soluble

*Mis. Chrem.* Nay, if he be so good at it, I'll go and see if he can cure me of my corns; they vex me so wonderfully, I cannot sleep for 'um.

*Car.* Marry, Jove forbid, mistress! should your corns be cured, how should my master do for an almanac to foretell the weather? Pond, Booker, Allestree, Jeffry, Neve Gent. — nay, nor Merlinus

Anglicus, are not half so good astronomers as your ladyship's prophetic toes.

*Mis. Chrem.* Mass<sup>1</sup> if it be so, I shall save him twopence a year, rather than put him to the charges of an almanac. But was there any more?

*Car.* Yes, there were many country lobs that, having surfeited on the glory-bacon of their milkmaids' favours, were fain to repair to the next alehouse for purgations. Deaf scriveners came for their ears; silenced ministers to be cured of dumbness; many scholars of colleges, whose gowns having been sick divers years of the scurf, desired the god to do them the grace as to change the colour of that disease into the black jaundice.

*Mis. Chrem.* And did he cure them all?

*Car.* All but Neoclides, a blind fellow, and yet such an arrant thief, that he stole all things he set his eyes on. To proceed the monk put out the tallow-tapers, bid us sleep, and whatsoever hissing we heard, to see and say nothing. There we slept soundly, and, in the honour of Esculapius, snorted most devoutly. Marry, I could not sleep, for there was an old woman with a pitcher of pease-porridge at her head lay next to me. Now I had a great zeal to devour the delicious pillow, but putting forth my hand, I espied the bald friar eating the religious cakes, and cracking of the consecrated nuts. So I, thinking it a piece of divine charity, studied how to cheat the old beldame.

*Mis. Chrem.* O sacrilegious varlet! wert not afraid of the god?

*Car.* Yes, lest he might cosen me of my pease-porridge. The woman, perceiving me, put forth her hand; then I fell a-hissing like a Winchester goose or<sup>1</sup> St George's dragon, the woman snatched back her fangs, and for very fear smelt like the perfume of

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *on*

a polecat ; in the interim I supped up the porridge, and, my belly being full, I laid my bones to rest.

*Mis. Chrem.* And did not the god come yet ?

*Car.* O mistress ! now comes the jest. When the god came near me, my devotions *a posteriori* sent him forth most ridiculous orisons ; the pease-broth in me was so windy, that I thought I had an Æolus in my belly, my guts wambled, and on the sudden evaporated a clap or two of most unmannerly thunder, the very noise of it broke all the urinals in the spital-house, and saved Esculapius the labour of casting Jupiter's water. It frightened his poor apothecary out of his wits, as he was making Saturn a glyster, and for the smell, Panacea told her father she was sure it could not be frankincense.

*Mis. Chrem.* Yes, but was not the god angry that you kept your backside no closer ?

*Car.* Who ? he ? 'Tis such a nasty Numen, he would be glad if your close-stool were his alms-tub, that he might feed upon your meat at second-hand.

*Mis. Chrem.* Nay, but leave your windy discourse, and proceed with your tale

*Car.* At length two snakes appeared, and licked Plutus' eyes ; then Esculapius, beating Argus his head in a mortar, tempered it with a look beyond Luther,<sup>1</sup> well minced with the roasted apple of his eye ; the whole confection boiled in a pint of crystalline humour, which being dropped into his eye with the feather of a peacock's tail, he recovered his sight in the twinkling of an eye.

*Mis. Chrem.* But how came the God of Wealth blind ?

*Car.* How ? because honesty is like a puck-fist, he never met it but once, and it put out his eyes. be-

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<sup>1</sup> A tract with this title ("Look beyond Luther") by Richard Bernard appeared in 1623



sides, the rich rogue had too many pearls in his eyes.

*Mis. Chrem.* And what are we the better, now his eyesight is restored?

*Car* Why, thus. None but honest people shall grow rich now, there's the wonder, my master Chremylus shall be an earl, and you from the cream-pot of rusticity shall be churned into the honourable butter of a countess

*Mis Chrem* Nay, they were wont to call me countess before, and I shall do well enough for a countess, I warrant you I thank my stars, I can spin as fine a thread for woollen, as any countess in England. Well, Carion, now I am a countess, mistress fear shall not sit above me in the church; I will have as fine a stammel petticoat and rich stomacher as the proudest of them all Prythee, Carion, go to the goldsmith, buy me a ring, and see it be well enamoured

*Car.* You would say enamelled But, mistress, what will you do now?

*Mis Chrem* I will go in to present the god's new eyes with a basket of pippins and a dozen of church-wardens.<sup>1</sup>

*[Exeunt ambo.]*

*Enter PLUTUS, and to him CHREMYLUS.*

*Plu* Good morrow to the morn next to my gold  
First, bright Apollo, I salute thy rays,  
And next the earth, Minerva's sacred land.  
Truly Cecropian soil, Athenian city.  
How my soul blushes, and with grief remembers  
My miserable blindness! wretched Plutus,  
Whose hood-wink'd ignorance made thy guilty feet  
Stumble into the company of rascals,

<sup>1</sup> Warden pears.

Informers, sequestrators, pettifoggers,  
Grave coxcombs, sycophants, and unconscionable  
Corydons,

And citizens whose false conscience weigh'd too light  
In their own scales ; claimed by a principal charter  
The cornucopia proper to themselves.

When good just men, such as did venture lives  
For country's safety and the nation's honour,  
Were paid with their own wounds, and made those  
scars,

Which were accounted once the marks of honour,  
The miserable privilege of begging,  
Scarce to have lodging in an hospital.

And those, whose labours suffer nightly throes  
To give their teeming brains deliverance,  
To enrich the land with learned merchandise,  
The sacred traffic of the soul, rich wisdom,  
Starve in their studies, and like moths devour  
The very leaves they read, scorn'd of the vulgar—  
Nay, of the better sort too many times,  
As if their knowledge were but learned wickedness,  
And every smug could preach as well as they :

Nay, as if men were worse for academies.  
But all shall be amended I could tell  
A tale of horror, and unmask foul actions,  
Black as the night they were committed in  
I could unfold a Lerna, and with proofs  
(As clear as this dear light) could testify.  
How I unwilling kept them company.

*Chorus* O, heaven forbid ' what wicked things are  
these ?

Yet such there be that flock into my company  
In swarms, as if they would devour me quick,  
That throng so fast as if they'd crowd my soul  
Out of her house of clay : while every man  
Employs his supple hams and oily tongue  
To feign'd compliments and importunate service.

I could not walk th' exchange to-day, but straight  
 Each head was bare, every officious knee  
 Bowed to my honour, and inquired my health ;  
 And (which is more intolerable) snow-white heads,  
 Whose every hair seemed dyed in innocence.  
 With that one leg which was not yet i' th' grave,  
 Crouch'd like so many tapsters These springtide  
                   friends,

These swarming flies, bred by the summer's heat  
 Should but adversity's black cloud appear,  
 With low'ring looks threaten a winter's storm.  
 Farewell my summer's swallows · these are friends  
 To Chremylus' cupboard, and affect (I see)  
 My oysters and my puddings 'tis not me     [*Exit.*]

*Enter MISTRESS CHRMYLUS.*

*Mis. Chrem.* Marry. God's blessing on thy soul !  
 Now a hundred good morrows to thy eyes ! I have  
 brought thee a dish of pearmains and pippins, with a  
 dish of lordings and lady-apples, and some of our  
 country fruit, half a score of russetings.

*Plu.* O, 'tis unfit, my eyesight being restored,  
 To accept a kindness, til I have bestowed one.

*Mis. Chrem.* Marry and muff' I can be as stout  
 as you, if I please. Do you scorn my kindness ?

*Plu.* Apples and nuts, we'll eat 'um by the fire,  
 Where the rude audience shall not laugh at us

Twere an absurdity in a comic poet  
 To make a muss of sweetmeats on the stage,  
 Throwing a handful of ridiculous nuts  
 To catch the popular breath and ignorant praise  
 Of preaching cobblers, carmen, tinkers, tailors.

*Mis. Chrem.* Nay, 'tis e'en true ; the good old  
 gentleman speaks very wisely, you may believe him  
 if you please. I'll be sworn, this morning, the lay  
 clergy, while they were a-preaching at Bell Alley and

Coleman Street, I came by with my basket; the hungry rascals in pure zeal had like to eat up my gingerbread, had there not been Popish pictures upon it. I had much ado to keep them from scrambling my apples too, had not the sets of my old ruff looked like so many organ pipes, and frightened them. But faith, rake-hells (and you mend not your manners), I'll complain to Master Goodwin and the 'mittees too.<sup>1</sup> Come in, good gentlemen, though I have never a tooth in my head, yet I'll crack nuts with my gums, but I'll bear thee company [Exeunt ambo.]

## ACT IV, SCENE I.

CARLON *solus*.

*Car.* To be rich is the daintiest pleasure in the world, especially to grow rich without venturing the danger of Tyburn or whipping. Every cupboard is full of custards, the hogsheads replenished with sparkling sack. The veriest Gippo in the house will not drink a degree under muscadine. All the porridge-pots are arrant Barbary gold. All the vessels in the house, from the basin and ewer to the chamber-pot and vinegar-bottle, are of Middieton's silver. The kitchen and buttery is entire ivory, the very purity of the elephant's tooth. The sink is paved with the rich rubies and incomparable carbuncles of Sir John Oldcastle's nose. The conduit runs as good rose-water as any is in Aristotle's well. The dishcloths are cloth of tissue, and from the skirts of every scullion drop melting streams of ambergris. We, the poor servants, play at even and odd with arch-angels, and at cross and pile for Jacobuses, to out-

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<sup>1</sup> Another augmentation.

humour<sup>1</sup> Philip the King of Spain. My master is sacrificing a sow, a goat, and a ram for joy; but I could not endure the house, there is such a smoke from the reeking of the roast, that though it please my stomach, my eyes are offended with it.

*Enter GOGGLE and his boy, carrying his shoes and cloak*

*Gog.* Boy, follow me, for I have a zeal to be rich. My devotion leads me in the righteous path To Plutus, god of wealth. Profane Poverty Is a Carthusian and a grand delinquent One o' th' malignant party up in arms Against the well-affected

*Car.* Say, brother, who are you, whose righteous shoes Conduct you hither?

*Gog.* Ananias Goggle, verily  
A devout brother, that hath oft been plundered  
By wicked persecution, but last night  
My dreaming spirit foretold I should be rich  
And happy made by revelation.

*Car.* Goggle or Coggle, a Geneva brother  
Of sanctified snuffing, a pure elder  
O' th' precise cut, or else past ordinances.

*Gog.* No, but a zealous saint of Amsterdam,  
Whose nose is forward to promote the cause  
Crosses are Romish idols, yet misfortune  
Has put so many dismal crosses on me,  
Till every cross was spent, and sent away  
On superstitious pilgrimages. Fie upon't,  
That zeal and ignorance should be convertible!

*Car.* What would you have, dear brother? for I think  
I have heard you exercise at Bell Alley

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy reads *in a humour, to out.*

*Gog.* 'Tis true ; but yet  
 I come to Plutus' conventicle now,  
 'Tis he can cure my troubles ; he brings joy  
 To the fraternity of Amsterdam,  
 To the Geneva brotherhood, and the saints,  
 Whose pure devotions feed on Banbury cakes .  
 He can restore my wealth, give me abundance  
 Of holy gold and silver purified :  
 Increase my talents spent upon the Sisters,  
 That I may thrive again as did my father,  
 That reverend Saint Goggle, Patience Hypomone,  
 A holy tailor and a venerable parson.

*Car.* Say, brother, may a tailor be a parson ?

*Gog.* 'Tis very fit ' for first, his sacred parchment  
 Can take the measure of religion,  
 And from the cloth of a good conscience  
 Make up a suit for honest conversation :  
 Sewed with the thread of goodness, stitch'd i' th' seams  
 With twisted silk of piety and innocence,  
 Lined with good thoughts and charitable actions .  
 The sacred shreds and snips of holy carsey  
 May chance to mend the garments of the righteous,  
 If Satan come to rend their guiltless robes.<sup>1</sup>

*Car.* But were you not in miserable condition,  
 Before that Plutus came to speak amongst you ?  
 He speaks with golden eloquence, believe't  
 For now your zealous bags are full again  
 With holy silver and good brotherly gold ;  
 You cannot fall to desperation,  
 Having so many angels to defend you.

*Gog.* Yea, certes : therefore now I find god Plutus  
 Has made me collector of his contributions,  
 I must needs thrive ; therefore I take occasion  
 To give the god the greatest gratulation

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<sup>1</sup> A biting satire on the extravagant figures and flowers of speech introduced by the Puritans.

*Car.* But tell me, zealous brother, why doth that boy  
Carry that saint-like cloak, and upright shoes?

*Gog.* Cloaks are for saints; they preach in cloaks  
all now;

Gowns are all popes: no sermons without cloaks.  
This holy cloak and I these thirteen years  
Have freez'd together, and these upright shoes—  
Not upright once, till their ungodly soles,  
That always went awry, were rightly mended  
By a religious conscionable cobbler,  
With leather liquor'd in most zealous tears—  
These shoes, I say, ten winters and three more  
Have traced the conventicles of the brethren.  
These shoes, this cloak, I come to dedicate  
To Plutus, in requital of his kindness

*Car.* What, your shoes come for consecration?

*Gog.* Now fie upon your popish consecration!  
This cloak is not a rag of Babylon.  
I offer these as presents this same is  
A well-affected cloak, these<sup>1</sup> zealous shoes  
Never profan'd with irreligious toes.  
Such precious gifts they are, such devout presents,  
He cannot but accept them verily

*Enter NEVER-GOOD*

*Never.* O hone! a cree! o hone!  
My empty purse and belly weep for sorrow,  
And every string and gut pours lamentations.  
I was a sequestrator once, and used  
To find occasions of delinquency  
Committed against the State, like a promoter  
But now my guts have sequestered my belly,  
And let it out to others Wretched state

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *and*.

Of them that die in famine ! But in me  
Jerusalem's dearth is here epitomis'd.

*Car.* [*Sings.*] *Garret Ostle Bridge was down,  
welladay, welladay.*

*Never.* As I was wont to inform against malignants,  
So now my guts give informations  
Against my teeth and stomach. Wretched ne'er-be-good !  
I now must pine and starve at Penniless Bench,  
Who starved orphans and delinquent prisoners,  
Like a Committee's marshal. Now I see  
What 'tis to want a little honesty.

O, that the philosophers truly had defined  
The moon green cheese ! I would desire the man  
That dwells in such a blessed habitation  
To roast me one poor piece before I die,  
That for my epitaph men might write this note,  
Our sequestrator had a Welshman's throat

*Gog.* Now verily I find by revelation,  
This is a varlet of no honest fashion,  
Who, 'cause he had no honest occupation,  
Is fall'n into most wretched tribulation.

*Necr.* O hunger, hunger ! Now, good sky, fall quickly,  
Or I shall die ere it rain larks ! Who could  
Endure to have his goods confiscate thus  
By the blind puppy Plutus ! Well, young Cerberus,  
I'll hire the furies to pull out thy eyes.  
And once more put thee to the trade of stumbling.

*Car.* This is a rascal deserves to ride up Holborn,  
And take a pilgrimage to the triple tree,  
To dance in hemp Derrick's coranto.<sup>1</sup>  
Let's choke him with Welsh parsley.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A proverb. See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1860, p. 462.

<sup>2</sup> Derrick was the predecessor of Gregory Brandon as common hangman. To ride up Holborn was to go to the gallows or triple tree at Tyburn. The cart went from Newgate, past Sepulchre's Church, down Holborn and the Oxford Road.

<sup>3</sup> Hemp.



*Never.* Good friend, be merciful; choke me with puddings and a rope of sausages,  
And I will thank you here and after death;  
For I shall die (I fear) for want of choking.  
Where is the god that promised golden mountains  
To enrich us all: is this the gold he gives me?  
He has not left me coin enough to purchase  
A mess of pottage, like my brother Esau.  
Empson and Dudley, happy were you two,  
Being the prime sequestrators of your age,  
That you were hang'd before this day of famine.  
I pine and starve, live to outlive myself,  
Turn ghost before I die. Blind fornicator,  
Plutus has sequestered the sequesterator.

*Gog.* I tell thee, out of zeal to the cause, thou liest.

*Never.* So, my good zealous brother of ignorance,  
And what says your Amsterdam nose? you think  
That every man turns factor for the devil:  
A reprobate, that comes not every night  
To hear your fine reformed basketmaker  
Preach in his wicker pulpit? You shall not think  
To have my money thus, you shall not think it  
Prate any longer here, mutter again,  
And I will make thy pretty brotherly soul  
Come snuffing through thy sanctified nostrils

*Car.* Nevergood, I know, was always fierce.

*Never.* Yes indeed, sir, for now my paunch is empty;

I'd have you know, I have an excellent stomach.

*Car.* I will do what I can to make this flesh  
To have a combat with this furious spirit.  
Ananias Goggle, do you see this heretic,  
How he triumphs against the lay-preaching brotherhood?

Go to him, man, and beat him.

*Gog.* 'Tis a strong reprobate. He would sequester me,

Were I not for the cause. I will not touch him.  
 He will defile my purest hands ; he is  
 A lump of vile corruption. Breathe th' other way ;  
 Thy very breath's infectious, and it smells  
 As if thou hadst caught the pox of the whore of  
 Babylon.

*Never.* So, sir, you dare not fight ?

*Gog.* I will not fight. It is thy policy to have me  
 fight,  
 That I might kill thee, and pollute my hands  
 With swinish blood. No, no, I will not fight,  
 To make myself unsanctified.  
 I will dispute with thee, nose against nose,  
 And valiantly I dare to snuffle with thee,  
 In the defence of silver purified.

*Never.* Would Plutus had no better champion to  
 defend him  
 Than such as only snuffle in the cause !  
 I would presume by my own proper valour  
 To make a breach in the strongest cupboard,  
 Were it as strong as Basing House or Bristol.

*Gog.* Avaunt, thou synagogue of iniquity !  
 I see thou art of the Popish tribe. Necessity  
 Does make thy guts take purgatory penance,  
 Brings thee to shrift and shift, makes thy teeth  
 observe

Unconscionable Fridays, profane fasting-days,  
 With Lent and antichristian Ember weeks.

*Never.* 'Tis much against my conscience, my de-  
 votion

Lies toward the kitchen. If I change my faith,  
 I will turn fat Presbyter or Anabaptist.  
 I never loved this heresy of fasting,  
 Plutus has put me out of commons. Yet my nose  
 Smells the delicious odour of roast-beef.

*Car.* What dost thou smell ?

*Never.* I say I smell some Cavalier's roast-beef.

*Car.* Out on thee, varlet! I warrant thou'dst fain sequester it.

If the despair of dining vex thee thus,  
I can acquaint thee with a liberal duke,  
That keeps an open house.

*Never.* I charge thee, by the love thou bearest thy stomach,  
By all the happiness of eating puddings,  
And every pie thou meanest to eat at Christmas,  
To tell me who——

*Gog.* Now out upon thee for a roguish heretic!  
'Tis not a Christmas, 'tis a Nativity pie.  
That superstitious name, I know, is banish'd  
Out of all England, holly and ivy too.

*Car.* Why, go to Paul's. Duke Humphrey wants a guest;  
If his rooms now be clean from soldiers' horse-dung,  
There you may stay and walk your bellyful  
Bid yourself welcome, never pay your ordinary,  
Nor say no grace, but thank yourself for hunger.

*Never.* O misery of men, that I, the health  
And lover of my country, should thus pine  
And die for want of porridge! See yon chimney!  
What sweet perfumes, what comfortable smoke  
It breathes; that very smoke doth smell of mutton.  
Well, I shall die, and all the worms will curse me  
For bringing so lean a carcase to the grave!

*Gog.* Answer to me.

*Never.* What, to those narrow breeches?

*Gog.* Do not profane my breeches. For these breeches,

I tell thee, were in fashion in the primitive Church—  
Answer to me.

*Never.* What, will you catechise me?

*Gog.* Art thou a farmer?

*Never.* No, heaven forbid, I am not mad,  
To live by dung and horse-turds.

*Gog.* Art thou a merchant ?

*Never.* Faith, I can walk the Exchange,  
Put on an Indian face, spit China fashion ;  
Discourse of new-found worlds, call Drake a gander ;  
Ask if they hear news of my fleet of ships  
That sail'd by land through Spain to the Antipodes  
To fetch Westphalia bacon. I can discourse  
Of shorter ways to th' Indies, spend my judgment  
On the plantation of the Summer Isles :  
Censure Guiana voyage, dream<sup>1</sup> of plots,  
To bring Argier by shipping unto Dover.  
Then of Prince Rupert's ships, and how the Pope  
May make St Dunstan draw the devil to th' Peak,  
To make him kiss his own breech. 'This  
Can I talk with merchants ; in the close invite  
Myself to dinner in their houses,  
And borrow money, ne'er to be repaid  
Till the return of my silver fleet from Persia.

*Gog.* Now fie upon thee, hast thou no vocation,  
No honest calling ? 'Then art thou not a lawyer ?

*Never.* No, faith, I am not, yet [I] know a trick  
To bring my neighbours into needless suits,  
And undertake their actions : make 'um pay  
For such a motion at the Dog's-head Tavern  
A mark or two ; disburse a piece or two  
For affidavits at the Mitre : sell 'um  
For twenty shillings an injunction,  
Writs of rebellion, Chancery decrees :  
*A nisi prius, or a latitat.*

*Car.* Poor souls ! they have very hard words for  
their money

*Never.* When this is done, I sit and laugh at  
them :

Then they may buy a writ of execution,  
And go and hang themselves. For I feed on them

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *deam*.

All the term long, live with them in vacation,  
Cheating them by bills of return.

*Gog.* Vile rascal ! hast thou no other shift ?

*Never.*

Faith, yes ; sometimes

I feed on one-and-twenties, cheat young heirs,  
Bringing them acquainted with some cosening  
scrivener,

To ease them of the burden of too much earth.  
Sometimes I woo old widows, go a-suiting  
Unto the thirds of an alderman's estate ,  
Sometimes prick up myself, and grow familiar  
With the proud wealthy citizens' wanton wives,  
And by the fortitude of my back maintain  
Both back and belly.

*Gog.* O sink of sin. and boggard of corruption !  
Hast thou no honest calling ?

*Never.* Yes, I have . I know a trick to snuffle at  
Bell Alley,

Rail at the steeple-houses and the Popish bishops,  
And the tithe-scraping priests, Sir John Presbyters.

*Gog.* Out on thee, villain, foe to the holy cassocks '   
I do remember thee in the archbishop's time,  
Thou madest me stand i' th' Popish pillory  
With Prynne and Burton, only for speaking  
A little sanctified treason

*Car.* But we will be reveng'd ; we'll have him  
dragg'd

Through all the town by alewives, and then hang'd up  
Upon a sign-post, for conspiring with  
Sir Giles Mompesson in the persecution  
Of innocent tapsters.

*Gog.* Come, seeing he has no zeal nor ardent love,  
Let's strip him naked, till he freeze and grow  
As bold as charity.

*Never.* What, will you plunder me ? where's your  
warrant, ho ?

Do, sanctified thieves, plunder : yet I shall live

To see my little Anabaptist come  
 To his twelve godfathers, thence to the ladder,  
 Where, having nos'd a tedious psalm or two,  
 The holy hemp must gird your sanctified windpipe,  
 While you, in honour of the righteous cause,  
 With a wry mouth salute the souls at Paddington,  
 And turn a Tyburn saint.

*Gog.* Pull off his profane and irreligious doublet,  
 Anathematise his breeches, excommunicate  
 His impious shirt : there's not a rag about him  
 But is heretical, full of Babylon lice,  
 Like the foul smock of Austria.<sup>1</sup>

*Never.* So, do it if you dare . that I may live  
 To see your fine precise Geneva breeches  
 Hang in the hangman's wardrobe. Ho ! bear witness.

*Car.* Nay, faith, your witness is not here : a man-  
 drake  
 Has frighted him . the hue and cry was up,  
 'Twas time to trust the safety of his neck  
 Unto the swiftness of his heels . Come, come,  
 Uncase. So now, Ananias Goggle,  
 Lend me your cloak to cloak this sycophant.

*Gog.* My cloak ! his Romish carcase shall not be  
 arrayed  
 In these pure innocent robes : shall any bastards  
 Of the vile generation of Pope Joan  
 Defile my cloak, that has these thirteen years  
 Wip'd my beloved nose, whose very snout  
 Is reverenc'd by the brethren ? No, he may bring  
 These garments to the mass, profane 'um there,  
 And make my cloak a reprobate, and commit  
 Adultery with the seven hills. Besides,  
 He is an idol ; and I verily think  
 It were idolatry to let this cloak  
 Embrace a pagan. No, good cloak, ne'er turn

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<sup>1</sup> Compare "Aristippus," p. 29, *ante*.

Apostate from the faith of Amsterdam.  
 Good cloak, be not akin to Julian's jerkin :  
 'Though thou be threadbare, thou shalt ne'er be  
 turn'd ;

No, no, 'tis fitter Plutus have thee.

*Car.* No, Plutus shall have this, 'tis fresh and new :  
 Your cloak is threadbare , your too fervent zeal  
 Has almost made it tinder.

*Gog.* What, Plutus have his cloak ' O, 'tis the skin  
 Of a pernicious snake. O Popery !  
 A profane cope or the Levitical smock—  
 I mean a surplice—is not more unlawful.

*Car.* As it is now But wipe your nose on't thrice,  
 'Tis sanctified ; you know the brotherly snot  
 Has enthusiastic operations in't

*Gog.* I am persuaded. Let him have it, then.  
 But what shall be decreed of my upright shoes ?

*Car.* We'll hang them on his head. How his brow-  
 antlers

Become their furniture ! By St Hugh's bones,  
 He looks like the very ghost of a shoemaker's shop.

*Gog.* O, swear not by St Hugh, that canonis'd  
 cobbler

Come, holy brother, let us drag him hence.

*Never.* Do, scoundrels, do , but if I once come a-  
 sequestering,

I'll go to Dr Faustus, true son and heir  
 To Beelzebub, whom the great devil begot  
 Upon a Succubus on midsummer eve,  
 As he<sup>1</sup> was sowing fernseed. This Dr Faustus,  
 The Mephistopheles of his age, the wonder  
 And the sole Asmodeus of his times,  
 Shall by his necromantic skill (Fortune my foe)  
 In the black art lend me his Termagant,  
 Old Almeroth of Cantimeropus,

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *Hell*

Or some familiar else, an hour or two.  
 Thence I'll to Phlegeton, and with him drink  
 A cup of hell's flapdragon, and returning,  
 Spue fire and brimstone into Plutus' face,  
 To roast the rotten apples of his eyes  
 With Stygian flames, that I revomitise

[*Exit NEVER-GOOD.*]

*Gog.* We fear not Dr Faustus his landlord  
 Lucifer

Says that his lease with him is out of date,  
 Nor will he let him longer tenant be  
 To the Twelve Houses of astrology.

*Car.* Let Dr Faustus do his worst. Let me  
 See if this Termagant can help you to  
 Your clothes again

*Enter ANUS.*

*Car.* But stay, what wormeaten hag is this? Holy  
 brother, let's away to bo-peep, we shall be seen else.  
 Do you not perceive that old beldame of Lapland,  
 that looks as if she had sailed thither in an egg-shell,  
 with a wind in the corner of her handkercher? I am  
 not so much afraid of Dr Faustus, as of that witch of  
 Endor

[*Exeunt GOOGLE, CARION.*]

### SCENE III.

*ANUS sola.*

*Anus.* Heigho! methinks I am sick with lying  
 alone last night. Well, I will scratch out the eyes of  
 this same rascally Plutus, god of wealth, that has  
 undone me. Alas! poor woman, since the shop of  
 Plutus his eyes has been open, what abundance of  
 misery has befallen thee! Now the young gallant will  
 no longer kiss thee nor embrace thee, but thou, poor  
 widow, must lie comfortless in a solitary pair of sheets,



having nothing to cover thee but the lecherous rug and the bawdy blankets. O, that I were young again ! how it comforts me to remember the death of my maidenhead ! Alas ! poor woman, they condemn old age, as if our lechery was out of date. They say we are cold : methinks that thought should make 'um take compassion of us, and lie with us—if not for love, for charity. They say we are dry : so much the more capable of Cupid's fire ; while young wenches, like green wood, smoke before they flame. They say we are old. why, then, experience makes us more expert. They tell us our lips are wrinkled : why, that in kissing makes the sweeter titilation. They swear we have no teeth : why, then, they need not fear biting. Well, if our lease of lechery be out, yet methinks we might purchase a night-labourer for his day's wages. I will be revenged of this same Plutus, that wrongs the orphans, and is so uncharitable to the widows. Ho, ho ! who's within here ?

*Enter SCRAPE-ALL.*

*Scrape.* Who's there ?

*Anus.* A maid against her will this fourscore years Goody-godden, good father. Pray, which is the house where Plutus lives ?

*Scrape.* Marry, follow your nose, you may smell out the door, my little damsel of fifteen but fifteen times over. In my 'pinion, this young lass would make a pretty Maid Marian in a comedy to be presented before Plutus.

*Anus.* Now God save all. By your leave, sweet grandsire, I will call forth some of the house.

*Scrape.* What need that ? cannot I serve the turn ?

*Anus.* No, marry, can you not. Nay, as old as I am, I will not bestow my widow's maidenhead at second hand on such a frosty Nestor. I will have

March or April ; I scorn to commit fornication with December.

*Scrape.* Nay, good Autumn, do not misconceive me ; I asked if I could not bear in your errand or no. But I see Master Chremylus coming.

*Enter CHREMYLUS.*

*Anus.* Alas ! good sir ! I have endured the most unjust and unsufferable injuries, since Plutus has regained his eyesight, as ever poor woman did since the days of Queen Edmund. Alas, sir ! life is not life without natural recreation.

*Chrem.* How's this ? some promoter of the feminine gender !

*Anus.* No, by my chastity, but an honest matron of Turnbull, that have paid scot and lot there these fourscore years, yet never was so abused as now.

*Chrem.* What abuse ?

*Anus.* Unsufferable abuse, intolerable injuries.

*Chrem.* Speak, what injuries ?

*Anus.* An injury unspeakable.

*Chrem.* What is it ?

*Anus.* Alas, sir ! 'tis lying alone. O the misery of lying alone ! would I had been below ground, ere I had seen this minute of adversity. Ah, Turnbull Grove ! shall I nevermore be beholding to thy charitable shades ? Ah ! 'twas a good world when the nunneries stood. O, their charitable thoughts that took so much compassion on poor women, to found such zealous bandy-houses ! Had not Cromwell<sup>1</sup> been an eunuch, he had never persuaded the destruction of such places set up for such uses. 'Twas a good world, too, in the days of Queen Mary : a poor woman might have desired a kindness from a lusty

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<sup>1</sup> Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex.

friar in auricular confession. But Plutus' eyes are like basilisks ; they strike us dead with adversity.

*Chrem.* What ails this skinful of lechery ? alas ! poor granam, dost thou grieve because thou wantest money to go drink with thy gossips !

*Anus.* Ah ! do not mock me, sir ; 'tis love, parlous love, that has so inflamed my heart with bavons<sup>1</sup> of desire, that I am afraid he will make me the very bonfire of affection.

*Chrem.* What meant the knavish Cupid to set this old charcoal on fire ?

*Anus.* I'll tell you, sir ; there was a young gallant about the town, one Neanias.

*Chrem.* I know him

*Anus.* He, being a younger brother, had no lands in 'tail tenure, but city widows. He was but poor, but as fine a well-favoured gentlemen, it did me good at heart to look on him. I ministered those things he wanted, and he recompensed my kindness in mutual love. As I supplied his wants, so he succoured my necessities with all possible activity. I would not have changed him for Stamford, though he jumped the best in London.

*Chrem.* And what did this pretty pimp usually beg of you ?

*Anus.* Not much, for he revered me wonderfully. partly for love, but more for venerable antiquity. Sometime he would beg a cloak.

*Chrem.* To cover his knavery ?

*Anus.* Sometimes a pair of boots.

*Chrem.* To exercise his horsemanship ?

*Anus.* Sometimes a peck or two of corn.

*Chrem.* For which he paid a bushel of affection ?

*Anus.* Now and then a kirtle for his sister, a petticoat and French hood for his mother. Not much :

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<sup>1</sup> Fagots.

all the good turns I did him in the day, the conscionable youth requited ere midnight.

*Chrem.* This was nothing, indeed : it seems he did reverence you (as you say) partly for love, but more for your venerable antiquity.

*Anus.* Nay, he would tell me, too, that he did not ask these things for his midnight wages, but only in love. He would not endure to wear anything but what I paid for, out of a mere desire to remember me.

*Chrem.* This was infinite affection ! Could he not endure to wear anything but what you paid for ? 'Twas dear love this—pretty love-tricks, faith, you may see how the wanton youth was inflamed with your beauty

*Anus.* Ay, but now the unconstant wag has not the same measure of respect, I sent him a custard yesterday, and he would not accept of it because it quaked like my wormeaten ——.<sup>1</sup> I sent him other sweetmeats, too, but he returned me answer that certainly I had breathed on them, for they smelt of my gums. Moreover, he bid me despair of a night-labourer, and nevermore expect him at midnight again. For Plutus has made him rich without me ; adding withal, that once I was young—Ostend was once a pretty town ' The Milesians in the days of yore were valiant and in the days of King Henry the English were sturdy fellows at the battle of Agincourt.

*Chrem.* Faith, I commend the stripling for his wit. 'Tis none of the worst conditions. Now he is rich, he will have the best and plumpest cockatrice of the city, when he was poor, he was content with porridge. There be many of that profession, that maintain

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<sup>1</sup> The word is left blank in the old copy, and so again a little further on.

themselves by hugging the skin and bones of an alderman's widow.

*Anus.* Ay, but erst he would have come every day to my door.

*Chrem.* Perchance a-begging?

*Anus.* No, only to hear the melody of my voice.

*Chrem.* Like enough, it could not choose but please him to hear what excellent music your Jews'-trump could make, now all your teeth are out.

*Anus.* If he had but seen me sad and melancholy, he would have kissed me with such a feeling of my sorrow, and have called me his chuck and Helena.

*Chrem.* 'Twas only to have one of Leda's eggs to his supper.

*Anus.* How oft has he praised my fingers!

*Chrem.* 'Twas when he looked for something at your hands

*Anus.* Many a time has he sworn that my skin smelt sweeter than a musk-cat.

*Chrem.* He meant a pole-cat: did you not believe him? 'Twas when his nose first smelt of hypocras, or else the perfume of your white leather was so strong, he could not endure it.

*Anus.* O, how it comforts me to remember how he would call my eyes pretty sparkling ones.

*Chrem.* 'Twas 'cause they pincked like the snuff of a candle. Faith, the gentleman had his wits about him—he knew how to get the old wife's provision, the viaticum she had prepared to carry her to Graves-end.<sup>1</sup>

*Anus.* Therefore, my friend, Plutus is to blame to promise relief, when he does us such intolerable damages. How do you think I can endure to lie alone, when so many sprites are walking? How shall

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<sup>1</sup> A play on the name of the place, which, however, was so called, it is held, because it was the Graf's End or Inn.

I keep off the nightmare, or defend myself against the temptations of an incubus.

*Chrem.* Alas, good relic of antiquity! pay thy fine, and take a new lease of lust. Faith, I pity thee; what wouldst thou have him do if he were here?

*Anus.* Marry, that since I have deserved so well of him, that he do me one kindness for another. Good old gentleman, either let him restore me my goods, or stand to his bargain. The conditions not performed, the obligation is of non-effect: my lawyer resolves me I may recover of him.

*Chrem.* *Noverint universi per presentes*, your lawyer is a coxcomb. Did he not do his duty every night? I warrant you, he had as lief have tugged at an oar as a ——. In my mind, he has performed his part of the obligation.

*Anus.* But he promised never to forsake me as long as I lived

*Chrem.* No more he has not. Why, thou art now dead: thy flesh is mortified, only thy impotent lust has outlived thee a twelvemonth or two. Thou art but a mere carcase—nothing but worm's-meat.

*Anus.* Indeed grief has almost melted me into dust and ashes. Half putrified, I walk up and down like the picture of death's head in a charnel-house. But see, yonder's my gamester, my cock o' th' game: he's marching to some banquet or other: 'tis Shrove Tuesday with him, but Lent with me. O grief, to be bound from flesh!

*Chrem.* It seems he is going to a feast, by his torch and garland.

*Enter NEANIAS, drunk and singing.*

*Nea.* I'll kiss the old hag no more,  
She has no moisture in her  
If ever I lie with a lass ere I die,  
It shall be a youthful sinner.

*Give me a lass that is young:  
 I ask no greater blessing.  
 I'll néer lie again with fourscore-and-ten,  
 A carcase not worth the pressing.*

*I will not embrace her again,  
 To set the town on a scoffing.  
 I'll never make more Death's widow a whore,  
 And cuckold the innocent coffin.*

Who's this? Good morrow, Venus! O, good morrow,  
 Old duck, old Helen! Tell me, sweet Helen,  
 How hast thou done this three thousand year, young  
 pullet!

How hast thou done e'er since the wars of Troy?  
 Has the cuckold Menelaus cast his horns?  
 But what old goat is this? 'Tis Agamemnon  
 You Agamemnon, is your Clytemnestra  
 As old as Helen? Tell me, old Helen, tell me,  
 When do the lecherous worms and thee begin  
 To act adultery in the winding-sheets?

*Anus.* What says my duck, wouldst have me go  
 to bed?

*Nea.* What, my old sweetheart! How comest thou  
 grey so soon?

Thou canst not be so grey, I will not suffer't.  
 I will not be deceiv'd, I will pull off  
 Thy cozening periwig.

*Anus.* So, sir. I was not grey when I gave you  
 my smock off my back to make you nightcaps. You  
 swore I could not be above fifteen when I translated  
 my stammel petticoat into the masculine gender, to  
 make your worship a pair of scarlet breeches.

*Nea.* I shall never abide an almanac while I live:  
 The Julian account's an arrant coxcomb;  
 But the Bissextile is an arrant villain.  
 I will curse every Bissextile in the county of Europe.

Thou couldst not possibly be grey so soon,  
 Except a hundred leap years had conspired  
 To jump together, to make thee old o' th' sudden.

*Chrem.* He talks as if he had not seen you since  
 the Conquest

How many jubilees past since he was last with you?

*Anus.* Now fie upon him! How long do you say?  
 'Tis no longer than yesterday, by the faith of a  
 woman, since he had the fruition of me, and swore I  
 was as young as Hecuba

*Chrem.* Then it is not with him as it is with others:  
 for, being drunk, he hath the use of his eyes more  
 perfect than when he was sober.

*Anus.* No, the peevish fellow, now he is drunk, he  
 sees double, and thinks me twice as old as I am.

*Nra.* O Neptune and the other grey-bearded gods!  
 Can you with all the arithmetic of heaven  
 Number the wrinkles of this beldame's forehead?  
 These many ruts and furrows in thy cheeks  
 Proves thy old face to be but champion-ground,  
 Till'd with the plough of age, well muck'd with  
 fluttery.

'Tis time for thy lust to lie fallow now  
 Can any man endure to spend his youth  
 In kissing winter's frozen lips? can veins,  
 That swell with active blood, endure th' embraces  
 Of such cold ice? Go, and prepare thy coffin;  
 Think on thy winding-sheet. When I was poor,  
 Cold limbs and empty guts persuaded me  
 To lie with skin and bones. Necessity,  
 As cruel as Maxentius' tyranny,  
 Made me commit adultery with a carcase,  
 A putrified corpse, a bawd o' th' charnel-house  
 But now, good dust and ashes, pardon me,  
 These arms shall nevermore embrace thy corpse,  
 Thou stews of clay, thou mud-wall of mortality!  
 Go, rot and moulder, and if thy impotent lust



Must needs be satisfied, know hell is a hothouse,  
 Perchance some hot-rein'd devil may undertake thee.  
 I'll lend a halfpenny to pay Charon's boat-hire.  
 No, I will choose me a good plump lass,  
 As moist as April and as hot as May,  
 Whose damask cheek shall make the roses blush,  
 Whose lips at every kiss shall strike a heat  
 Into my veins, breathing through all my soul  
 An air as warm and sweet as the perfumes,  
 That smoking rise from the dead Phoenix' nest.

*Now come, my boon companions,  
 And let us jovial be.  
 Though th' Indies be the King of Spain's,  
 We are as rich as he*

*As rich as any King of Spain  
 In mirth, if not in wealth  
 Boy, fill me then a bowl of sack  
 I'll drink my mistress' health*

*My mistress is but fifteen,  
 Her lips is all my bliss .  
 Go, tell her I will come at night,  
 And then prepare to kiss.*

You, my she-Nestor, may go snort the while,  
 Or kiss your monkey , I will take my torch,  
 Set her on fire, and let her smoke to Acheron

*Anus.* O fire, fire! shall I die no better a death  
 than the top of Paul's steeple?

*Chrem.* Nay, take heed how you set your torch too  
 near her , one spark will set her a-flaming, for she is  
 made up of saltpetre, very gunpowder, well dried and  
 ready-pruned . mere touchwood, and as dry as any  
 tavern-bush.

*Nea* 'Tis true, she'll quickly take , the fire of lust  
 Has burnt her into tinder, some of hell's brimstone

But to make matches, and she'll fit the devil  
 For a whole tinder-box. Come, my dainty girl,  
 Let us be friends ; why should we two fall out ?  
 Sweet, be not angry ; I do love thee better  
 Than water-gruel. Come, let's play together.

*Anus.* Now blessing on thy heart ! What play shall  
 we play ? that which we played at t'other night ?

*Nea.* Here take these nuts.

*Anus.* Alas, my honey, I am past cracking '

*Nea.* They are to play with.

*Anus.* What play ?

*Nea.* Even or odd ? guess you

*Anus.* What shall I guess ?

*Nea.* How many teeth there be in thy head

*Chrem.* I'll guess for her, perchance three or four.

*Nea.* Then you have lost, pay your nuts. She has  
 but one—

An o'erworn grinder. 'Tis a gentle beast,  
 She has forgot to bite Good innocent gums,  
 They cannot hurt No danger in her mouth,  
 Till she eat brawn. Her charitable tongue,  
 Like the old rebels of Northamptonshire,  
 Cannot endure hedges of teeth should stand  
 To make her mouth enclosure

*Anus.* Well, sir, you may abuse me ; but, by cock  
 and pie (God forgive me that I should swear), were I  
 as young as I have been, these nails that by good  
 token have not been pared since eighty-eight, should  
 have scratched your face till it had been a domical  
 one, and as full of red letters as any Pond's Almanac  
 in Christendom. 'Twere suitable to your prognosti-  
 cating nose. I think you are mad, would any but an  
 Orlando or Jeronymo have used a poor woman so ?  
 Do you think I will endure to be your bucking-tub,  
 to be washed with the dregs of your wit

*Nea.* He did you a courtesy that would wash you  
 soundly.

*Chrem.* O, by no means : why, she is painted, sir.  
 If you should wash her, then my lady's fucus  
 Would drop away ; her ceruse and pomatum,  
 Being rubb'd off, would to the world betray  
 The rugged wrinkles of her slabber'd face  
 Take but the white-loam from this old mud-wall,  
 And she will look worse than Gamaliel Ratsey.<sup>1</sup>

*Anus.* Are you a bedlam too, old frosty squire ?  
 Are you fourscore, and yet your wit an infant  
 Not come to age ? Come, I will be your guardian

[*She beats him*

*Chrem.* Good Master Neanias, sweet young master,  
 If you do not save me from this Medusa,  
 Her Gorgon's head will turn me to a stone bottle,  
 And then throw me at myself, to make me beat out  
 my own brains

*Nia.* Nay, take her to yourself, old impudent goat  
 To ravish a maid before her sweetheart's face,  
 O most inhumane ! Yet you may do't for me,  
 I will resign my interest . so, farewell.  
 Much joy unto you both. O Hymen, Hymen !  
 What a fine couple of sweet loves are here,  
 To keep their wedding in the grave, and get  
 A son and heir for doomsday——

*Anus.* No, prythee, do not think so I swear by  
 Venus I would have none but thee, though Pegasus  
 and Eucephalus came a-wooing to me

*Nia.* Yes, you may have him yet I cannot leave  
 thee

Without a tear to quench my flames of love

[*He weeps*

Well now farewell . live happy in his love,  
 Venus and Cupid bless your marriage-sheets,  
 And let you snort this hundred years together.

<sup>1</sup> A very curious allusion to this Northamptonshire highway-  
 man See Hazlitt, & Ratsey.

I'll grieve the while, and sack's best virtue try  
To drown my cares. Sorrow (you know) is dry.

*Chrem.* Nay, by Hecate, you shall not put a trick on me thus. I have not outlived my wits. I were mad if I would run myself into another Scylla, having such a dangerous Charybdis of my own at home. Good Master Neanias, I did not think she had been your mistress: I will not for all the world do you such a wrong as to be your cornival: love her alone for me

*Nar.* Yes to be dored! Good wickedness, no more. Do not entreat me to endure the noose, I shall go marry her, be the fool her husband, But you will come and kiss her, send your men—Your servingmen to fox me in your cellar, While you the while shall cuckold me at home. O, what a brave Actæon should I be! What, you have ne'er a journeyman or baillie To put her off to? or, if all fail, no chaplain? I am no freeman, therefore the city charter Will not grant me the privilege of such harness; Pray bear your cap of maintenance yourself.

*Chrem.* Come, leave this jesting, I'll endure't no longer,  
I will not let you hate this pretty lass.  
'Slife, it may prove her death. These wanton girls  
Are very subject to eat chalk and coals.  
'Slid, too much grief for you, with thoughts of love,  
May chance to generate the green-sickness in her.

*Nar.* Nay, I do love her dearly, wondrous dearly,  
Her eyes are Cupid's Grub Street the blind archer  
Makes his love arrows there, bright glow-worm's eyes,  
No rotten wood outshines their glorious lustre.  
Fain would I kiss her

*Anus.* Faith, and thou shalt, my little periwinkle.

*Nar.* No, heaven me bless!  
I am not worthy of such happiness.

*Chrem.* Yet she accuses you.

*Naa.* How, accuses me? what heinous fault,  
What sin, what sacrilege have I committed  
Against the relics of her martyr'd beauty?

*Chrem.* You mocked her, she says; you told her  
the Milesians were valiant in the days of yore. Faith,  
do not hit her in the teeth with contumelious pro-  
verbs.

*Naa.* Hit her i' th' teeth? why, 'tis impossible!  
Hit her i' th' gums we may, but no man living  
Can hit her in the teeth with anything  
I'll not fight for her, take her to yourself.

*Chrem.* Pray, good sir—

*Naa.* I reverence your age, 'tis your grey hairs  
That are such potent suitors, 'twere a sin  
To deny anything to a snow-white head  
None else but only you should have obtained her.  
Therefore rejoice, begone, and stink together

*Chrem.* I know your meaning, you are weary of  
your stale whore you deal with her even as they do  
with horses when they are no longer fit for the saddle  
—turn them over to the carmen

*Anus.* I will not live with any but with thee.

*Naa.* But what an ass am I thus long to talk  
With an old bawd, that lost her maidenhead  
Above two thousand years before Deucalion's flood,  
Who, living as long a whore, turn'd<sup>1</sup> bawd in the days  
of King Lud?

*Chrem.* Nay, since you have drunk of the  
Wine, you must be content with the lees

*Naa.* Ay, but her lees are bitter, sour as verjuice,  
Mere vinegar, vinegar, I will sell her  
For twopence a quart, vinegar, vinegar, in a wheel-  
barrow.

I will go in, and sacrifice my garland to Plutus.

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *turn*.

*Anus.* I'll go in too; I have some business with Plutus.

*Nea.* But now I think on't, I will not go in.

*Anus.* My business is not much; I care not greatly If I stay with thee.

*Chrem.* Come, young man, be of good courage; she cannot ravish thee.

*Nea.* I believe that too.

*Anus.* Go in, I'll follow thee i' th' heels, I warrant thee.

*Chrem.* She sticks to him as close as a cockle.

*Nea.* *Come, beldame, follow me,  
And in my footsteps tread,  
Then set up shop in Turnbull Street,  
And turn a bawd, ere thou art dead*

*And when thou art dead,  
This shall of thee be said,  
Thou livelst a whore, and dielst a bawd  
In hell the devil's chambermaid*

## ACT V., SCENE I.

MERCURIUS *knocking.*

*Cur.* Who's this that knocks the door so hard? What, nobody? Can they walk invisible? I'll lay my life this is a piece of St Dunstan's ghost that pulls me by the nose so? Good ghost, mistake me not, I am not the devil, I am honest Carion, every inch on me. [*Looks out.*] Well, I see the doors can cry for nothing. I see nobody, I'll go in again.

*Mer.* So ho, ho, ho! Carion, Carion, Carion! Stay, I say, stay!

*Cur.* Stay, let my nose alone, 'twill abide no jesting. Sir, was it you that was so saucy with my

master's doors to knock them so peremptorily? they shall bring an action of battery against you.

*Mer.* If you had not come quickly, I would have broke them open. Go, run, call forth your master and mistress, the men and the maids, yourself, the dog and the bitch, the cat and the kitlings, the sow and the pigs.

*Car.* My master and mistress, the bastards their children, the men and the maids, myself, the dog and the bitch, the cat and kitlings, I will call forth, but the sow and pigs would desire you to have them excused, they are not at leisure. Why, what's the matter?

*Mer.* Why, Jupiter will put you all into a sack together, and toss you into Barathrum, terrible Barathrum.

*Car.* Barathrum? what's Barathrum?

*Mer.* Why, Barathrum is Pluto's boggards you must be all thrown into Barathrum.

*Car.* I had rather the messenger were you know what, Mercury. Why, what wrong have we done Jupiter? I remember he has many a time soured our drink with his thundering, but we have done him no injury, but once I broke his shins at football in Tuttle<sup>1</sup>

*Mer.* 'Tis worse than so, y' are guilty of a sin  
That hell would fear to own. Since Esculapius,  
That urnal, restored god Plutus' eyes,  
Men have almost forgot to sacrifice.  
But they were wont to offer hasty puddings,  
Spice-cakes, and many dainties; nay, I know  
Some that have spent whole hecatombs of beef  
To give the gods their gawdies. Now they'd be glad  
To eat the very brewis of the pottage;  
A rump or flap of mutton were a fee  
For Jove's own breakfast; for a rib of beef,

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<sup>1</sup> Tothill Fields

Though it smelt of every Gippo's scabby fingers,  
 May any scullion be chief cook of heaven.  
 Men have (I say) forgot to sacrifice.

*Car.* And shall. beggarly Jove does not deserve it.  
 He never did us good : we are not beholding  
 To any of your lousy gods. Old Plutus—  
 Plutus has purchased our devotion,  
 Gold is the saint we reverence.

*Mer.* Nay, faith, I care not for the other gods,  
 Let them go stink and starve. Let cuckold Vulcan  
 Go earn his meat by making spits and dripping-pans,  
 And with his tinker's budget and his trull  
 (Venus) may mend one hole and make ten for it.  
 Let Phœbus turn Welsh harper, go a-begging,  
 And sing St Taffie for a barley crust  
 Let Cupid go to Grub Street, and turn archer.  
 Venus may set up at Pict-hatch or Bloomsbury,  
 Juno turn oyster-quean, and scold at Billingsgate,  
 Bacchus may make a drawer at a tavern,  
 Call for Canary for the man i' th' moon.  
 Minerva has been always poor · brain-bastards  
 Were never born to many lands. Great Jove  
 May pawn his thunderbolts for oaten-cakes  
 For them I care not, but these guts of mine :  
 Is it not pity, Mercury, should pine?

*Car.* Nay, now I see thou hast some wit in thy  
 pericranium

*Mer.* Whilome the alewives and the fat-bumm'd  
 hostesses

Would give me jugs of ale without excise,  
 Fill'd to the brim, no nick nor froth upon them ·  
 Besides they'd make me froises and flapjacks too,  
 Feed me with puddings, give me broken meat  
 And many dainty morsels for to eat.  
 O, shall I never more begrease my chaps  
 With glorious bits of bacon ! shall Mercurius  
 Stretch forth his legs for want of buttermilk !



*Car.* Nay, this injustice thou deserv'st to see,  
For injuring those that have done good for thee.

*Mer.* *Alack and welladay !*  
*Shall I never the custard see,*  
*Which the fourth day of every month*  
*Was consecrate unto me ?*

*Car.* *Alack and welladay !*  
*In vain dost thou pray as I fear .*  
*The custard is a deaf god,*  
*And cannot so quickly hear*

*Mer.* *If custard cannot hear,*  
*Come, shoulder of mutton, to me ,*  
*Black-pudding, also, with pudding-pies,*  
*And a mess of furmenty.*

*Car.* *Alack, poor Mercury !*  
*For thy case I do much condole,*  
*Thou never shalt steal again any meal*  
*Or spitcock at Hockly-i'-th'-hole.*

Come, faith, since thieving is out of fashion (dost thou remember when thou stolest Apollo's spectacles and Vulcan's crutches?), learn to beg. Suppose I am a rich gentleman, and thou a lame fellow, perchance I may be in the humour to give thee something.

*Mer.* Kind gentlemen, for the Lord's sake bestow something on a poor lame cripple, that has halted before his best friends, upward and downward, any time this dozen years this leg, I'll stand to it, has been lame ever since the last dearth of corn, God be with it. Heaven preserve you limbs, love keep your feet out o' th' fetters, your legs out o' th' stocks, your heads out o' th' pillory, your necks out o' th' halters, and other such infirmities poor mortality is subject to ! May you never know what 'tis to want till you

are in poverty ! Good gentlemen, take compassion on a wretched mortal, that has been troubled with a deadness in his arms, that he has not had the lawful use of his hands in picking and stealing this many hours.

*Car.* Sirrah, sirrah, you must have the lash ; I'll have you whipped for a vagrant person.

*Mer.* This is a justice of peace's charity : if this be that you'd be in the humour to give, pray keep it to yourself.

*Car.* Faith, act a poor soldier . men are charitable to men-of-arms.

*Mer.* A word with you, generous sir Noble sir, thou seemest to be a man of worship, and I am one that have seen the face of the enemy in my days, and ventured a bloody nose in defence of my country Good sir, lend me a crown till the next taking of Basing House, and by all the cold iron about me, you shall be presently paid upon the surrender. Noble gentlemen, do not make known my necessities ; I would have scorned to have asked such a kindness of Hopton or Montrose ; I would rather have starved in the leaguer, and fed upon nothing but sword and buckler ; and yet Hopton is a noble fellow, many a timber-piece have I spent in his company

*Car.* What service hast thou been in ?

*Mer.* Hot service, sir, supping at the very mouth of the martial porridge-pot I have scalled my lips with kissing valour Did you never hear how I routed a regiment of Ormond's Foot ?

*Car.* Never, sir. How, I pray ?

*Mer.* Sir, by this good sword ; if it be not true, I am an arrant liar, and never saw the wars in my life. Sir, I advanced my spear, ran with a furious tilt at them, and unhorsed every man.

*Car.* Of the regiment of foot ?

*Mer.* You are in the right, sir, 'twas by a metaphor.

Then, sir, the ensigns of my reputation being displayed; a valiant Frenchman, he was born at Madrid in Spain——

*Car.* By a metaphor!

*Mer.* Challenged me the duel at backsword: we met at the first thrust of the rapier.

*Car.* By a metaphor!

*Mer.* He shot me clean through the body.

*Car.* By a metaphor still!—the rapier shot you through?

*Mer.* On my credit, sir, 'twas a musket-bullet: for when the fort saw me have the best on't, they levelled a cannon at me ready-charged.

*Car.* By a metaphor! with a musket-bullet?

*Mer.* And shot off both my arms: That being done, I caught him by the throat with my right hand.

*Car.* When your arms were off?

*Mer.* Drew out my weapon with my left, and cut off his head. I was proceeding to have run him through, but he asked my pardon, and I was merciful, and saved his life.

*Car.* When his head was off?

*Mer.* You will not believe me now if the selfsame man be as live as I. Prince Rupert knows what service I did at Marston Moor, when I run away. But now to be contemned! O poverty, foe to valour!

*Car.* Thy valour? Thou look'st as if thou hadst no stomach at all.

*Mer.* Would I had a roasted ox to encounter with. I have showed my valour in Bohemia against the Imperialists, in Poland against the Turks, in Holland against the Spaniards, in Utopia against the Round-heads, and is it questioned in England? I was once a fresh-water soldier, but I was seasoned at the salt isle of Rhè; there was my masterpiece of valour.

*Car.* What was that, I pray?

*Mer.* Why, sir, I fought courageously; I was in all

the dangerous services, and had misfortunes in all. First, sir, I was drowned in the landing, had both my legs shot off in the assault, and run away in the retreat as all the rest did.

*Car.* How? when your legs were shot off in the assault?

*Mer.* What of that, have I not wings on my doublet?

*Car.* Why, then, you did not run, you did but fly.

*Mer.* Flying is running away by a metaphor.

*Car.* Come, thou wilt get nothing by this lying warfare. Let me try the gipsy

*Mer.*     *From Egypt have I come,  
          With Solomon for my guide  
          By chiromancy I can tell,  
          What fortune's thee [I'll] betide*

*A Chaldee me begot,  
          Old Talmud was his name,  
          In hieroglyphics he excell'd,  
          Through Nilus ran his fame.*

*Come, let us see thy hand,  
          Thou wiv'st hast yet had none,  
          But bastinadoes at a time  
          About threescore and one.*

*[He picks CARION'S pocket.*

*Car.* Well, thou art an arrant gipsy at what neighbour's house didst thou learn this? 'Sfoot, how camest thou to know it? I had just threescore and one indeed. Well, I will give thee something. But—O Mercury, my purse! Plutus his blessing is run out of my pockets. I will have you hanged, you rogue. There were seven thirteenpence-halfpennies would have paid the hangman for above half a dozen of you. Good Mercury, thou shall see what I'll do for thee.

*Mer.* Well, if you will entertain me into your family, there's your purse again, and take heed how you meet with gipsies.

*Car.* Entertain thee? Why, what canst thou do?

*Mer.* Why, let me be your porter. I have a Janus' heart, though not two faces.

*Car.* A porter! canst thou grumble soundly at a rich man's gate, to keep out the poor almsmen? Canst thou bark like grisly Cerberus? No, 'twill not do. My master needs no surly bandogs; we shall keep open house. The office of porter is thrust out of doors.

*Mer.* Make me your merchant.

*Car.* We dare not. Get you to the Straits of Gibraltar, we need no busy factors, we have wealth enough. We will have no merchants, we shall not sleep for them at nights. They will dream of nothing but new Americas, drink the Canaries, snort out *terra incognitas*, nose the Bermudas, ravish Virginia, talk of the Fortunate Islands, or choke us up with Terra del Fuegos. No, no, I will have none of our family walk, like the Antipodes, with his heels upwards. If he should fall headlong into heaven, he might put out the man in the moon's candle, and leave him to find his way to bed in the dark.

*Mer.* Let me be your fool, to make you merry.

*Car.* A fool! Let me see. We are all rich, and therefore likely we must have some fools amongst us. But what need that? we have as good we have some of them that fortune favours.<sup>1</sup>

*Mer.* Then let me be your juggler

*Car.* Not for Zorobabel's nightcap. These hocus-pocusses seldom come aloft for their master's advantage. You think to pick our pockets by sleight of hand, and show us a trick for our money. I do not

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<sup>1</sup> A reference to the proverb, "Fortune favours fools."

like these feats of activity ; therefore presto, begone, we will have no jugglers.'

*Mer.* Then let me be your poet. I'll make you shows and masques, comedies and tragedies, pastorals, piscatorial sonnets, cantos, madrigals, and ballads, till you are so tickled with laughter that you cannot stand.

*Car.* A poet ! no, 'tis a little too beggarly a trade ; and 'tis a solecism if wit should meet with wealth in these days. Fie upon't, I can't endure jestings ; poetical furies, I had as lief they should break wind backward. Your rank wits will abuse their betters. And for shows, rascally shows, 'tis pity they are not hanged for their impudence. There cannot be a gross sin in a congregation, but some men's vinegar-brains must be a-rubbing of it. I warrant, if I should but marry a townsman's daughter to-day, they'd make an Actæon of me by to-morrow, dub me knight of the forked order. Poor shallow scoundrels there be, that never drank any Helicon above a penny a quart, and yet venture to make ballads as lousy as themselves. Wry-mouthed villains, who cannot answer to the question, if they should be asked how many of their empty noddles go to the making up of a complete coxcomb. But yet I do love a show, if it be a merry one. Well, thou shalt be our household poet, for household chaplains are now out of date, like old almanacs : every man can now say grace, and preach, and say prayers to themselves, or (which is better) forget to say any at all. Well, get thee in ; prepare things fitting for the sacrifice. [*Exit MERCURY*] If this fellow had not good store of trades, he had missed of all preferment. Well, now this poet shall make ballads on all the hypocrites of the town, he shall rhyme all the Anabaptists out of their wits.

*Enter ATTORNEY, TINKER, MILLER, TAILOR,  
SHOEMAKER, &c.*

*Att.* O, that Plutus his eyes were scratched out! I can have no more fees for latitats nor outlawries.

*Tin.* Nay, I am a lad of mettle—of all but gold and silver: that can make no profit of my brass nor Latin.<sup>1</sup> There's no need of making more holes than one now; and that's a wicked one for my neck to slip into.

*Mil.* My double toll fails me. O, this grinds me to pieces!

*Tai.* O, 'tis the worst stitch that was ever sewed with the needle of misfortune. O iron age! that, like the ostrich, makes me feed on my own goose.<sup>2</sup>

*Shoe.* O this false cordwainer, Plutus, that stretches the leather of my flesh on the tree of fatality; that unmercifully puts me into the stocks of adversity, and gives me no relief at the last.

*Tai.* Nay, he has made me so slender, that I can measure me by my own yard, three quarters-quarter and half-nail. This cross-legged infelicity, sharper than my needle, makes me eat my own cabbage.<sup>3</sup>

*Shoe.* Nothing but a general insurrection like a shoeing-horn can draw on help. Let us combine and patch together.

*Omnes.* Agreed, agreed.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> A quibble on *Latin* and *latten*, which is a sort of mixed metal. The old copy reads, *of all that but gold and silver, can make no profit of my brasse nor Latine.*

<sup>2</sup> Another equivoque on the bird so called and the implement employed by tailors, the form of which somewhat resembles a goose's neck.

<sup>3</sup> A play on the double meaning of *cabbage* which, besides its ordinary signification, is a cant term for the odds and ends of cloth appropriated by tailors in cutting garments.

*Enter DULL-PATE solus.*

It is a sign Plutus has lost his eyes when Dull-pates grow rich : if my name had not been Dull-pate, I had lost half my preferment. It is thought I have as many ecclesiastical livings as Spalato<sup>1</sup> had in England. Never a fat benefice falls nowadays but I catch it up ; I can have 'um now without lustful simony, in taking bishops' kinswomen into the bargain. I have often wondered how it comes about that my head is so black, but the hairs of my chin grey. A merry fellow once told me 'twas because I used my chaps more than my brains. 'Tis true, indeed, I fare well, because I was born under a rich constellation, but the learned sort under a poor planet. As for example, here comes the Pope, Jupiter's vicar. Bless thy wicked holiness ! thou, the devil, Cardinal Richelieu, and the French faction at Court, have brought all the wars into England.

*Enter POPE, solus.*

*Pope.* Who can instruct me which is Chremylus's house ?

*Dull.* Grave, reverend father, what's the matter with you ?

How does your holiness ?

*Pope.* Ill as ill may be,  
Since Plutus' eyesight is restored.

*Dull.* What is the cause of this your heaviness ?  
Doth the proud emperor refuse to kiss  
Your sacred toe ? or does it vex your Boniface  
To lose your Peter-pence ? what is the cause,  
Great Catholic bishop, monarch of the church,  
The supreme judge ecclesiastical,

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<sup>1</sup> Marcus Antonius de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, who was patronised by James I.



That you are thus perplexed? why do you not curse  
'um

With your bell, book, and candle, that molest you?

*Pope.* O, I am dead with hunger! A saucy hunger,  
With heresy as bad as Arianism,  
Knavs on my sacred guts. I, the great father  
And prince of Rome, have not a crust—  
Not a brown crust to gnaw on. Jove's own vicar—  
Nay, Jove himself on earth—would beg on knees  
For one small piece of sausage. This sad morn  
For a broil'd sprat I pawn'd my triple crown,  
And now for one red-herring will I mortgage  
All Peter's large possessions.

*Dull.* Ha, ha! great Pope! can your pontifical teeth  
Be glad to gnaw upon a catholic tripe?  
Can your great metropolitan stomach feed  
On a hog's cheek? 'tis strange (methinks) that you,  
Being the universal bishop, should not  
Have one poor porridge-pot in all your diocese,  
Never a soul in limbo ready-fried?  
Is all the roast in purgatory spent?  
Are all your bulls devoured? faith, kill a bull,  
Good Pope—a bull, to make your holiness beef.  
There must be meat somewhere or other, sure,  
Or can you open heaven and hell at pleasure;  
And cannot Peter's keys unlock the cupboard?  
Why, sure, our Lady's milk is not all spent?  
No relics left, nor chips o' th' cross to feed on?  
Sure, at Loretta or at Compostella?  
None of the capuchins at Somerset House?<sup>1</sup>  
How can it be, an't please your holiness?

*Pope.* O no; since Plutus hath received his eyes,  
Indulgences are grown cheap and at no price:  
An absolution for a rape made now

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<sup>1</sup> An apparent hit at the Papists who came over with Henrietta Maria.

Is nothing worth.

Give me but one poor crust before I faint,  
And I will canonise thee for a saint.

*Dull.* Or let me purchase for a mutton-bone  
Your apostolical benediction?

*Pope.* A mess of broth or rib of beef from thee  
In my esteem shall meritorious be.

*Dull.* Nay, I will have it more, such a donation  
Shall be a work of supererogation.

*Pope.* O, how I thirst!

*Dull.* *Mi reverende pater*, cannot you drink a cup  
of holy water?

Nor<sup>1</sup> you that could drink Tiber dry, and more,  
Cannot obtain a jug upon the score.

Go, try, they'll hardly trust you for a drop  
At the Pope's Head, Mitre, or Cardinal's Cap,  
Or any place; 'tis money draws the tap.

*Pope.* So irreligious are these ages grown,  
They think it charity to rob the clergy.  
How comes it that you dare with impudence  
Deny the priests their tithes?

*Dull.* O, easily, sir. A learned antiquary  
That has search'd [in]  
The breech of Saturn for antiquities,  
Proves by a reason—an infallible reason,  
With bugle-horn writ in the Saxon tongue,  
That neither prædial nor personal tithes  
Are due *ex jure divino*<sup>2</sup> and you know  
The clergy bishops, your old *quondam* patrons  
Are voted down too; and ever since w' have learnt  
A liberty of conscience to pay no tithes.  
We hear some teach, too, they are antichristian,  
Like steeple-houses; hence we learn to be  
Too cunning now for your Apostolic See.

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *Now*.

<sup>2</sup> This refers to Selden's "History of Tithes," 1618.

*Pope.* Now worms devour that antiquary's nose,  
And those that preach against all steeple-houses !  
That pour in papers half-consum'd with moths,  
To prove some absurd opinions feign'd to be  
Found in the walls of some old nunnery.  
But, O ! my guts wish for a benedicite.

*Dull.* Wilt please your holness to call a synod ?  
You may chance to catch trouts in the Council of  
Trent.

*Pope.* O, I do smell the scent of pippin-pies !

*Dull.* You do indeed ; your holness' nose, I see,  
Has the true spirit of infallibility  
I find you cannot err. What would you do  
To be of our house now, to have free quarter ?

*Pope.* I would resign my right to heaven and hell.

*Dull.* Ti-he-he ; well said, good Pope Innocent.  
But that's too much ; resign you heaven only,  
Retain your right to hell , your title there  
Is held unquestionable Well, now  
Stay here awhile, and sing a merry song  
As we to Plutus go, and I will free  
Thy guts from the purgatory of fasting

*Enter ANUS.*

*Anus.* Is this the Pope ? goddy-godden, good  
father.

I do not come unto thy holiness  
To beg a licence to eat flesh on Fridays,  
But I desire thy apostolical curse  
On a young man that has abused me grossly ,  
May it please thy catholicness, the perjur'd boy  
Swore to lie with me while he lived ; but he  
(Grown rich) does think to buy out perjury.  
Now, good your holness, give him not absolution.

*Pope.* Would he were here ; for threepence I could  
sell him

A general remission of his sins ;  
I am almost famish'd for want of customers.

*Dull.* Go, woman, fetch the quire in for sacrifice.  
(But bid them bring no copes nor organs with them)  
And I will get his holiness to command him  
To lie with thee this night, whate'er come on't.  
It is enjoin'd him for his penance, is't not ?

*Anus.* It is, an't please your holiness.

*Pope.* Anything shall please my holiness, if you give me

But the least hopes to feed my holiness.

'Tis a lean holiness, as the world goes now.

*Dull.* 'Tis strange that you, the shepherd of all Europe,

Should not have one fat lamb in all your flock.

What say, if I give you a leg of mutton ?

*Pope.* Remission of sins, whate'er they be.

*Dull.* But what if I have sworn to give thee nothing ?

*Pope.* My holiness shall give thee absolution.

*Dull.* But I did but equivocate when I promised ?

*Pope.* I'll free thee from all mental reservation.

*Dull.* But what if this same mutton have gone through

Every Gippo's hands ?

*Pope.* I grant it lawful .

I do allow traditions.

*Dull.* Well then, I have remission of all my sins ?

*Pope.* With leave and pardon for all sins hereafter.

*Dull.* Whate'er they be, though I should ravish nuns

Under the altar ?

*Pope.* 'Tis a venial sin.

*Dull.* Or kill a king ?

*Pope.* 'Tis meritorious.

*Dull.* Cuckold my father, whore my natural mother,

Grant the supremacy of the secular powers,  
 Be drunk at mass, strip all the feminine saints  
 Into their smocks, laugh at a friar's bald crown,  
 Piss in the pix, deny your mysteries,  
 Outlie your legend, get Pope Joan with child,  
 Eat flesh in Lent, slit<sup>1</sup> off my confessor's ears :  
 Or any sin, as great as your own holiness  
 Or any of your predecessors acted ?

*Pope.* A leg of mutton wipes all sins away,  
 So good a deed will justify.

*Dull.* Swear, then !

*Pope.* I swear and grant it *sub sigillo piscatoris*.

*Dull.* A pox upon *sigillo piscatoris* !  
 Send it to Yarmouth, let it fish for herrings.  
 Swear, I say,—that is, kiss my imperial shoe,  
 As emperors do yours——

*Pope.* I am *servus servorum*, your servant's servant.

*Sans compliment*, like Ham——  
 O that this leather of thy shoe, this leather,  
 Could be made flesh by transubstantiation !  
 I would not only kiss, but eat thy toe.

*Dull.* Moreover, you shall swear, that once a year  
 I shall have entire power to forgive sins  
 To my comrades.

*Pope.* As much as I myself :  
 I swear and kiss your holiness' toe.

*Dull.* And that when I do knock at heaven gates,  
 The porter let me in for nothing. Swear again.

*Pope.* I swear by this sweet kiss he shall.

*Dull.* Well, 'tis sufficient, I will pay your ordinary.

*Enter Quire.*

Here comes the quire : prepare your voice and sing.

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *nit*.]

The Roundheads will not come, 'cause the Pope's here.

*Pope.* O fratres nostri ventres sint repleti,  
*For empty maws are never truly læti :*  
*To feed on meats and drink of potionibus,*  
*Is the only physic for devotionibus.*

*Omnes.* Benedixit Esculapius

*Pope.* Cheese-cakes and custards, and such good  
 placentas

*Excel Good Fridays, Ember weeks, and Lentas :*  
*When belly's full, we'll go to the Cloisteribus*  
*To kiss the nuns and all the Mulieribus.*

*Omnes.* Benedixit, &c.

*Pope.* I do not think you hold him for [a] sinner,  
*Whose best devotion tends unto his dinner ,*  
*One glass of sack or cup of nappy alibus,*  
*More virtue has than all our decretalibus.*

*Omnes.* Benedixit, &c.

*Pope.* I had rather eat a meal than tell a story,  
*Of limbo patrum or of purgatory ,*  
*No blessings like the pleasure of the tastibus :*  
*No relics holier than the venison pastibus.*

*Omnes.* Benedixit, &c.

*Pope.* These are the prayers, devotions, and delighas,  
*Of cardinals, popes, friars, and Jesuitas.*  
*Their breakfasts are their matins holy zelibus,*  
*Their respertines ate eating beef and velibus.*

*Omnes.* Benedixit, &c.

*Pope.* Come, fratres et sorores, per præsentés,  
*Let us go in to exercise our dentes,*  
*Where we will sit with you and your uxoribus,*  
*To laugh at all these hungry auditoribus.*

*Omnes.* Benedixit, &c.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE *ult**Enter PLUTUS, reading a letter.*

I came into England but since this parliament sat.<sup>1</sup> The plunderers (thank them !) brought me hither, and (I think) I have had about 200,000 suitors at least : nay, some great men have been ambitious to proffer me their daughters to marry. They indeed be great ones, but I only look after honesty, now I have got my eyesight. Never did gudgeons at a mill-tail more greedily bite the bait than some of 'um after me. Had I had the palsy, sciatica, cough, ague, fever, French pox, and a whole cart-load of diseases (as I have the gout already, because I am rich) they would have taken me with all my faults. England (I see) is a covetous place. This morning I have received no less than forty letters to the same purpose. Above all, one Maria Corombona Butto Fuoco<sup>2</sup> wooes me ; as sure as can be, a Venetian courtesan bred up in London, an arrant whore. Here's her letter—*A Pluto gentilhuomo*<sup>3</sup> *d'Inghilterra de bona gratia, Maria butta fuoca*, and so forth. A pox take her ! I have forty more of them in my pocket. But there is one, Mistress Honesty Cleon, an honest scrivener's daughter ('tis strange they have anything to do with Honesty—I warrant she'll not live long), she is the mistress of my affections, for she is honest. See, here she comes.

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<sup>1</sup> It is rather difficult to say whether the parliament which assembled in March 1628 is meant, or that of 1640. In the latter case, of course, the present passage must have been one of F. J.'s augmentations to the original text

<sup>2</sup> Seemingly an intended allusion to Webster's "White Devil."

<sup>3</sup> Old copy, *gentilhomme*. Perhaps Plutus was made to blunder.

*Enter MISTRESS HONESTY.*

Fair lady, fairer than the morning skies,  
 Hath not young Cupid touch'd your amorous eyes?  
 I am all for golden verses' gratulation,  
 But must not pass by courteous salutation.

[*They kiss.*]

*Hon.* Sir, if I may confess, love's art  
 Not only touch'd my eyes, but heart.

*Plu.* Nay, then, the parson straight shall do his  
 part,  
 Let's in : the Gordian knot none can untwist,  
 We'll tie it fast, and as we go, we'll kiss.  
 In any state never will be foul weather,  
 When honesty and riches meet together.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

*THE EPILOGUE.*

OLD Wealth (you see) with Honesty and Piety,  
 Is join'd in league for mutual society.  
 O, would it were the blessing of our nation,  
 They might have issue, too, by procreation!  
 But, sure, the bride's past child-bearing? that's the  
 reason :

So few are honest in this age and season.  
 If't be a stolen match, priest must be tax'd ;  
 'Tis certain true, the banns were never ax'd,  
 For he that join'd their hands (for aught I hear)  
 He was a very honest Cavalier ;  
 He us'd the ring and book, went not by heart,  
 But join'd them word for word, till death depart.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Separate. This, and not *do part*, is the true word, and is that found in the old marriage service.



Full, resolute, without fees, to tie the noose :  
If h' had lost his benefice, h' had no more to lose.  
I know there's many waggish pates join force  
To part this couple by a sad divorce :  
We hope 'twill not be granted by petition  
At th' Arches, Doctors' Commons, or High Commis-  
sion

Nay, I do verily think there's no intent  
To sever them by this our Parliament.  
Therefore God give 'um joy ! Joy may they find !  
This is the wish of every virtuous mind.  
But wicked rascals sing another catch ;  
Pox take 'um both ! 'Tis an unlucky match.  
It is indeed for them, because 'twill serve  
To send their brats to Tyburn, or to starve.  
Welsh parsley is good physic. Honest guests  
We only bid to these our nuptial feasts.  
Offerings to th' rich are base : yet we demand,  
That you pay down a plaudite at hand.

P O E M S.

## EDITIONS.

*Poems with the Muses Looking-Glasse And Amyntas By Thomas Randolph, Master of Arts, and late Fellow of Trinity Colledge in Cambrdge Oxford, Printed by Leonard Lichfield Printer to the Vniversity, for Francis Bowman: M.DC XXXVIII*<sup>1</sup> 4o.

*Poems, With the Muses Looking-Glasse, and Amyntas By Tho. Randolph, M.A. and late Fellow of Trinity Col. in Cambridge. The Second Edition Enlarged Oxford Printed by Leonard Lichfield Printer to the Vniversity, for Francis Bowman. 1640. 8o.*

. Portions of this volume, if not the whole, appear to have undergone two impressions in 1640. The "Jealous Lovers," though not mentioned on the first title, is added at the end with separate title, signatures, and imprint, having been the property of a Cambridge stationer. The editions 1640-68 contain an engraved frontispiece in compartments by W. Marshall, having in the upper centre a small bust portrait of Randolph. The statement as to the later copies having been "corrected and amended," is little more than one of those

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<sup>1</sup> In the Harleian Catalogue mention is made of an edition 4o, 1634, but none such is known. That of 1638 is not described as a reprint, and the impression of 1640 is called on the title the second. Besides, as Randolph did not die till the middle of March 1634-5 and the book of his *Poems* is professedly a posthumous one, it could have hardly been ready for the press till the summer of 1635, and even if printed at once, it was the practice of the publishing trade to ante-date works, not the reverse, so that probably a volume finished late in 1635 would have borne the date 1636. Hardly any printed or MS poetical miscellany of or about Randolph's period is without some specimen of his *Muse*. Three or four MSS in Mr Huth's library contain poems by him.

*gratis dicta* so often hazarded by the early stationers, and is true only of the additions introduced into the first octavo (1640), and the fourth (1652). In the former appeared for the first time several poems and the "Jealous Lovers," and in the 1652 book the "Aristippus" and "Conceited Peddler" were new.

*Poems, with the Muses Looking-Glasse, and Amyntas. By Tho. Randolph, M.A. and late Fellow of Trinity Col in Cambridge. The Third Edition enlarged. Whercunto is added, The Jealous Lovers London, Printed in the Year 1643. 8°.*

∴ The "Jealous Lovers" have a separate London imprint, with the date 1646.

*Poems With the Muses Looking-Glasse Amyntas Jealous Lovers Aristippus. By Tho Randolph, M.A. . . . The Fourth Edition enlarged London, Printed for F. Bowman, and are to b. sold by William Raybould at the Unicorn in S Pauls Church yard neer the little North-doore 1652. 8°.*

This is the earliest collected edition which contains "Aristippus" and the "Conceited Peddler."

*Poems, with the Muses Looking-Glasse, and Amyntas. Whereunto is added, The Jealous Lovers. By Tho. Randolph. . . . The Fifth Edition, with several Additions, Corrected and Amended London, Printed for F Bowman, and are to be sold by Tho. Bowman, Bookseller in Oxford. 1664. 8°.*

: This edition includes the "Aristippus," &c.

*Poems with the Muses Looking Glass, and Amyntas: whereunto is added The Jealous Lovers By Tho Randolph. . . . The Fyith [Sixth] Edition, with several Additions Corrected and Amended. Oxford, Printed for F Bowman, and are to be sold by John Crosley, Book-seller in Oxford, 1668. 8°.*



*To the Memory of his dear Brother,  
Mr Thomas Randolph.*

---

**I**N such a solemn train of friends that sing  
Thy dirge in pious lines, and sadly bring  
Religious anthems to attend thy hearse,  
Striving t' embalm thy name in precious verse :  
I, that should most, have no more power to raise  
Trophies to thee, or bring one grain of praise  
To crown thy altar, than the orbs dispense  
Motion without their sole intelligence.  
For I confess that power which works in me  
Is but a weak resultance took from thee ;  
And if some scatter'd seeds of heat divine  
Flame in my breast, they are deriv'd from thine.  
And these low, sickly numbers must be such,  
As when steel moves, the loadstone gives the touch :  
So like a spongy cloud that sucks up rain  
From the fat soil to send it back again,  
There may be now from me some language shown  
To urge thy merit, but 'twas first thy own.  
For though the donor's influence be past  
For new effects, the old impressions last ;  
As in a bleeding trunk we oft discry  
Leaps in the head, and rolling in the eye,  
By virtue of some spirits, that alone  
Do tune those organs, though the soul be gone.

But since I add unto this general noise  
Only weak sounds, and echoes of thy voice,  
Be this a task for deeper mouths, while I,  
That cannot bribe the fancy, thaw the eye :  
And on the grave where they advance thy praise,  
Do plant a sprig of cypress, not of bays.  
Yet flow these tears not that thy relics sit  
Fix'd to their cell a constant anchorite ;  
Nor am I sturr'd that thy pale ashes have  
O'er the dark climate of a private grave  
No fair inscription . such distempers flow  
From poor lay-thoughts, whose blindness cannot  
know

That to discerning spirits the grave can be  
But a large womb to immortality :  
And a fair, virtuous name can stand alone  
Brass to the tomb and marble to the stone.  
No, 'tis that ghostly progeny we mourn,  
Which careless you let fall into the urn  
We had not flow'd with such a lavish tide  
Of tears and grief, had not those orphans died,  
For what had been my loss, who reading thine,  
A brother might have kiss'd in every line ?  
These that are left posterity must have,  
Whom a strict care hath rescu'd from the grave  
To gather strength by union, as the beams  
Of the bright sun, shot forth in several streams,  
And thinly scatter'd, with less fervour pass,  
Which cause a flame contracted in a glass.  
These, if they cannot much advance thy fame,  
May stand dumb statues to preserve thy name :  
And like sundials to a day that's gone,  
Though poor in use, can tell there was a sun.  
Yet (if a fair confession plant no bays,  
Nor modest truth conceiv'd a lavish praise)  
I could to thy great glory tell this age  
Not one envenom'd line doth swell the page

With guilty legends ; but so clear from all  
That shoot malicious noise, and vomit gall,  
That 'tis observ'd in every leaf of thine,  
Thou hast not scatter'd snakes in any line.  
Here are no remnants tortur'd into rhyme,  
To gull the reeling judgments of the time ;  
Nor any stale reversions patch thy writ,  
Glean'd from the rags and frippery of wit.  
Each syllable doth here as truly run  
Thine, as the light is proper to the sun.  
Nay, in those feeblér lines which thy last breath  
And labouring brains snatch'd from the skirts of  
death,

Though not so strongly pure, we may descry  
The father in his last posterity,  
As clearly shown as virgins' looks do pass  
Through a thin lawn, or shadows in the glass ;  
And in thy setting, as the sun's, confess  
The same large brightness, though the heat be less.  
Such native sweetness flows in every line,  
The reader cannot choose but swear 'tis thine.  
Though I can tell a rugged sect there is  
Of some sly-wits will judge askint on this,  
And from thy easy flux of language guess  
The fancy's weak, because the noise is less :  
As if that channel which doth smoothly glide  
With even streams, flow'd with a shallow tide.  
But let a quick-discerning judgment look,  
And with a piercing eye untwist thy book  
In every loom, I know the second view  
Shall find more lustre than the first could do.  
For have you seen when gazing on the skies,  
With strict survey a new succession rise  
Of several stars, which do not so appear  
To every formal glance that shoots up there ;  
So when the serious eye has firmly been  
Fix'd on the page, such large increase is seen



Of various fancy, that each several view  
 Makes the same fruitful book a mart of new.  
 But I forbear this mention, since I must  
 Ransack thy ashes and revile thy dust  
 With such low characters, I mean to raise  
 Thee to my contemplation, not my praise :  
 And they that wish thy picture clearly shown  
 In a true glass, I wish would use thy own :  
 Where, I presume, howe'er thy virtues come  
 Ill-shap'd abroad, th' art fairly dress'd at home.

RO. RANDOLPH, M A.,  
*Student of C. Church.*<sup>1</sup>

---

*Lectori nimium critico, qui Authoris  
 fescenninos sales plus justo rigidus in-  
 terpretatur.*

DEXTRA quid Archetype nudas mysteria chartæ?  
 Privatique aperis limina clausa joci?  
 Non lucem patitur cælebs margo venenum,  
 Et videt ingenuis toxica mista jocis.  
 Quæque stolata dedit sanctus Floralia vates,  
 Exuis, et nudas das sine veste sales  
 Hinc tota immeritam jugulat censura papyrum,  
 Et levis ingenuos damnat arundo sales.  
 Carnifices calamos, et raucæ jurgia Musæ  
 Simplicitas casti sentit honesta libri.  
 Quid culpæ fuerit, si vatis amabile carmen  
 Lascivam casto schemate lusit anum?

---

<sup>1</sup> The poet's younger brother and literary executor. He was, as we see from his subscription to the present copy of poems, of Christ Church, Oxford. He took his bachelor's degree in 1627, and afterwards obtained the vicarage of Donington, in Lincolnshire, where he died in 1671, aged, it is said, about 60.

Linthea si nudis injecit pulchra pudendis?  
 Vel tegit incastam larva modesta Deam?  
 Nulla tuis regnant nisi nomine mascula chartis,  
 Si quod fœmineum est culpa legis erit;  
 (Ut proles, uteri primo qui claustra reliquit,  
 Mascula, fœmineum videmus arte Sporum.)  
 Das thalami lusus cortinæ et tegmine sanctos,  
 Cynthia quos lectos gestiat esse suos.  
 Du benè! quam sanctis loquitur Venus impia verbis?  
 Tyndaris et raptus hic stupet esse pios.  
 Lecta puella tuis dum spectat crimina chartis,  
 Visa sibi est furto sanctior ire suo.  
 I nunc ingenuæ pareas lex Julia chartæ,  
 Scripta librum dederat, lecta lupanar erat.  
 RO RANDOLPH, *ex æde Christi.*

---

BLEST spirit, when I first did see  
 The genius of thy poetry,  
 Nimble and fluent; in a strain  
 Even with, if not beyond, the brain  
 Of laureates that crown'd the stage,  
 And liv'd the wonders of the age:  
 And this but sparkles from a fire,  
 That flam'd up, and soar'd much higher;  
 I gaz'd, desirous to see  
 Whither thy wit would carry thee.  
 Thy first rise was so high, that even,  
 As needs it must, the next was heaven.  
 I. T. A. M.

---

*In Authorem.*

CANESCANT alii, steriliq; ætatis honore  
 Lætentur; fecit te tua Musa senem.

Parcarum labor est vitæ mensura peractæ :  
 Texuntur propriâ stamina vestra manu,  
 Felix qui primo excedis, Randolphe, sub ævo,  
 Nec Genii extincti prævia fata vides ;  
 Dii bene non dederint effætæ frigora vitæ :  
 Debes quo fueras natus in igne mori.  
 THO. TERENT, M.A., *ex æde Christi.*

---

*Upon Mr Randolph's Poems, collected  
 and published after his death.*

AS when a swelling cloud, melted to showers,  
 Sweetly diffuses fresh and active powers  
 Into the shrunk and thirsty veins of earth,  
 Blessing her barren womb with a new birth  
 Of grain and fruit, and so redeems a land  
 Of desperate people from the destroying hand  
 Of merciless plague, famine, or death, and then  
 Collects its streams unto the ocean ;  
 So thy diffusive soul and fluent parts  
 (Great miracle of natural wit and arts),  
 Rapt up some regions 'bove our sphere, did flow  
 And show'r their blessings down on us below,  
 Whilst we, dull earth, in ecstasies did sit,  
 Almost o'erwhelmed with thy floods of wit.  
 What blood of verse is pump'd from our dry brains,  
 Sprung like a rushing torrent from thy veins.  
 When a long drought presag'd some fatal dearth,  
 Thy unexhausted founts gave us new birth  
 Of wit and verse ; when Cham or Isis fell,  
 Thy open'd floodgates made their riv'lets swell  
 'Bove their proud banks, where (planted by thy hand)  
 Th' Hesperian orchards, Paphian myrtles stand,  
 And those sweet shades where lovers tell their blisses  
 To th' whisp'ring leaves, and sum 'em up in kisses.

There in full choir the Muses us'd to sing  
Melodious odes, bathing in Cham their spring :  
And all the Graces, Tom, dwelt with thee too,  
Crowning thy front for old Citheron's brow.  
Nor were we rich alone : climes far from hence  
Acknowledge yet thy sovereign influence,  
Sicilians owe to thee their fruitful Vale,<sup>1</sup>  
And Cotswold Hill thy dew-created Dale.<sup>2</sup>  
All lands and soils from hence were fruitful grown,  
And multipl'd the measures thou hast sown.  
Greensward untill'd milkmaids wish no blisses  
Beyond a stammel petticoat and kisses,  
And thy sweet *Downy*. This alone, they cry,  
Will make our beasts and milk to multiply.  
And the dull, fallow clowns, who never thought  
Of God or heaven but in a flood or drought,  
Do gape and pray for crops of wit, and vow  
To make their lads and wenches poets now,  
For they can make their fields to laugh and sing  
To the Muses' pipe, and winter rhyme to spring.  
They pray for the first curse : like scholars now  
To earn their livings by their sweaty brow.  
Then the fine gardens of the court are set  
With flowers sprung from thy muse's coronet.  
Those pretty imps in plush, that on trust go  
For their fine clothes, and their fine judgments too,  
The frontispiece or title-page of plays,  
Whose whole discourse is, *As the poet says*,  
That taverns drain (for ivy is the sign  
Of all such sack-shop wits, as well as wine),  
And make their verses dance on either hand  
With numerous feet, whilst they want feet to stand.

---

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to his "Amynias."

<sup>2</sup> The writer refers to Randolph's contribution to the "An-  
nalia Dubrensis," 1636, printed *infra*.

That score up jests for every glass or cup,  
 And th' total sum behind the door cast up.<sup>1</sup>  
 These had been all dri'd up, and many more,  
 That quaff up Helicon upon thy score.  
 The sneaking tribe, that drink and write by fits,  
 As they can steal or borrow coin or wits.  
 That panders fee for plots, and then belie  
 The paper with *An excellent Comedy*,  
*Acted* (more was the pity) *by th' Red Bull*  
*With great applause* of some vain city gull ;  
 That damn philosophy, and prove the curse  
 Of emptiness, both in the brain and purse ,  
 These that scrape legs and trenchers to my lord,  
 Had starv'd but for some scraps pick'd from thy  
 board

They had tried the balladier's or fiddler's trade,  
 Or a new comedy at Tyburn made.  
 Thus, Tom, thy pregnant fancy crown'd us all  
 With wealthy showers or mines poetical ,  
 Nor did thy dews distil in a cold rain,  
 But with a flash of lightning op'd thy brain,  
 Which thaw'd our stupid spirits with lively heat,  
 And from our frosts forc'd a poetic sweat.  
 And now wit's commonwealth by thee repriev'd  
 (For its consumption shows it not long-liv'd)  
 Thy far-dispersed streams divert their course  
 (Though some are damm'd up) to th' Muses  
 source

This ocean : he that will fathom it  
 By's lines shall sound an ocean of wit ;  
 Not shallow, low, and troubled, but profound  
 And vast, though in these narrow limits bound.  
 The tribute of our eyes or pens (all we can pay),  
 Are some poor drops to thy Pactolus sea,

---

<sup>1</sup> The system of credit given at taverns seems to have led to abuses, and hence the proverb: "The tapster is undone by chalk." See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 386.

And first stolen thence, though now so muddy grown  
With our foul channels, they scarce seem thy own.  
Thus have I seen a piece of coin, which bore  
The image of my king or prince before,  
New-cast into some peasant, lose its grace,  
Yet's the same body, with a fouler face.  
If our own store must pay, that gold which was  
Lent us in sterling, we must turn in brass.  
Hadst thou writ less or worse, then we might lay  
Something upon thy urn thou didst not say :  
But thou hadst fancy's vast monopoly,  
Our flock will scarce amount t' an elegy.  
Yet all the legacies that fatal day  
Bequeath'd thy sad executor will pay.  
To late divines (by will and testament)  
A paraphrase on each commandment,  
In moral precepts, with a disputation  
Ending the quarrels 'bout predestination.  
To those that study how to spend the day,  
And yet grow wise—the ethics in a play.  
To poets 'cause there is no greater curse,  
Thou bequeath'dst nothing—in thy empty purse.  
To City madams, that bespeak new faces  
For every play or feast—thy looking-glasses.  
And to the chambermaids, who only can  
Adorn their ladies' head, and dream of man,  
Th' hast left a dowry ; they, till now, by stealth  
Writ only members of the Commonwealth.  
To heaven thy ravish'd soul (though who shall  
look  
Will say it lives in each line of thy book) ;  
Thy death, unnatural reliques that could die—  
To earth ; thy fame unto eternity ;  
A husband to thy widowed poetry,  
Not from the Court but University ;  
To thy sad aunt, and now despairing mother,  
Thy little orphans, and thy younger brother ;

From all of which this free confession's fit :  
The younger sister had the elder wit.<sup>1</sup>

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*Ad Authorem.*

*MOLLIA* quæd tenui currunt mihi carmina filo,  
Et meus in gyro stet brevior labor.  
*Dum tua constrictis assurgit Musa cothurnis.*  
*Et Veneres casto vincit Avena loco.*  
*Cedimus inculti ! Fato par Gloria nostro*  
*Quod tua mirentur carmina, nostra legant.*

R BRIDEOAKE, A.M. Nov. Coll.<sup>2</sup>

---

WHAT need thy book crave any other fame ?  
It is enough that it bears Randolph's name.  
Who sees the title, and him understood,  
Must much condemn himself, or say 'tis good.  
Go forth, example to the neophyte,  
Who hence should learn to catechise his wit,  
And dress his fancy by this glass : whose muse  
Well favour'd is, should here her face peruse.  
It will not flatter, 'twill reflect the grace  
She takes from th' honour of a beauteous face :  
But if a menstruous and illiterate eye  
Blast her, the various specks shall soon descry  
The foul beholder, and proclaim her spoil  
Not to result from thence, but his own soil.

ED GAYTON, A.M. *Joan.*<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The sentiment contained in the concluding line appears to be nearly identical with that of the writer of the little poem extracted from "Witt's Recreations." Possibly these two anonymous compositions came from the same source.

<sup>2</sup> Brideoake's name is known as the writer of several occasional pieces of poetry, and it is subscribed to a long copy of verses in Mr Huth's Berkeley MS. 8°, 1640, entitled, "Verses upon a piece of Needle work given to the University of Oxford."

<sup>3</sup> Edmund Gayton, author of "Festivous Notes on Don Quixote," 1652, and many other works of a temporary, but curious, character.

IMMORTAL Ben is dead ; and as that ball  
 On Ida toss'd, so is his crown by all  
 The infantry of wit. Vain priests ! that chair  
 Is only fit for his true son and heir.  
 Reach here the laurel. Randolph, 'tis thy praise :  
 Thy naked skull shall well become the bays.  
 See Daphne courts thy ghost . and, spite of fate,  
 Thy poems shall be poet-laureate.

G. W., Joan.

---

*To his very worthy friend Mr Robert Randolph of Christ Church, on the publishing of his Brother's poems.*

WE thank you, worthy sir, that 'tis our hap  
 To praise even Randolph now without a clap,  
 And give our suffrage yet, though not our voice,  
 To show the odds betwixt his fame and noise ,  
 Whose only modesty we could applaud,  
 That seldom durst presume to blush abroad ;  
 And bear his vast report, and setting forth  
 His virtues, grow a sufferer of his worth ;  
 Was scarce his own acquaintance, and did use  
 To hear himself reported but as news ,  
 So distant from himself, that one might dare  
 To say those two were ne'er familiar ;  
 Whose polish'd fancy hath so smoothly wrought,  
 That 'tis suspected, and might tempt our thought  
 To guess it spent in every birth, so writ  
 Not as the gift but legacy of his wit :  
 Whose unbid brain drops so much flowing worth,  
 That others are deliver'd, he brought forth ;  
 That did not course in wit, and beat at least  
 Ten lines in fallow to put up one jest ,



Which still prevents our thought, we need not stay  
 To th' end, the epigram is in the way.  
 The town might here grow poet ; nay, 'tis said  
 Some mayors could hence as eas'ly rhyme as read ;  
 Whose loss we so much weep, we cannot hear  
 His very comedies without a tear.  
 And when we read his mirth, are fain to pray  
 Leave from our grief to call the work a play :  
 Where fancy plays with judgment, and so fits  
 That 'tis enough to make a guard of wits.  
 Where lines fulfil themselves, and are so right  
 That but a combat's mention is a fight.  
 His phrase does bring to pass, and he has lent  
 Language enough to give the things event.  
 The lines pronounce themselves, and we may say  
 The actors were but echoes of the play.  
 Methinks the book does act, and we not doubt  
 To say it rather enters than comes out ;  
 Which even you seem to envy, whose device  
 Has made it viler even by its price,  
 And taught its value, which we count so great  
 That, when we buy it cheapest, we but cheat.  
 And when upon one page we bless our look,  
 Howe'er we bargain, we have gain'd the book.  
 Freshmen in this are forc'd to have their right,  
 And 'tis no purchase, though 'twere sold in spite.  
 So do we owe you still, that let us know  
 He gave the world the plays, and you the show.  
 Jos. HOWE, *Trin Col., Oxon.*

---

*On his beloved friend the Author,  
 and his ingenious Poems.*

WHAT need these busy wits ? who hath a mine  
 His own thus rich, needs not the scatter'd shine,

Of lesser heaps. Day dims a taper's light,  
And lamps are useless where there is no night.  
Why this train of writers? [a] foreign verse  
Can add no honour to a poet's hearse,  
Whose every line which he to paper lent  
Builds for himself a lasting monument.  
Brave verse this privilege hath; though all be dumb,  
That is the author's epitaph and tomb.  
Which when ambitious piles, th' ostents of pride,  
To dust shall fall, and in their ruins hide  
Their then no more remembered founder's name :  
These (like Apollo) ever young shall fame  
The first composer; whose weigh'd works shall tell  
What noble thoughts did in his bosom dwell.  
But now I find the cause. They that do praise  
Desert in others, for themselves plant bays :  
For he that praises merit, loves it. thus  
He's good, for goodness that's solicitous.  
Else, though he diamonds keenly pointed write,  
They but proclaim a quainter hypocrite :  
Thus in the future it shall honour be,  
That men shall read their names bound up with thee.  
So country moles, that would at court appear,  
Intrude some camel's train that does live there.  
So creatures, that had drown'd else, did embark  
With Noah, and liv'd by being in his ark.  
Or (if not thus) as when in royal state  
Nobles attend kings to inaugurate :  
Or as last year, when you both courts did see  
Beget joy's noon i' th' University.<sup>1</sup>  
All the learn'd tribe in reverend habits meet,  
As if the schools were turn'd into the street ;  
Where each one strove such duty to put on,  
As might give honour to their own sun's sun.

---

<sup>1</sup> Is this an allusion to the visit of Charles I. and his queen to Oxford in the autumn of 1636.

Such honour here our dimmer pens would have,  
In pomp to wait him to his solemn grave  
Since what he was, his own fruits better show,  
Than those which (planted here by others) grow.  
Rich jewels in themselves such lustre cast,  
As gold about them is no grace but waste.  
Such was his genius · like the quick eyes wink,  
He could write sooner than another think,  
His play was fancy's flame, a lightning wit :  
So short, that it could sooner pierce than hit.  
Whate'er he pleas'd, though but in sport to prove,  
Appear'd as true as pity dwells with love  
Had he said thus— That discreet zeal might stand  
Both with the Jesuit and the Puritan,  
'T had been believ'd · That frost from heat proceeds :  
That chastity from ease and fulness breeds ·  
That women ought to woo, as Eve at first  
Woo'd man, to make the world and man accurs'd ,  
All would be taken up for truth · and sense,  
Which knew truth coming, would not going hence.  
Had he maintain'd rich Lucan's work had been  
Mere history, there would no pen be seen  
To call it poem . if for Cæsar stood,  
Great Pompey should be neither weak nor good,  
O, had he liv'd to plead the craggy law,  
Which (now unsettled) holds the world in awe,  
He would have met some ostracism (I fear)  
Lest he had charm'd the purple judge to err.  
Nor could he only in his native speech  
Robe his ripe thoughts ; but even the copious,  
rich,  
And lofty Greek with Latin did appear  
In him as Orient in their proper sphere :  
That when in them himself he pleas'd t' express,  
The ravish'd hearer could not but confess  
He might as well old Rome or Athens claim  
For birth, as Britain circled with the main.

'Tis true, we have these languages still left,  
 But spoken as apparel got by theft  
 Is worn—disguis'd and shadowed. Had he  
 Liv'd but with us till grave maturity ;  
 Though we should ever in his change have lost,  
 We might have gain'd enough whereof to boast  
 Our nation's better genius. But now  
 Our hopes are nipp'd ere they began to blow.  
 And sure I am, his loss must needs strike deep,  
 For whom in verse thus England's eye doth weep ;  
 Whose tears thus dew'd upon his mournful dust  
 I will not longer trouble. They that must  
 Carp, though at best things, let them only read :  
 These poems here will strike that humour dead.  
 Which I should praise too , but in them I see  
 There is one blemish, for he hath nam'd me ,<sup>1</sup>  
 Else, I'll not think the reader so distrest  
 In wit, but that he will admire the rest.  
 Concluding thence, though in his forenoon-youth  
 (And what I now shall write is modest truth), ,  
 He knows not him, who doth so much excel,  
 That could so quickly do so much so well.

OWEN FELTHAM, *Gent.*<sup>2</sup>

---

*On the death of Mr Randolph.*

WHEN Donne and Beaumont died, an epitaph  
 Some men (I well remember) thought unsafe,  
 And said they did *presume to write, unless*  
*They could their tears in their expression dress.*  
 But love makes me more bold, and tells me I  
 In humble terms to vent my piety

---

<sup>1</sup> In the verses on Feltham's "Resolves."

<sup>2</sup> Owen Feltham, gentleman, the author of the "Resolves."

May safely dare ; and reason thinks not fit,  
For which I lov'd, I now should fear that wit.  
Respect looks like a bargain, if confin'd  
To rules precise, and is more just than kind,  
If by a pois'd and equal testament  
It turns goodwill into a covenant.  
Must every present offer'd to a prince  
Be just proportion'd to his eminence ?  
Or ought my elegy unjust be thought,  
Because I cannot mourn thee as I ought ?  
Such laws as these (if any be so bold),  
Ought those unskilful but proud souls to hold,  
Who think they could and did at a due rate  
Love thee, not me, whose love was passionate,  
And hath decreed, howe'er the censure go,  
Thus much, although but thus, to let men know,  
I do admire no comet did presage  
The mournful period of thy wonder'd age ;  
Or that no Sybil did thy death foretell,  
Since that by it alone more ill befell  
The laurel god, than when the day was come,  
Wherein his Delphic oracle was dumb.  
In meaner wits that proverb chance may hold  
(That they who are soon ripe are seldom old),  
But 'twas a poor one, and for thee unfit,  
Whose infancy might teach their best years wit :  
Whose talk was exemplary to their pains,  
And whose discourse was tutor to their strains.  
If thou wert serious, then the audience  
Heard Plato's works in 'Tully's eloquence :  
If sad, the mourners knew no thrifty sighs  
In tears, but still cried out : O, lend more eyes !  
If merry, then the juice of comedy  
So sweeten'd every word, that we might see  
Each stander-by having enough to do  
To temper mirth, until some friend could woo

**Thee take the pains to write, that so, that pressure  
Checking thy soul's quick motions, some small leisure  
Might be obtain'd to make provision  
Of breath against the next scene's action.  
I could go through thy works, which will survive  
The funeral of time, and gladly strive  
Beyond my power to make that love appear  
Which after death is best seen in a tear.  
But praising one, I should dispraise the rest,  
Since whatsoe'er thou didst was still the best.  
Since then I am persuaded that in thee  
Wit at her acme was, and we shall see  
Posterity not daring to aspire  
To equalise, but only to admire  
Thee as their archetype · with thought of thee  
Henceforth I'll thus enrich my memory !  
While others count from earthquakes and great frost,  
And say, i' th' last dear year, 'twould thus much  
cost ,  
My time-distinctions this shall be among,  
Since wit's decay, or Randolph's death—so long.**

**R. GOSTELOW, M.A.**

R. GOSTELOW, M.A.

*To the pious Memory of my dear Brother-  
in-law, Mr Thomas Randolph.*

READERS, prepare your faith ; who truly tells  
His history must needs write miracles,  
He lisp'd wit worthy the press, as if that he  
Had us'd his cradle as a library.  
Some of these fruits had birth when other boys  
(His elders) played with nuts ; books were his toys.  
He had not long of plays spectator been,  
But his small feet wore socks fit for the scene.

He was not like those costive wits, who blot  
A quire of paper to contrive a plot,  
And ere they name it, cross it, till it look  
Rased with wounds like an old mercer's book :  
What pleas'd this year, is next in pieces torn,  
It suffers many deaths ere it be born.  
For humours to lie leiger they are seen  
Oft in a tavern and a bowling-green  
They do observe each place and company  
As strictly as a traveller or spy,  
And defying dunghills, seem t' adore  
The scum of people, watchman, changeling, whore,  
To know the vice and ignorance of all.  
With any rags they'll drink a pot of ale :  
Nay, what is more (a strange, unusual thing  
With poets) they will pay the reckoning,  
And sit with patience an hour by the heels  
To learn the nonsense of the constables.  
Such jig-like flim-flams being got to make  
The rabble laugh, and nut cracking forsake,  
They go home (if th' have any) and there sit  
In gown and nightcap looking for some wit.  
Ere they compose, they must for a long space  
Be dieted as horses for the race.  
They must not bacon, beef, or pudding eat :  
A jest may chance be starv'd with such gross meat.  
The good hour come, and their brain tun'd, they  
write  
But slow, as dying men their wills indite.  
They pen by drachms and scruples : from their quill  
Words (although dreggy) flow not, but distil.  
They stare and sour their faces ; nay, to vent  
The brains, they eat their fingers' excrement,  
And scratch their heads, as if they were about  
(Their wit so hidebound is) to pull it out.  
Ev'ry bald speech, though comical it be,  
To their rack'd members proves a tragedy.

When they have had the counsel of some friend,  
And of their begging epilogue made an end,  
Their play salutes the world, and claims the stage  
For its inheritance, being now of age.  
But while they pump'd their fancy day and night,  
He nothing harder found than not to write,  
No diet could corrupt or mend his strain ;  
All tempers were the best to his sure brain.  
He could with raptures captivate the king,  
Yet not endanger button or bandstring.  
Poems from him gush'd out so readily,  
As if they'd only been in's memory ;  
Yet are they with as marble fancies wrought  
As theirs whose pen writes for the thirteenth  
thought.

They err who say things quickly done soon fade !  
Nature and he all in an instant made.  
Those that do measure fancies by the glass  
And dote on such as cost more time, may pass  
In rank with gulls, whom folly doth entice  
To think that best which has the greatest price.  
Who poring on, their spongy brain still squeeze,  
Neglect the cream, and only save the lees.  
Stopping their flying quill, they clip fame's wing,  
Make Helicon a puddle that's a spring.  
Nor was his haste hoodwink'd , his rage was wise,  
His fury counsel had, his rashness eyes  
Though he (as engine's arrows) shot forth wit,  
Yet aim'd with all the proper marks to hit.  
His ink ne'er stain'd the surplice ; he doth right,  
That sometimes takes a care to miss the white.  
He turn'd no Scripture-phrase into a jest ;  
He was inspir'd with raptures, not possess'd.  
Some devilish poets think their muse does ill,  
Unless their verses do profane or kill.  
They boldly write what I should fear to think,  
Words that do pale their paper, black their ink.



The titles of their satires fright some more  
Than *Lord*, *have mercy* writ upon a door.  
Although his wit was sharp as others, yet  
It never wounded ; thus a razor set  
In a wise barber's hand tickles the skin,  
And leaves a smooth not carbonaded chin.  
So sovereign was his fancy, that you'd think  
His quick'ning pen did balsam drop, not ink.  
Read's elegies, and you will see his praise  
Doth many souls 'fore th' Resurrection raise  
No venom's in his book ; his very snake  
You may as safely as a flower take ,  
There's none needs fear to surfeit with his phrase,  
He has no giant raptures to amaze  
And torture weak capacities with wonder :  
He (by his laurel guarded) ne'er did thunder  
As those strong bombast wits, whose poetry  
Sounds like a charm, or Spanish pedigree,  
Who with their fancy to ring 'bove the sun,  
Have in their style Babel's confusion.  
If puny eyes do read their verses, they  
Will think 'tis Hebrew, writ the English way.  
His lines do run smooth as the feet of Time ,  
Each leaf, though rich, swells not with gouty rhyme ;  
Here is no thrum or knot , Arachne ne'er  
Weav'd a more even web , and as they are  
Listed for smoothness, so in this again  
That each thread's spun, and warp'd by his own  
brain.

We have some poetasters who, although  
They ne'er beyond the writing-school did go,  
Sit at Apollo's table, when as they  
But midwives are, not parents, to a play.  
Were they betray'd, they'd be each cobbler's scoff,  
Laugh'd at, as one whose perwig's blown off.  
Their brains lie all in notes ; Lord ! how they'd look  
If they should chance to lose their table-book !

Their bays, like ivy, cannot mount at all  
But by some neighbouring tree or joining wall.  
With what an ecstasy shall we behold  
This book ! which is no ghost of any old  
Wormeaten author : here's no jest or hint,  
But had his head both for its ore and mint.  
Were't not for some translations, none could  
know

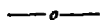
Whether he had e'er look'd in book or no.  
He could discourse of any subject, yet  
No cold, premeditated sense repeat ;  
As he that nothing at the table talks  
But what was cook'd in's study or the walks.  
Whose wit (like a sundial) only can  
Go true in this or that meridian.  
Each climate was to him his proper sphere ;  
You'd think he had been brought up everywhere.  
Was he at Court ? his compliments would be  
Rich-wrought with fancy's best embroidery,  
Which the spruce gallants, echo-like, would speak  
So oft as they'd be threadbare in a week.  
They lov'd even his abuses, the same jeer  
(So witty 'twas) would sting and please their ear.  
Read's flow'ry pastorals, and you will swear  
He was not Jonson's only, but Pan's heir.  
His smooth Amyntas would persuade even me  
To think he always liv'd in Sicily  
Those happier groves, that shaded him, were all  
As trees of knowledge, and prophetical :  
Dodon's were but the type of them, leaves were  
Books in old time, but became scholars here.  
Had he liv'd till Westminster Hall was seen  
In forest towns, perhaps he fined had been.  
Whilst others made trees Maypoles, he could do  
As Orpheus did, and make them dancers too.  
But these were the light sports of his spare time,  
He was as able to dispute as rhyme.

And all (two gifts ne'er join'd before) outwent  
As well in syllogism as compliment.  
Who looks within his clearer glass will say  
At once he writ an ethic, tract, and play.  
When he in Cambridge schools did moderate  
(Truth never found a subtler advocate),  
He had as many auditors as those  
Who preach, their mouths being silenc'd, through the  
The grave divines stood gazing, as if there [nose.  
In words was colour, or in th' eye an ear.  
To hear him they would penetrate each other,  
Embrace a throng, and love a noisome smother.  
Though plodding pates much time and oil had spent  
In beating out an obscure argument,  
He could untie, not break, the subtlest knot  
Their puzzling art could weave, nay, he had got  
The trick on't so, as if that he had been  
Within each brain, and the nice folding seen  
Who went to th' school's peripatetics, came,  
If he disputed, home in Plato's name.  
His oppositions were as text, some, led  
With wonder, thought he had not urg'd, but read.  
Nor was his judgment all philosophy,  
He was in points of deep divinity  
Only not doctor, his true catholic brain  
The learning of a council did contain  
But all his works are lost, his fire is out,  
These are but's ashes, which were thrown about,  
And now rak'd up together; all we have  
With pious sacrilege snatch'd from his grave  
Are a few meteors, which may make it said  
That Tom is yet alive, but Randolph's dead.  
Thus when a merchant posting o'er the sea  
With his rich-loaden ship is cast away,  
Some light, small wares do swim unto the shore,  
But th' great and solid prizes ne'er rise more.

RIC. WEST, *Bac. of Arts,*  
*and Student of Christ's Church.*



## P o e m s.



*On the Inestimable Content he enjoys in the  
Muses: to those of his Friends that dehort  
him from Poetry.<sup>1</sup>*

G O, sordid earth, and hope not to bewitch  
My highborn soul, that flies a nobler pitch '  
'Thou can'st not tempt her with adulterate show,  
She bears no appetite that flags so low.  
Should both the ladies spread their laps to me,  
And court mine eyes too with their treasury,  
My better will they never could entice ;  
Nor this with gold, nor that with all her spice.  
For what poor things had these possessions shown,  
When all were mine, but I were not mine own ?  
Others in pompous wealth their thoughts may please,  
And I am rich in wishing none of these.

---

<sup>1</sup> The present production may be regarded, perhaps, as an outgrowth from Randolph's English version (printed *infra*) of Horace's celebrated epode, "Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis." The *Retrospective Review*, vi. 64, says of this poem. "It is a most ingenious and eloquent composition, beginning with a very amusing specimen of the poetical wisdom, in praise of poverty, which unfortunately holds only in verse, and proceeding to some very fine vigorous satire on the folly of learning, written with all the strength, without the grossness, of Juvenal."

For (say) which happiness would you beg first,  
Still to have drink, or never to have thirst?  
No servants on my beck attendant stand,  
Yet are my passions all at my command;  
Reason within me shall sole ruler be,  
And every sense shall wear her livery,  
Lord of myself in chief, when they that have  
More wealth, make that their lord, which is my slave.  
Yet I as well as they (with more content)  
Have in myself a household government.  
My intellectual soul hath there possess  
The steward's place to govern all the rest,  
When I go forth, my eyes two ushers are,  
And dutifully walk before me bare.  
My legs run footmen by me, go or stand:  
My ready arms wait close on either hand.  
My lips are porters to the dangerous door.  
And either ear a trusty auditor.  
And when abroad I go, fancy shall be  
My skilful coachman, and shall hurry me  
Through heaven and earth, and Neptune's wat'ry  
plain,  
And in a moment drive me back again  
The charge of all my cellar, thirst, is thine;  
Thou butler art, and yeoman of my wine.  
Stomach the cook, whose dishes best delight,  
Because their only sauce is appetite  
My other cook, digestion; where to me  
Teeth carve, and palate will the taster be.  
And the two eyelids, when I go to sleep,  
Like careful grooms my silent chamber keep.  
Where lest a cold oppress my vital part,  
A gentle fire is kindled by the heart  
And lest too great a heat procure my pain,  
The lungs fan wind to cool those parts again.  
Within the inner closet of my brain  
Attend the nobler members of my train.

Invention master of my mint grows there,  
And memory my faithful treasurer.  
And though in others 'tis a treacherous part,  
My tongue is secretary to my heart.  
And then the pages of my soul and sense,  
Love, anger, pleasure, grief, concupiscence,  
And all affections else, are taught t' obey  
Like subjects, not like favourites to sway.  
This is my manor-house, and men shall see  
I here live master of my family.  
Say, then, thou man of wealth, in what degree  
May thy proud fortunes overbalance me?  
Thy many barks plough the rough ocean's back,  
And I am never frightened with a wrack.  
Thy flocks of sheep are numberless to tell,  
And with one fleece I can be cloth'd as well,  
'Thou hast a thousand several farms to let,  
And I do feed on ne'er a tenant's sweat.  
Thou hast the commons to enclosure brought,<sup>1</sup>  
And I have fix'd no<sup>2</sup> bound to my vast thought.  
Variety is sought for to delight  
Thy witty and ambitious appetite,  
Three elements, at least, dispeopled be,  
To satisfy judicious gluttony.  
And yet for this I love my commons here  
Above the choicest of thy dainty cheer.  
No widow's curse enters<sup>3</sup> a dish of mine,  
I drink no tears of orphans in my wine.

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<sup>1</sup> A great grievance at this time, as we find by Sylvanus Taylor's tract, 4<sup>o</sup>, 1652, and from other authentic sources. But at the Restoration the question seems to have dropped again—not to be taken up till now.

<sup>2</sup> Edits, *a*, but the whole point seems to be in the alleged infinitude of the poet's mind's eye.

<sup>3</sup> Edits, *eaters*. I cannot understand *eaters* to be right in any of its accepted senses.

Thou mayst perchance to some great office come,  
And I can rule a commonwealth at home,  
And that pre-eminence enjoy more free,  
Than thou putt'st up with vain authority.  
What boots it him a large command to have  
Whose every part is some poor vice's slave?  
Which over him as proudly lords it there  
As o'er the rustic he can domineer.  
Whilst he poor swains doth threat, in his own  
eyes

Lust and concupiscence do tyrannise.  
Ambition racks his heart with jealous fear,  
And bastard flattery captivates his ear.  
He on posterity may fix his care,  
And I can study on the times that were.  
He stands upon a pinnacle to show  
His dangerous height, whilst I sit safe below.  
Thy father hoards up gold for thee to spend,  
When death will play the office of a friend,  
And take him hence, which yet he thinks too late.  
My nothing to inherit is a fate  
Above thy birthright, should it double be;  
No longing expectation tortures me.  
I can my father's reverend head survey,  
And yet not wish that every hair were grey.  
My constant genius says, I happier stand,  
And richer in his life, than in his land.  
And when thou hast an heir that for thy gold  
Will think each day makes thee a year too old,  
And ever gaping to possess thy store,  
Conceives thy age to be above fourscore,  
'Cause his is one-and-twenty, and will pray  
The too slow hours to haste, and every day  
Bespeak thy coffin, cursing every bell  
That he hears toll, 'cause 'tis another's knell  
(And justly at thy life he may repine,  
But his is but a wardship during thine).

Mine shall have no such thoughts. If I have one,  
He shall be more a pupil than a son,  
And at my grave weep truth, and say death's hand,  
That bountifully unto thine gave land,  
But robb'd him of a tutor. Cursed store !  
There is no piety but amongst the poor.  
Go, then : confess which of us fathers be  
The happier made in our posterity  
I in my orphan that hath nought beside  
His virtue, thou in thy rich parricide ?  
Thou several artists dost employ to show  
The measure of thy lands, that thou mayest know  
How much of earth thou hast · while I do call  
My thoughts to scan how little 'tis in all.  
Thou hast thy hounds to hunt the timorous hare,  
The crafty fox, or the more noble deer ;  
Till at a fault, perchance, thy lordship be,  
And some poor city varlet hunt for thee.  
For 'tis not poor Actæon's fault alone .  
Hounds have devour'd more masters, sure, than one ;  
Whilst I, the while, pursuing my content,  
With the quick nostrils of a judgment, scent  
The hidden steps of nature, and there see  
Your game maintain'd by her antipathy,  
Thou hast a hawk, and to that height doth fly  
Thy understanding, if it soar so high :  
While I my soul with eagle's pinions wing  
To stoop at heaven, and in her talons bring  
A glorious constellation, sporting there  
With him whose belt of stars adorns the sphere.  
Thou hast thy landskips, and the painters try  
With all their skill to please thy wanton eye.  
Here shadowy groves, and craggy mountains there ;  
Here rivers headlong fall, there springs run clear ;  
The heavens' bright rays through clouds must azure  
show,  
Circl'd about with Iris' gaudy bow.



And what of this? I real heavens do see,  
True springs, true groves, whilst yours but shadows  
be.

Nor of your household-stuff so proudly boast,  
Compos'd of curiosity and cost.

Your two best chambers are unfurnished,  
Th' inner and upper room, the heart and head.

But you will say . The comfort of a life  
Is in the partner of your joys, a wife !

You may have choice of brides : you need not  
woo

The rich, the fair ; they both are proffer'd you  
But what fond virgin will my love prefer,  
That only in Parnassus jointure her ?

Yet thy base match I scorn , an honest pride  
I harbour here that scorns a market-bride.

Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold ,  
And sacred love is basely bought and sold.

Wives are grown traffic, marriage is a trade,  
And when a nuptial of two hearts is made.

There must of moneys too a wedding be,  
'That coin as well as men may multiply.

O human blindness ! had we eyes to see,  
There is no wealth to valiant poetry !

And yet what want I heaven or earth can yield ?  
Methinks I now possess th' Elysian field.

Into my chest the yellow Tagus flows,  
While my plate-fleet in bright Pactolus rows.

Th' Hesperian Orchard's mine ; mine, mine is  
all :

Thus am I rich in wealth poetical.

Why strive you, then, my friends, to circumvent  
My soul, and rob me of my best content ?

Why out of ignorant love counsel you me  
To leave the Muses and my poetry ?

Which should I leave, and never follow more,  
I might perchance get riches, and be poor

*In anguem, qui Lycorin dormientem  
amplexus est.*

VER erat, et flores per apertum libera campum  
 (Ut Cereris spes una) legit mea flamma Lycoris.  
 At nimio tandem studio, nimioque labore, ,  
 Admisit somnos virides defessa per herbas.  
 Utque erat et placidum carpebant membra soporem,  
 Alternâ varius maculâ de flore propinquo  
 Per vestes tacitè subrepsit lubricus anguis.  
 Vidi ego, et attonitam percussus frigore mentem,  
 Omnia pertimui Tu me, Rhodopeia conjux,  
 Serpentum insidiis blando direpta marito,  
 Prima seris sed cum tendentem innoxia vidi  
 Spicula, nec lassæ fraudem intentare puellæ :  
 Quàm longè timor hic abiit, majore secuto ?  
 Namque levis totum lustravit vipera corpus ;  
 Jamque suam Lybiam, et steriles fastidit arenas  
 Et mirata femur, ventremque atque ubera lacte  
 Candidiora suo ; Tali fas, dixit, in arvo  
 Fas mihi semper erit, perque istos serpere colles.  
 Me videt, et metuens cerni fugit improbus anguis,  
 Sub nivioque latet collo, sua lilia credens ;  
 Purpureis mox usque genis allapsus, in istis  
 Tutius est hæere rosis, et dulcius, inquit.  
 Tum frontem spectans, venasque in fronte tumentes.  
 Quænam (ait ille) jugo violæ nascuntur in isto ?  
 Hinc ad cæsariem surgit, flavosque capillos,  
 Et stupet auratam formoso in vertice sylvam.  
 Hesperiumque nemus jam credit, credidit hortum.  
 Talibus aut foliis, aut tali fronde superbâ  
 Non illi myrtus Paphiæ, Dodonaque Quercus,  
 Thessala nec Pinus, nec erat Peneia laurus.  
 Guadia jam tota implêrant secura pericli  
 Pectora, descendit rursus, totosque per artus

Lascivus gestit numero ludere gyro;  
 Caudaque formosum cingat dum frigida collum,  
 Labra petit labris, et Nectaris oscula libat;  
 Spirantesque haurit Zephyros, atque omnia Phœnix  
 Quæ potuit moriens precioso imponere busto,  
 Quicquid olent Arabes, sævum non inde venenum,  
 Sed velut Hyblæos discurrens incola campos,  
 Mella legit nova nuper Apis · jam credite, possit  
 Inter Aristæi serpens armenta vagari.  
 Ah! quoties metui coelestes frigidus Artes,  
 Rivalemque Jovem! formâ ne callidus istâ  
 Appeteret nostram, petiit Deoida Nympham.  
 Exerit ille caput (toto jam corde voluptas  
 Insedit) Cantuque suæ blanditur amicæ,  
 Dulciaque erectis modulatur fibila cristas  
 Excutitur Nymphæ somnus, jam membra resecta  
 Luminaque attollit totum admittentia Phœbum.  
 Dumque ibi dispersos flores, lapsamque coronam  
 Colligit in gremio, maculosus cernitur anguis.  
 Illa (sibi notæ quanta est fiducia formæ!)  
 Nil metuens, tenerum tractavit pollice vermem,  
 Admovitque sinu, colloque et pectore fovit.  
 Hic ludens modò per digitos novus annulus ibat,  
 Splendida nunc mediam complexus zona puellam;  
 Vivaque per teretes pendens armilla lacertos,  
 Gravior ut fieret cultus, in mille figuras  
 Flectitur, innumeros sese variavit in orbes,  
 Candida multiplici constringens brachia nodo.  
 Ah! nimium superis, nimium est dilecta Lycoris!  
 Eoos alii fluctus, et littora rubra  
 Scrutantur; nulli misit priùs Africa gemmas.  
 Perniciem quæcunque parant et flebile virus  
 Humano generi, cupiunt ornare Lycorin,  
 Namque ea, parva licèt, summo quæ pendula tecto  
 Nectit opus, cum de serpente monilia facta  
 Emula vidisset, subito novus ardor amantis  
 Pectus agit: Serpensnè, inquit, tibi gemma Lycori?

Nulla ego contulerim divinæ munera formæ '  
 Nec mora ; deprecatur radios, sua retia mittit,  
 Quæque solet trepidis venabula tendere muscis,  
 Et tibi subtiles meditatur Aranea telas.  
 Tu tamen, ô serpens, qui nostris reptile felix  
 Deliciis fruire, et triplici rapis oscula linguâ,  
 (Sic semper novus exuviis et pelle renata  
 Perfectam repetas per sæcula mille juventam '  
 Vestras pulchram artes et pharmaca vestra Lycorin  
 Edoceas, longam ne sentiat illa senectam,  
 Nec fronte turpes inscribant tempora rugas.  
 At nova perpetuò facies, eademque Lycorin  
 Monstret et in speculo nunquam sese altera quærat,  
 Et Venerem formâ superans, ævoque Sybillam,  
 At tandem hinc abiens, ô felicissime serpens,  
 Quando renascentes numerasti sæpius annos,  
 Accedas astris sidus, Pythone remota,  
 Fluminis in morens flexus , tu deinde Lycori  
 Cum tædet vitæ, Serpenti proxima charo  
 Stella nite, cælumque bea, tibi detque Cathedram  
 Cassiopæa suam, det Bacchi Virgo Coronam.

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*Englished thus Παραφραστικῶς.*

THE spring was come, and all the fields grown  
 fine,  
 My flame Lycoris, like young Prosperine,  
 Went forth to gather flowers Bettering their scent,  
 They took more sweetness from her than they lent.  
 Now loaden with her harvest, and o'erpress'd  
 With her sweet toil, she laid her down to rest.  
 Lilies did strow her couch, and proud were grown  
 To bear a whiteness purer than their own.  
 Roses fell down soft pillows to her head,  
 And blush'd themselves into a deeper red

To emulate her cheeks. Flora did set  
 Her maids to work to weave the violet  
 Into a purple rug, to shield the fair  
 Lycoris from the malice of the air ;  
 When lo ! a snake hid in the neighbour bow'rs  
 (Ah ! who could think treason should lurk in flowers ?)  
 Shoots forth her checker'd skin, and gently creeps  
 O'er my Lycoris, that as gently sleeps.  
 I saw it, and a sudden frost possess'd  
 My frighted soul in my then troubled breast  
 What fears appeared not to my mind and me ?  
 Thou first were call'd, bemoan'd Eurydice,  
 By serpent's envy forced to expire,  
 From Orpheus rapt, and his death-conquering  
 lyre.

But when I found he wore a guiltless sting,  
 And more of love did than of treason bring ,  
 How quickly could my former fear depart,  
 And to a greater leave my jealous heart !  
 For the smooth viper every member scands,<sup>1</sup>  
 Afric he loathes now, and the barren sands  
 That nurs'd him, wond'ring at the glorious sight  
 Of thighs and belly, and her breasts more white  
 Than their own milk. *Ah ! might I still (quoth he)*  
*Crawl in such fields, 'twixt two such mountains be !*  
 There me he spied, and fearing to be seen,  
 Shrouds to her neck, thinking 't had lilies been  
 But viewing her bright cheeks, he soon did cry,  
*Under yon roses shall I safer lie*  
 Thence did her forehead with full veins appear,  
*Good heaven ! (quoth he) what violets grow here*  
*On this clear promontory ?* Hence he slides  
 Up to her locks, and through her tresses glides—  
 Her yellow tresses ; dazzl'd to behold  
 A glistening grove, an entire wood of gold.

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<sup>1</sup> Scans, from Lat *scando*, properly, *to climb*.

Th' Hesperian wood he thinks he now hath seen,  
 That thought but now they had an orchard been ;  
 For leaves and boughs the Archimedian vine,  
 The Dodon oak and the Thessalian pine  
 Must yield to these : no trees so bright as they,  
 Nor Paphian myrtles, nor Peneian bay !  
 Joy now fill'd all his breast · no timorous fear  
 Of danger could find room to harbour there.  
 Down slips he, and about each limb he hurls  
 His wanton body into numerous curls  
 And while his tail had thrown itself a chain  
 About her neck, his head bears up again ;  
 With his black lips her warmer lips he greets ;  
 And there with kisses steep'd in nectar meets.  
 Thence Zephyr's breath he sucks ; then doth he  
 smell

Perfumes that all th' Arabian gums excel,  
 And spices that do build the Phoenix pyre,  
 When she renews her youth in funeral fire.  
 Nor seeks he poison there, but (like the bee),  
 That on Mount Hybla plies her husbandry,  
 He gathers honey thence. Now, now I know  
 With *Aristæus' flocks a snake may go.*

*Ah ! cold at heart, I fear'd some heavenly sleight,*  
 And Jove my rival ; that his old deceit  
 Had once again this borrowed shape put on  
 To court my nymph, as he Deois won,  
 Uplift the snake his head (for pleasure now  
 Held all his soul), and with erected brow  
 To flatter's love he sung, he strives to play,  
 And hisses forth a well-tun'd roundelay.  
 This wakes the nymph, her eyes admit the day.  
 Here flowers, and there her scatter'd garlands lay,  
 Which as she picks up, and with bents reties,  
 She in her lap the speckled serpent spies.  
 The nymph no sign of any terror shows  
 (How bold is beauty, when her strength she knows !)

And in her hand the tender worm she grasp'd,  
While it sometimes about her finger clasp'd  
A ring enamell'd, then her tender waist  
In manner of a girdle round embrac'd,  
And now upon her arm a bracelet hung,  
Where, for the greater ornament, he flung  
His limber body into several folds  
And twenty winding figures, where it holds  
Her amorous pulse in many a various twist,  
And many a love-knot ties upon her wrist.  
Lycoris, to the gods thou art too dear,  
And too-too much of heaven beloved, I fear!  
This or that nymph's the Red Sea spoils may be,  
But Lybia ne'er sent jewels but to thee.  
Whate'er to us are deaths and poisons sent,  
Desire to be Lycoris' ornament.  
For that same little spider that hangs up,  
Together with her web, on the housetop.  
When she beheld the snake a bracelet made,  
Struck with an envy and a love, she said,  
*And shall a snake thy gem Lycoris be,*  
*And such bright form receive no tires from me?*  
Then flings her nets away, and throwing by  
Her subtle toil she sets to catch the fly,  
To th' loom Arachne goes, and plies it there  
To work a robe for my Lycoris' wear.  
But thou, O serpent, which so blest canst be  
To reap those joys for which I envy thee!  
That (happy worm) upon her lips last hung,  
Sucking in kisses with thy three-fork'd tongue  
(So may'st thou age and skin together cast,  
And oft recall thy youth, when it is past),  
Teach my Lycoris what your arts may be;  
Let her th' ingredients of thy cordials see.  
That she may ne'er grow old: that time's dull  
plough  
May never print a wrinkle in her brow.

I charge thee, in the powerful Cupid's name,  
 May a new beauty always and the same  
 Lycoris show ; ne'er may she in her glass  
 Look for her own, and find another face.  
 Venus for beauty may she then appear,  
 When she has liv'd to old Sybilla's year.  
 And when, dear snake, thou wilt no more renew  
 Thy youthful vigour, bid base earth adieu,  
 Add glory to the night, or from his sphere  
 Huge Python pull, and fix thy torches there,  
 Where like a river thou shalt bending go,  
 And through the orb (a starry torrent) flow.  
 And thou, Lycoris, when th' art pleas'd to take  
 No more of life, next thy beloved snake  
 Shine forth a constellation, full and bright ;  
 Bless the poor heavens with more majestic light.  
 Who in requital shall present you there  
 Ariadne's Crown and Cassiopea's Chair.<sup>1</sup>

*A complaint against Cupid, that he  
 never made him in love.*

HOW many of thy captives (Love) complain  
 Thou yok'st thy slaves in too severe a chain?  
 I have heard 'em their poetic malice show,  
 To curse thy quiver, and blaspheme thy bow.  
 Calling thee boy and blind, threatening the rod,  
 Profanely swearing that thou art no god ;  
 Or (if thou be) not from the starry place,  
 But born below, and of the Stygian race.  
 But yet these atheists, that thy shafts dislike,  
 Thou canst be friendly to, and deign to strike.  
 This on his Cloris spends his thoughts and time ;  
 That chaunts Corinna in his amorous rhyme :

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<sup>1</sup> Compare Lovelace, edit. Hazlitt, p. 185.



A third<sup>1</sup> speaks raptures, and hath gained a wit  
By praising Cælia, else had miss'd of it ;  
But I, that think there can no freedom be  
(Cupid) so sweet as thy captivity—  
I, that could wish thy chains, and live content  
To wear them—not my gyves, but ornament  
I, that could any ransom pay to thee,  
Not to redeem, but sell my liberty—  
I am neglected. Let the cause be known.  
Art thou a niggard of thy arrows grown,  
That wert so prodigal ? or dost thou please  
To set thy pillars up with Hercules,  
Weary of conquest ? or should I disgrace  
Thy victories if I were deign'd a place  
Amongst thy other trophies ? none of these.  
Witness thy daily triumphs ! who but sees  
Thou still pursuest thy game from high to low ?  
No age, no sex can 'scape thy powerful bow.  
Decrepit age, whose veins and bones may be  
An argument against philosophy,  
To prove an emptiness, that has no sense  
Left but his feeling, feels thy influence,  
And dying dotes : not babes thy shafts can miss ;  
How quickly infants can be taught to kiss !  
As the poor apes being dumb these words would  
    borrow—  
I was born to-day, to get a babe to-morrow.  
Each ploughman thy propitious wounds can prove,  
Tilling the earth, and wishing 'twere his love.  
Am I invulnerable ? is the dart  
Rebeaten which thou levell'st at my heart ?  
Ill rest my parent's bones, if they have done  
As Tethis once did to her god-like son  
The great Achilles, dipp'd in Stygian lake.  
Though I am so, Cupid, thy arrows take :

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<sup>1</sup> Evidently an allusion to Carew and his two poems called "Raptures." See Hazlitt's edition of Carew, pp. 62, 127.

Try where I am not proof, and let me feel  
Thy archery, if not i' th' heart, i' th' heel.  
Perchance my heart lies there ! Who would not be  
A coward to be valiant made by thee.  
I cannot say thy blindness is the cause,  
That I am barr'd the freedom of thy laws :  
The wretched outlaw of thy mother's court,  
That place of comfort, paradise of sport.  
For they may say, that say thou blind canst be,  
Eagles want eyes, and only moles can see,  
Not Argus with so many lights did shine,  
For each fair lady's sparkling eyes are thine.  
'Think'st thou, because I do the Muses love,  
I in thy camp would a faint soldier prove ?  
How came Musæus and Anacreon then  
Into thy troops ? how came Tibullus' pen  
Amongst thy spears, and how came Ovid (say)  
To be enroll'd great general in thy pay ?  
And doubt'st thou me ? suspect you I will tell  
The hidden mysteries of your Paphian cell  
To the strait-lac'd Diana ? or betray  
The secrets of the night unto the day ?  
No, Cupid, by thy mother's doves I swear,  
And by her sparrows, 'tis an idle fear.  
If Philomel descend to sport with me,  
Know I can be (great Love) as dumb as she,  
Though she hath lost her tongue ; in such delights  
All should be like her, only talk by nights.  
Make me thy priest, if poets truth divine,  
I'll make the Muses wanton ; at thy shrine  
They all shall wait, and Dian's self shall be  
A votress to thy mother's nunnery :  
Where zeal with nature shall maintain no strife,  
Where none swear chastity and single life.  
To Venus' nuns an easier oath is read,  
She breaks her vow that keeps her maidenhead.  
Reject not then your Flamen's ministry ;  
Let me but deacon in thy temples be,

And see how I shall touch my powerful lyre,  
And more inspir'd with thine than Phœbus' fire,  
Chaunt such a moving verse as soon should frame  
Desire of dalliance in the coyest dame,  
Melting to amorous thoughts her heart of stone,  
And force her to untruss her virgin zone.  
Is Lucrece or Penelope alive ?  
Give me a Spartan matron, Sabine wife,  
Or any of the vestals hither call,  
And I will make them be thy converts all :  
Who, like good proselytes, more in heart than  
show  
Shall to thy orgies all so zealous go,  
That Thais shall, nor Helen such appear ;  
As if they only love's precisians were.  
But now my muse dull, heavy numbers sings  
Cupid, 'tis thou alone giv'st verse her wings.  
The laurel wreath I never shall obtain,  
Unless thy torch illuminate my brain.  
Love laurel gives , Phœbus as much can say,  
Had not he lov'd, there had not been the bay.  
Why is my presentation then put by ?  
Who is't that my induction dares deny ?  
Can any lady say I am unfit ?  
If so, I'll sue my *Quare Impedit*.  
I'm young enough, my spirits quick and good :  
My veins swell high with kind and active blood.  
Nor am I marble ; when I see an eye  
Quick, bright and full, ray'd round with majesty ,  
I feel my heart with a strange heat oppress,  
As 'twere a lightning darted through my breast.  
I long not for the cherries on the tree,  
So much as those which on a lip I see.  
And more affection bear I to the rose  
That in a cheek than in a garden grows.  
I gaze on beauteous virgins with delight,  
And feel my temper vary at the sight.

I know not why, but warmer streams do glide  
Thorough my veins—sure 'tis a wanton tide.  
But you perchance esteem my love the less,  
Because I have a foolish bashfulness,  
A shamefaced rose you find within my face,  
Whose modest blush frights you from my embrace?  
That's ready now to fall; if you'll but deign  
To pluck it once, it shall not grow again.  
Or do you therefore cast my love away,  
Because I am not expert in the play?  
My skill's not known till it be ventur'd on,  
I have not Aristotle read alone;  
I am in Ovid a proficient too,  
And if you'd hear my lecture, could to you  
Analyse all his art with so much more  
Judgment and skill than e'er 'twas taught before,  
'That I might be chief master, he (dull fool)  
'The under-usher in the Cyprian school;  
For (petty pedagogue, poor pedant) he  
First writ the art, and then the remedy:  
But I could set down rules of love so sure,  
As should exceed art, and admit no cure.  
Pictures I could invent, Love, were I thine,  
As might stand copies unto Arcine  
And such new dalliance study, as should frame  
Variety in that which is the same.  
I am not then incapable (great Love),  
Wouldst thou my skill but with one arrow prove.  
Give me a mistress in whose looks to joy,  
And such a mistress (Love) as will be coy,  
Not easily won, though to be won in time;  
That from her niceness I may store my rhyme:  
Then in a thousand sighs to thee I'll pay  
My morning orisons, and every day  
Two thousand groans, and count these amorous  
prayers  
I make to thee, not by my beads, but tears.

Besides, each day I'll write an elegy,  
And in as lamentable poetry  
As any Inns-of-Court man, that hath gone  
To bind<sup>1</sup> an Ovid with a Littleton.  
But (Love) I see you will not entertain  
Those that desire to live amidst your train ;  
For death and you have got a trick to fly  
From such poor wretches as do wish you nigh.  
You scorn a yielding slave , and plainly show it :  
Those that condemn your power you make to know it.  
And such am I. I slight your proud commands ,  
I mar'l who put a bow into your hands :  
A hobby-horse, or some such pretty toy —  
A rattle would befit you better, boy.  
You conquer gods and men ? Here<sup>2</sup> stand I free  
That will acknowledge no supremacy  
Unto your churlish godhead. Does it cry ?  
Give it a plum to still its deity !  
Good Venus, let it suck, that it may keep  
Less brawling gentle nurse, rock it asleep,  
Or if you be past baby, and are now  
Come to wear breeches, must we then allow  
Your boyship leave to shoot at whom you please ?  
No, whip it for such wanton tricks as these.  
If this do anger you, I'll send a bee  
Shall to a single duel challenge thee,  
And make you to your mam run, and complain,  
The little serpent stung thee once again.  
Go hunt the butterflies, and if you can  
But catch 'em, make their wings into a fan

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<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *buy* A curious illustration of this passage (presuming *bind*, not *buy*, to be the true reading) was supplied some time ago by a book-collector meeting in the country with a copy of Shakespeare's "Lucrece," 4<sup>o</sup>, 1594, bound up in a volume with some law tracts.

<sup>2</sup> Edits., *how*.

We'll give you leave to hunt and sport at them,  
 So you let men alone. But I blaspheme.  
 Great Love, I fear I have offended thee?  
 If so, be merciful, and punish me.

---

*A gratulatory to Master Ben. Johnson,  
 for his adopting of him to be his son.<sup>1</sup>*

I WAS not born to Helicon, nor dare  
 Presume to think myself a Muse's heir  
 I have no title to Parnassus Hill  
 Nor any acre of it by the will  
 Of a dead ancestor, nor could I be  
 Ought but a tenant unto poetry.  
 But thy adoption quits me of all fear,  
 And makes me challenge a child's portion there.  
 I am akin to heroes, being thine,  
 And part of my alliance is divine,  
 Orpheus, Musæus, Homer too, beside  
 Thy brothers by the Roman mother's side;  
 As Ovid, Virgil, and the Latin lyre  
 That is so like thee, Horace; the whole quire  
 Of poets are, by thy adoption, all  
 My uncles, thou hast given me power to call  
 Phœbus himself my grandsire, by this grant  
 Each sister of the Nine is made my aunt.  
 Go, you that reckon from a large descent  
 Your lineal honours, and are well content  
 To glory in the age of your great name,  
 Though on a herald's faith you build the same:  
 I do not envy you, nor think you blest

---

<sup>1</sup> Mr Huth's Kingsborough Haslewood MS, vol i. fol 128.  
 See the anecdote (true or otherwise) printed in the Memoir.

Though you may bear a gorgon on your crest  
By direct line from Perseus ; I will boast  
No further than my father ; that's the most  
I can, or should be proud of ; and I were  
Unworthy his adoption, if that here  
I should be dully modest , boast I must,  
Being son of his adoption, not his lust.  
And, to say truth, that which is best in me  
May call you father , 'twas begot by thee.  
Have I a spark of that celestial flame  
Within me ? I confess I stole the same,  
Prometheus-like, from thee ; and may I feed  
His vulture, when I dare deny the deed.  
Many more moons thou hast, that shine by night,  
All bankrupts, were't not for a borrow'd light,  
Yet can forswear it , I the debt confess,  
And think my reputation ne'er the less.  
For, father, let me be resolv'd by you :  
Is't a disparagement from rich Peru  
To ravish gold ; or theft, for wealthy ore  
To ransack Tagus' or Pactolus' shore ?  
Or does he wrong Alcinous, that for want  
Doth take from him a sprig or two, to plant  
A lesser orchard ? Sure, it cannot be :  
Nor is it theft to steal some flames from thee.  
Grant this, and I'll cry guilty, as I am,  
And pay a filial reverence to thy name,  
For when my muse upon obedient knees  
Asks not a father's blessing, let her lese  
The fame of this adoption ; 'tis a curse  
I wish her, 'cause I cannot think a worse.  
And here, as piety bids me, I entreat  
Phœbus to lend thee some of his own heat,  
To cure thy palsy ; else I will complain  
He has no skill in herbs ; poets in vain  
Make him the god of physic, 'twere his praise  
To make thee as immortal as thy bays—

As his own Daphne, 'twere a shame to see  
 The god not love his priest more than his tree.  
 But if heaven take thee, envying us thy lyre,  
 'Tis to pen anthems for an angel's quire.

---

*In Lesbiam et Histrionem.*

I WONDER what should Madam Lesbia mean  
 To keep young Histrion, and for what scene  
 So bravely she maintains him, that what sense  
 He please to bless, 'tis done at her expense !  
 The playboy spends secure , he shall have more,  
 As if both Indies did supply his store.  
 As if he did in bright Pactolus swim,  
 Or Tagus' yellow waves did water him,  
 And yet has no revenues to defray  
 These charges, but the madam , she must pay  
 His prodigal disbursements. Madams are  
 To such as he more than a treble share.  
 She pays (which is more than she needs to do)  
 For her own coming in, and for his too.  
 This is reward due to the sacred sin ,  
 No charge too much done to the beardless chin,  
 Although she stint her poor old knight Sir John  
 To live upon his exhibition,  
 His hundred marks per annum, when her joy,  
 Her sanguine darling, her spruce, active boy,  
 May scatter angels, rub out silks, and shine  
 In cloths of gold , cry loud, *The world is mine* .  
 Keep his race-nags, and in Hyde Park be seen  
 Brisk as the best (as if the stage had been  
 Grown the Court's rival) ; can to Brackley go,  
 To Lincoln race, and to Newmarket too ;  
 At each of these his hundred pounds has vied  
 On Peggabrigs or Shotten-herrings' side,



And loses without swearing. Let them curse  
 That neither have a Fortunatus' purse,  
 Nor such a madam. If this world do hold  
 (As very likely 'twill), madams grown old  
 Will be the best monopolies; Histrio may  
 At maw or gleeke, or at primero play,  
 Still madam goes to stake, Histrio knows  
 Her worth, and therefore dices too, and goes  
 As deep a caster<sup>1</sup> as the only son  
 Of a dead alderman, come to twenty-one  
 A whole week since. You'd know the reason why  
 Lesbia does this?—guess you as well as I.  
 Than this I can no better reason tell,  
 'Tis 'cause he plays the woman's part so well.  
 I see old madams are not only toil ·  
 No tilth so fruitful as a barren soil.  
 Ah, poor day-labourers! how I pity you  
 That swink<sup>2</sup> and sweat to live with much ado  
 When, had you wit to understand the right,  
 'Twere better wages to have work'd by night.  
 Yet some that, resting here, do only think  
 That youth with age is an unequal link,  
 Conclude that Histrio's task as hard must be  
 As was Maxaentius' bloody cruelty.  
 Who made the living to embrace the dead,  
 And so expire. But I am rather led  
 His bargain of the two the best to call ·  
 He at one game keeps her, she him at all.

---

*De Histrice. Ex Claudiano.*

FAM'D Stymphal, I have heard, thy birds in flight  
 Shoot showers of arrows forth all levied right,

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *deepe*, the *Caster*.

<sup>2</sup> Old copies, *shrink*.

And long the fable of those quills of steel  
Did seem to me a tale incredible.  
Now have I faith ; the porcupine, I see,  
And then th' Herculean birds no wonders be.  
Her longer head like a swine's snout doth show ;  
Bristles, like horns, upon her forehead grow,  
A fiery heat glows from her flaming eye,  
Under her shaggy back the shape doth lie  
As 'twere a whelp : nature all art hath tried  
In this small beast so strangely fortified.  
A threat'ning wood o'er all her body stands,  
And stiff with pikes the speckled stalks in bands  
Grow to the war ; while under those doth rise  
Another troop, girt with alternate dyes  
Of several hue, which while a black doth fill  
The inward space ends in a solid quill  
That lessening by degrees, doth in a while  
Take a quick point, and sharpens to a pile.  
Nor doth her squadrons like the hedgehog's  
stand

Fix'd, but she darts them forth, and at command  
Far off her members aims, shot through the sky  
From her shak'd side the native engines fly  
Sometimes retiring, Parthian-like, she'll wound  
Her following foe , sometimes entrenching round,  
In battle-form marshalling all her flanks,  
She'll clash her javelins to affright the ranks  
Of her poor enemies . lining every side  
With spears to which she is herself allied,  
Each part of her's a soldier from her back  
But stirr'd, a horse and horrid noise doth crack,  
That one would think the trumpets did incite  
Two adverse armies to begin to fight,  
So great a noise from one so small did rise.  
Then to her skill in arms she is so wise  
As to add policy, and a thrifty fear  
Of her own safety ; she a wrath doth bear

Not prodigal of weapons, but content  
 With wary threat'ning, and hath seldom sent  
 An arrow forth caus'd by an idle strife,  
 But spends 'em only to secure her life.  
 And then her diligent stroke so certain is,  
 Without all error, she will seldom miss.  
 No distance cosens her ; the dumb skin aims right,  
 And rules the levy of the skilful fight,  
 What human labour, though we boast it such,  
 With all her reason can perform so much ?  
 They from the Cretan goats their horns must take,  
 And after, those with fire must softer make.  
 Bulls' guts must bend their bows, and, ere they fight,  
 Steel arms their darts, and feathers wing their flight.  
 When, lo ! a little beast we armed see  
 With nothing but her own artillery  
 Who seeks no foreign aid . with her all go :  
 She to herself is quiver, darts, and bow,  
 One creature all the arts of warfare knows  
 If from examples, then, the practice flows  
 Of human life, hence did th' invention grow  
 At distance to encounter with our foe.  
 Hence the Sidonians instructed are  
 Their stratagems and manner of their war.  
 Hence did the Parthians learn to fight and fly,  
 Taught by this bird their skilful archery

*In Archimedis Sphæram. Ex  
 Claudiano.*

JOVE saw the heavens fram'd in a little glass,  
 And (laughing) to the gods these words did  
     pass—  
 Comes then the power of mortal cares so far ?  
 In brittle orbs my labours acted are.

The statutes of the poles, the faith of things,  
 The laws of gods this Syracusan brings  
 Hither by art : spirits enclos'd attend  
 Their several spheres, and with set motions bend  
 The living work. Each year the feigned sun,  
 Each month returns the counterfeited moon,  
 And viewing now her world, bold industry  
 Grows proud, to know the heavens her subject be.  
 Believe Salmonius hath false thunders thrown,  
 For a poor hand is nature's rival grown.

---

*De Magnete. Ex Claudiano.*

WHO in the world with busy reason prys,  
 Searching the seed of things, and there desc-  
     ries  
 With what defect labours th' eclipsed moon ;  
 What cause commands a paleness in the sun,  
 Whence ruddy comets with their fatal hair,  
 Whence winds do flow, and what the motions are  
 That shake the bowels of the trembling earth,  
 What strikes the lightning forth, whence clouds give  
     birth  
 To horrid thunders, and doth also know  
 What light lends lustre to the painted bow.  
 If ought of truth his soul doth understand,  
 Let him resolve a question I'll demand.  
 There is a stone which we the load-stone style,  
 Of colour ugly, dark, obscure, and vile  
 It never deck'd the sleeked locks of kings,  
 No ornament, no gorgeous tire it brings  
 To virgins' beauteous necks ; it never shone  
 A splendid buckle in their maiden zone.  
 But only hear the wonders I will tell,  
 Of this black pebble, and 'twill then excel

All bracelets, and whate'er the diving Moor  
'Mongst the red weeds seeks for i' th' Eastern shore.  
From iron first it lives ; iron it eats.

But that sweet feast, it knows no other meats ;  
Thence she renews her strength ; vigour is sent  
Through all her nerves by that hard nourishment.

Without that food she dies . a famine numbs  
Her meagre joints, a thirst her veins consumes.

Mars, that frights cities with his bloody spears,  
And Venus, that releases human fears,

Do both together in one temple shine,  
Both jointly honour'd in a common shrine ;

But different statues, Mars a steel put on,  
And Venus' figure a<sup>1</sup> magnetic stone.

To them (as is the custom every year)

The priest doth celebrate a nuptial there

The torch the quire doth lead, the threshold's green

With hallow'd myrtles, and the beds are seen

To smell with rosy flowers, the genial sheet

Spread over with a purple coverlet

But here (O strange <sup>1</sup>) the statues seem'd to move,

And Cytherea runs to catch her love :

And like their former joys in heaven possest,

With wanton heat clings to her Mars's breast.

There hangs a grateful burden : then she throws

Her arms about his helmet, to enclose

Her love in amorous gyves lest he get out,

Her live embraces chain him round about.

He, stirr'd with love, breath'd gently through his  
veins.

Is drawn by unseen links and secret chains

To meet his spoused gem ; the air doth wed

The steel unto the stone : thus strangely led,

The deities their stol'n delights replay'd,

And only nature was the bridal maid.

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *was*.

What heat in these two metals did inspire  
 Such mutual league ? what concord's powerful fire  
 Contracted their hard minds ? the stone doth move  
 With amorous heat, the steel doth learn to love.  
 So Venus oft the god of war withstood,  
 And gives him milder looks, when hot with blood  
 He rages to the fight, fierce with desire,  
 And with drawn points whets up his active ire.  
 She dares go forth alone, and boldly meet  
 His foaming steeds, and with a winning greet  
 The tumour of his high-swollen breast assuage,  
 Temp'ring with gentle flames his violent rage.  
 Peace courts his soul, the fight he disavows,  
 And his red plumes he now to kisses bows.  
 Ah, cruel boy ' large thy dominions be ;  
 The gods and all their thunders yield to thee ,  
 Great Jove to leave his heaven thou canst constrain,  
 And midst the brinish waves to love again.  
 Now the cold rocks thou strk'st, the senseless stone  
 Thy weapon feels ; a lustful heat doth run  
 Through veins of flint , the steel thy power can tame,  
 And rigid marble must admit thy flame.

- - - - -

*De Senec Veronensi. Ex Claudiano.*

**H**APPY the man that all his days hath spent  
 Within his own grounds, and no farther went :  
 Whom the same house, that did him erst behold  
 A little infant, sees him now grown old :  
 That with his staff walks, where he crawl'd before,  
 Counts th' age of one poor cottage and no more.  
 Fortune ne'er him with various tumult prest,  
 Nor drank he unknown streams (a wandering guest) :  
 He fear'd no merchant's storms, nor drums of war,

Nor ever knew the strifes of the hoarse bar.  
 Who, though to th' next town he a stranger be,  
 Yet heavens' sweet prospect he enjoys more free.  
 From fruits, not consuls, computation brings,  
 By apples autumns knows, by flow'rs the springs.  
 Thus he the day by his own orb doth prize ;  
 In the same field his sun doth set and rise.  
 That knew an oak a twig, and walking thither  
 Beholds a wood and he grown up together,  
 Neighbouring Veron he may for India take,  
 And think the Red Sea is Benacus Lake.  
 Yet is his strength untam'd, and firm his knees ;  
 Him the third age a lusty grandsire sees.  
 Go, seek, whos' will, the far Iberian shore :  
 This man hath liv'd, though that hath travell'd more.

---

*The Second Epode of Horace  
 Translated.<sup>1</sup>*

HAPPY the man which, far from city care  
 (Such as ancient mortals were),  
 With his own oxen ploughs his father's land,  
 Free from usurer's griping hand,  
 The soldier's trumpets never break his sleep,  
 Nor angry seas that raging keep ;  
 He shuns the wrangling hall, nor foot doth set  
 On the proud thresholds of the great.  
 His life is this (O life almost divine !)  
 To marry elms unto the vine ;

---

<sup>1</sup> This is the celebrated epode beginning—

*"Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis"*

The warmest admirers of Randolph, and of our English poetry,  
 will doubtless prefer the original.

To prune unfruitful branches, and for them  
To graft a bough of happier stem.  
Or else within the low-couch'd valleys views  
His well-cloth'd flocks of bleating ewes.  
Sometimes his honey he in pots doth keep :  
Sometimes he shears his fleecy sheep.  
And when his fruits with autumn ripen'd be  
Gathers his apples from the tree.  
And joys to taste the pears himself did plant,  
And grapes that nought of purple want.  
Under an oak sometimes he lays his head,  
Making the tender grass his bed.  
Meanwhile the streams along their banks do float,  
And birds do chaunt with warbling throat,  
And gentle springs a gentle murmur keep,  
To lull him to a quiet sleep  
When winter comes, and th' air doth chiller grow,  
Threat'ning showers and shivering snow,  
Either with hounds he hunts the tusked swine,  
That foe unto the corn and vine ;  
Or lays his nets, or limes the unctuous bush  
To catch the blackbird or the thrush.  
Sometimes the hare he courses, and one way  
Makes both a pleasure and a prey.  
But if with him a modest wife doth meet,  
To guide his house and children sweet,  
Such as the Sabine or Apulian wife,  
Something brown, but chaste of life ;  
Such as will make a good warm fire to burn  
Against her wearied mate's return,  
And shutting in her stalls her fruitful neat,  
Will milk the kine's distended teat .  
Fetching her husband of her self-brew'd beer,  
And other wholesome country cheer.  
Sup him with bread and cheese, pudding or pie,  
Such dainties as they do not buy.



Give me but these, and I shall never care  
Where all the Lucrine oysters are :  
These wholesome country dainties shall to me  
Sweet as tench or sturgeon be.  
Had I but these, I well could be without  
The carp, the salmon, or the trout :  
Nor should the Phoenix' self so much delight  
My not ambitious appetite,  
As should an apple snatch'd from mine own  
trees,  
Or honey of my labouring bees.  
My cattle's udders should afford me food,  
My sheep my cloth, my ground my wood.  
Sometimes a lamb, snatch'd from the wolf, shall  
be  
A banquet for my friend and me :  
Sometimes a calf, ta'en from her lowing cow,  
Or tender issue of the sow.  
Our gardens sallets yield, mallows to keep  
Loose bodies, lettuce for to sleep  
The cackling hen an egg for breakfast lays,  
And duck that in our water plays  
The goose for us her tender plumes hath bred,  
To lay us on a softer bed.  
Our blankets are not dy'd with orphans' tears,  
Our pillows are not stuff'd with cares.  
To walk on our own ground a stomach gets  
The best of sauce to tart our meats.  
In midst of such a feast 'tis joy to come  
And see the well-fed lambs at home ;  
'Tis pleasure to behold th' inversed plough,  
The languid necks of oxen bow.  
And view th' industrious servants, that will sweat  
Both at labour and at meat.  
*Lord, grant me but enough ; I ask no more  
Than will serve mine, and help the poor.*

*An Elegy upon the Lady Venetia  
Digby.<sup>1</sup>*

DEATH, who'd not change prerogatives with thee,  
That dost such rapes, yet may'st not question'd  
be?

Here cease thy wanton lust, be satisfied :  
Hope not a second and so fair a bride.  
Where was her Mars, whose valiant arms did hold  
This Venus once, that thou durst be so bold  
By thy too nimble theft ? I know 'twas fear,  
Lest he should come that would have rescu'd her.  
Monster, confess, didst thou not blushing stand,  
And thy pale cheek turn red to touch her hand ?  
Did she not lightning-like strike sudden heat  
Through thy cold limbs, and thaw thy frost to sweat.  
Well, since thou hast her, use her gently, Death,  
And in requital of such precious breath,  
Watch sentinel to guard her ; do not see  
The worms thy rivals, for the gods will be.  
Remember Paris, for whose pettier sin  
The Trojan gates let the stout Grecians in.  
So, when time ceases (whose unthrifty hand  
Has now almost consum'd his stock of sand),  
Myriads of angels shall in armies come,  
And fetch (proud ravisher) their Helen home.  
And to revenge this rape, thy other store  
Thou shalt resign too, and shalt steal no more  
Till then, fair ladies (for you now are fair,  
But till her death I fear'd your just despair),

---

<sup>1</sup> Wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, and a lady of some notoriety in her day. Referring to some poems which had gone before, the *Retrospective Review* proceeds to say — "We are arrested by the Elegy on the Lady Venetia Digby, the commencement of which is worthy of quotation for the singularity and beauty of its conceit."

Fetch all the spices that Arabia yields,  
Distil the choicest flowers of the fields?  
And when in one their best perfections meet,  
Embalm her corse, that she may make them sweet,  
Whilst for an epitaph upon her stone  
I cannot write, but I must weep her one.


*Epitaph.*

Beauty itself lies here, in whom alone  
Each part enjoy'd the same perfection.  
In some the eyes we praise, in some the hair ·  
In her the lips, in her the cheeks are fair :  
That nymph's fine feet, her hands we beauteous call  
But in this form we praise no part, but all.  
The ages past have many beauties shown,  
And I more plenty in our time have known.  
But in the age to come I look for none ,  
Nature despairs, because her pattern's gone.

---

*An Epitaph upon Mistress I. T.*

READER, if thou hast a tear,  
Thou canst not choose but pay it here  
Here lies modesty, meekness, zeal,  
Goodness, piety, and (to tell  
Her worth at once) one that had shown  
All virtues that her sex could own,  
Nor dare my praise too lavish be,  
Lest her dust blush, for so would she  
Hast thou beheld in the spring's bowers  
Tender buds break to bring forth flowers ?  
So to keep virtue's stock, pale Death  
Took her to give her infant breath.

Thus her accounts were all made even,   
She robb'd not earth to add to heaven.

---

*An Epithalamium.*

MUSE, be a bridesmaid ; dost not hear  
How honoured Hunt and his fair Dear  
This day prepare their wedding cheer?

The swiftest of thy pinions take,  
And hence a sudden journey make,  
To help 'em break their bridal cake.

Haste 'em to church : tell 'em love says,  
Religion breeds but fond delays,  
To lengthen out the tedious days

Chide the slow priest, that so goes on,  
As if he fear'd he should have done  
His sermon, ere the glass be run.

Bid him post o'er his words as fast  
As if himself were now to taste  
The pleasure of so fair a waist.

Now lead the blessed couple home,  
And serve a dinner up for some ,  
Their banquet is as yet to come

Maids, dance as nimbly as your blood,  
Which I see swell a purple flood,  
In emulation of that good

The bride possesseth , for I deem  
What she enjoys will be the theme  
This night of every virgin's dream.

But envy not their blest content;  
The hasty night is almost spent,  
And they of Cupid will be shent.

The sun is now ready to ride. \*  
Sure, 'twas the morning I espied,  
Or 'twas the blushing of the bride !

See how the lusty bridegroom's veins  
Swell, till the active torrent strains  
To break those o'erstretched azure chains

And the fair bride, ready to cry  
To see her pleasant loss so nigh,  
Pants like the sealed pigeon's eye.

Put out the torch ; love loves no lights  
Those that perform his mystic rites  
Must pay their orisons by nights.

Nor can that sacrifice be done  
By any priest or nun alone,  
But when they both are met in one.

Now you that taste of Hymen's cheer,  
See that your lips do meet so near,  
That cockles might be tutor'd there

And let the whisperings of your love  
Such short and gentle murmurs prove,  
As they were lectures to the dove.

And in such strict embraces twine,  
As if you read unto the vine,  
The ivy, and the columbine.

Then let your mutual bosoms beat,  
Till they create by virtual heat  
Myrrh, balm, and spikenard in a sweat

Thence may there spring many a pair  
Of sons and daughters, strong and fair :  
How soon the gods have heard my prayer !

Methinks already I espy  
The cradles rock, the babies cry,  
And drowsy nurses' lullaby.

---

*An Epitaph upon his Honoured  
Friend, Master Warre.*

HERE lies the knowing head, the honest heart,  
Fair blood and courteous hands, and every part  
Of gentle Warre, all with one stone content,  
Though each deserv'd a several monument.  
He was (believe me, reader) for 'tis rare—  
Virtuous though young, and learned though an heir.  
Not with his blood, or nature's gifts content,  
He paid them both their tribute which they lent,  
His ancestors in him fixed their pride :  
So with him all reviv'd, with him all died.  
'This made Death ling'ring come, asham'd to be  
At once the ruin of a family  
Learn, reader, here, though long thy line hath stood,  
Time breeds consumptions in the noblest blood.  
Learn (reader) here to what our glories come ;  
Here's no distinction 'twixt the house and tomb.

---

*Upon the Loss of his Little Finger.<sup>1</sup>*

ARITHMETIC nine digits, and no more,  
Admits of, then I still have all my store,

---

<sup>1</sup> Addit. MS. 11,811, has a copy of these verses headed, "On ye Losse of a Finger in a Fray." The poem was answered by

For what mischance hath ta'en from my left hand,  
 It seems did only for a cipher stand,  
 But this I'll say for thee, departed joint,  
 Thou wert not given to steal, nor pick, nor point  
 At any in disgrace, but thou didst go  
 Untimely to thy death, only to show  
 The other members what they once must do :  
 Hand, arm, leg, thigh, and all must follow too.  
 Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I miss,  
 Henceforth I will impute the cause to this.  
 A finger's loss (I speak it not in sport)  
 Will make a verse a foot too short,<sup>1</sup>  
 Farewell, dear finger, much I grieve to see  
 How soon mischance hath made a hand of thee.

### *On the Passion of Christ.*<sup>2</sup>

WHAT rends the temple's veil, where is day gone ?  
 How can a general darkness cloud the sun ?  
 Astrologers their skill in vain do try,  
 Nature must needs be sick, when God can die.

---

Mr Hemmings in a copy of verses preserved in MS Ashmole, 38, No. 34, beginning—

“Howl, howl, my sadder Muse, and weep a strain !”

This accident is explained in the biographical sketch which precedes. The poet wrote a second copy of verses on the same subject, which does not occur in the 4<sup>o</sup> of 1638, having been first added to the edition of 1640. “Randolph, like Herrick, had the misfortune to lose a finger, and, like him, has turned his loss to profit by making it a subject of verse”—*Retrospective Review*, vi 67-8.

<sup>1</sup> This very line (perhaps on purpose) wants a foot

<sup>2</sup> This short copy of verses on the Passion may probably be referred to the earliest period of the poet's literary career, as he is said to have commenced with a sacred subject—the Incarnation—a sort of theme to which he never returned.

*Necessary Observations.<sup>1</sup>**1st Precept.*

FIRST worship God ; he that forgets to pray  
Bids not himself good morrow nor good day.  
Let thy first labour be to purge thy sin,  
And serve him first whence all things did begin

*2d Precept.*

Honour thy parents to prolong thine end,  
With them, though for a truth, do not contend  
Though all should truth defend, do thou lose rather  
The truth awhile, than lose their loves for ever.  
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed,  
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed

*3d Precept*

Think that is just, 'tis not enough to do,  
Unless thy very thoughts are upright too.

*4th Precept.*

Defend the truth , for that who will not die  
A coward is, and gives himself the lie.

*5th Precept*

Honour the king, as sons their parents do,  
For he's thy father, and thy country's too

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<sup>1</sup> These were, doubtless, early exercises, and may have succeeded the juvenile poem on the Incarnation in the order of time. It will be perceived that they are little more than new paraphrastic renderings of familiar maxims, yet they show how a wit and a man of genius can embellish even the tritest subjects, and also to some extent furnish an additional illustration of the truism, that *precept is easier than practice*.



*6th Precept.*

A friend is gold ; if true, he'll never leave thee :  
Yet both without a touchstone may deceive thee.

*7th Precept.*

Suspicious men think others false , but he  
Cosens himself that will too credulous be,  
For thy friends' sake, let no suspect be shown,  
And shun to be too credulous for thine own.

*8th Precept.*

Take well whate'er shall chance , though bad it be,  
Take it for good, and 'twill be so to thee.

*9th Precept.*

Swear not : an oath is like a dangerous dart,  
Which shot, rebounds to strike the shooter's heart.

*10th Precept.*

The law's the path of life , then that obey.  
Who keeps it not, hath wand'ring lost his way.

*11th Precept.*

Thank those that do thee good, so shalt thou gain  
Their second help, if thou shouldst need again.

*12th Precept.*

To doubtful matters do not headlong run ;  
What's well left off, were better not begun

*13th Precept.*

Be well-advis'd, and wary counsel make,  
E'er thou dost any action undertake.  
Having undertaken, thy endeavours bend  
To bring thy action to a perfect end.

*14th Precept.*

Safe in thy breast close lock up thy intents ;  
For he that knows thy purpose, best prevents.

*15th Precept.*

To tell thy miseries will no comfort breed,  
Men help thee most that think thou hast no need ,  
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,  
Thou soon shalt lose a friend, and find a foe.

*16th Precept.*

Keep thy friends' goods, for should thy wants be known  
Thou canst not tell but they may be thy own.

*17th Precept.*

To gather wealth through fraud do not presume,  
A little evil got will much consume.

*18th Precept*

First think , and if thy thoughts approve thy will,  
Then speak, and after, what thou speak'st, fulfil

*19th Precept.*

Spare not nor spend too much ; be this thy care,  
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare.  
Who spends too much may want, and so complain ;  
But he spends best that spares to spend again.

*20th Precept*

If with a stranger thou discourse, first learn  
By strictest observations to discern  
If he be wiser than thyself ; if so,  
Be dumb, and rather choose by him to know .  
But if thyself perchance the wiser be,  
Then do thou speak, that he may learn by thee.

*21st Precept.*

If thou dispraise a man, let no man know  
By any circumstance that he's thy foe.  
If men but once find that, they'll quickly see  
Thy words from hate, and not from judgment be.  
If thou wouldst tell his vice, do what you can  
To make the world believe thou lov'st the man.

*22d Precept.*

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men,  
Good counsel comes clean out of season then ,  
But when his fury is appeas'd and past,  
He will conceive his fault, and mend at last.  
When he is cool and calm, then utter it .  
No man gives physic in the midst o' th' fit.

*23d Precept.*

Seem not too conscious of thy worth, nor be  
The first that knows thy own sufficiency.  
If to thy king and country thy true care  
More serviceable is than others are  
That blaze in court, and every action sway,  
As if the kingdom on their shoulders lay.  
Or if thou serv'st a master, and dost see  
Others preferr'd of less desert than thee,  
Do not complain, though such a plaint be true .  
Lords will not give their favours as a due,  
But rather stay and hope : it cannot be  
But men at last must needs thy virtues see.  
So shall thy trust endure, and greater grow,  
Whilst they that are above thee fall below.

*24th Precept.*

Desire not thy mean fortunes for to set  
Next to the stately manors of the great.

He will suspect thy labours, and oppress,  
 Fearing thy greatness makes his wealth the less.  
 Great ones do love no equals, but must be  
 Above the terms of all comparity.  
 Such a rich neighbour is compared best  
 To the great pike, that eats up all the rest :  
 Or else like Pharaoh's cow, that in an hour  
 Will seven of his fattest friends devour.  
 Or like the sea, whose vastness swallows clean  
 All other streams, though no increase be seen.  
 Live by the poor ; they do the poor no harm :  
 So bees thrive best when they together swarm.  
 Rich men are bears and poor men ought to fear 'em  
 Like ravenous wolves , 'tis dangerous living near 'em.

*25th Precept*

Each man three devils hath—self-born afflictions  
 Th' unruly tongue, the belly, and affections.  
 Charm these, such holy conjurations can  
 Gain thee the friendship both of God and man

*26th Precept.*

So live with man as if God's curious eye  
 Did everywhere into thine actions pry ;  
 For never yet was sin so void of sense,  
 So fully fac'd with brazen impudence,  
 As that it durst before men's eyes commit  
 Their beastly lusts, lest men should witness it.  
 How dare they then offend, when God shall see,  
 That must alone both judge and jury be ?

*27th Precept*

Take thou no care how to defer thy death,  
 And give more respite to this mortal breath.  
 Wouldst thou live long ? the only means are these—  
 'Bove Galen's diet, or Hippocrates .

Strive to live well, tread in the upright ways,  
And rather count thy actions than thy days ;  
Then thou hast liv'd enough amongst us here.  
For every day well-spent I count a year.  
Live well, and then how soon soe'er thou die,  
Thou art of age to claim eternity.  
But he that outlives Nestor, and appears  
T' have passed the date of grey Methusalem's years :  
If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,  
I say he only *was*, he did not *live*.

*28th Precept.*

Trust not a man unknown ; he may deceive thee ,  
And doubt the man thou knowest, for he may leave  
thee.  
And yet, for to prevent exceptions, too,  
'Tis best not seem to doubt, although you do

*29th Precept.*

Hear much, but little speak , a wise man fears,  
And will not use his tongue so much as ears  
The tongue, if it the hedge of teeth do break,  
Will others shame, and its own ruin speak.  
I never yet did ever read of any  
Undone by hearing, but by speaking many.  
The reason's this the ears, if chaste and holy,  
Do let in wit ; the tongue doth let out folly.

*30th Precept.*

To all alike be courteous, meek, and kind,  
A winning carriage with indifferent mind,  
But not familiar—that must be exempt :  
Grooms' saucy love soon turns into contempt.  
Be sure he be at least as good as thee,  
To whom thy friendship shall familiar be.

*31st Precept*

Judge not between two friends, but rather see,  
If thou canst bring them friendly to agree.  
So shalt thou both their loves to thee increase,  
And gain a blessing too for making peace ;  
But if thou shouldst decide the cause, i' th' end,  
Howe'er thou judge, thou, sure, shalt lose a friend.

*32d Precept.*

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone ,  
Being got by many actions, lost by one

*33d Precept*

Unto thy brother buy not, sell, nor lend,  
Such actions have their own peculiar end ,  
But rather choose to give him if thou see  
That thou hast power, and he necessity.

*34th Precept.*

Spare in thy youth, lest age should find thee poor  
When time is past, and thou canst spare no more.  
No coupl'd misery is so great in either,  
As age and want, when both do meet together

*35th Precept*

Fly drunkenness, whose vile incontinence  
Takes both away the reason and the sense  
Till with Circæan cups thy mind's possess'd,  
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a beast  
Think, whilst thou swallowest the capacious bowl,  
Thou lett'st in seas to wrack and drown the soul  
That hell is open to remembrance call,  
And think how subject drunkards are to fall

Consider how it soon destroys the grace  
Of human shape, spoiling the beauteous face :  
Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,  
Studding the face with vicious heraldry.  
What pearls and rubies doth the wine disclose,  
Making the purse poor to enrich the nose ?  
How does it nurse disease, infect the heart,  
Drawing some sickness into every part !  
The stomach overcloy'd, wanting a vent,  
Doth up again resend her excrement  
And then (O, see what too much wine can do ')  
The very soul being drunk spues secrets too  
The lungs corrupted breathe contagious air,  
Belching up fumes that unconcocted are  
The brain o'erwarm'd (losing her sweet repose)  
Doth purge her filthy ordure through the nose  
The veins do boil, glutted with vicious food,  
And quickly fevers the distemper'd blood  
The belly swells, the foot can hardly stand,  
Lam'd with the gout - the palsy shakes the hand,  
And through the flesh sick waters sinking in,  
Do bladder-like puff up the dropsied skin  
It weaks the brain, it spoils the memory,  
Hasting on age and wilful poverty.  
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name  
To foes a laughter, to thy friends a shame  
'Tis virtue's poison, and the bane of trust,  
The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust  
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to't again,  
Upon presumption of a stronger brain.  
For he that holds more wine than others can.  
I rather count a hogshead than a man

*36th Precept*

Let not thy impotent lust so powerful be  
Over thy reason, soul, and liberty,

As to enforce thee to a married life,  
Ere thou art able to maintain a wife.  
Thou canst not feed upon her lips and face,  
She cannot clothe thee with a poor embrace.  
Myself being yet alone, and but one still,  
With patience could endure the worst of ill.  
When fortune frowns, one to the wars may go  
To fight against his foes and fortunes too  
But (O) the grief were treble for to see  
Thy wretched bride half-pin'd with poverty  
To see thy infants make their dumb complaint,  
And thou not able to relieve their want !  
The poorest beggar, when he's dead and gone,  
Is rich as he that sits upon the throne.  
But he that, having no estate, is wed,  
Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead.

*37th Precept*

If e'er I take a wife, I will have one  
Neither for beauty nor for portion,  
But for her virtues . and I'll married be,  
Not for my lust, but for posterity  
And when I am wed, I'll never jealous be,  
But make her learn how to be chaste by me  
And be her face what 'twill, I'll think her fair,  
If she within the house confine her care  
If modest in her words and clothes she be,  
Not daubed with pride and prodigality ,  
If with her neighbours she maintains no strife,  
And bear herself to me a faithful wife  
I'd rather unto such a one be wed,  
Than clasp the choicest Helen in my bed  
Yet though she were an angel, my affection  
Should only love, not dote on her perfection.



*A Platonic Elegy.*<sup>1</sup>

LOVE, give me leave to serve thee, and be wise  
To keep thy torch in, but restore blind eyes.  
I will a flame into my bosom take,  
That martyrs court when they embrace the stake ,  
Not dull and smoky fires, but heat divine,  
That burns not to consume, but to refine  
I have a mistress, for perfections rare  
In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair  
Like tapers on the altar shine her eyes ,  
Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice  
And wheresoe'er my fancy would begin,  
Still her perfection lets religion in  
I touch her, like my beads, with devout care,  
And come unto my courtship as my prayer  
We sit and talk, and kiss away the hours  
As chastely as the morning dews kiss flowers  
Go, wanton lover, spare thy sighs and tears ,  
Put on the livery which thy dotage wears,  
And call it love Where heresy gets in,  
Zeal's but a coal to kindle greater sin  
We wear no flesh, but one another greet.  
As blessed souls in separation meet,  
Were't possible that my ambitious sin  
Durst commit rapes upon a cherubin,  
I might have lustful thoughts to her, of all  
Earth's heavenly choir the most angelical  
Looking into my breast, her form I find,  
'That like my guardian angel keeps my mind  
From rude attempts , and when affections stir,  
I calm all passions with one thought of her

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<sup>1</sup> In the first edition this is headed merely *An Elegie*. This poem, says the critic in the *Retrospective Review*, vi 69, "contains parts of great purity and beauty"

Thus they, whose reasons love, and not their sense,  
 The spirits love : thus one intelligence  
 Reflects upon his like, and by chaste loves  
 In the same sphere this and that angel moves.  
 Nor is this barren love ; one noble thought  
 Begets another, and that still is brought  
 To bed of more ; virtues and grace increase,  
 And such a numerous issue ne'er can cease,  
 Where children, though great blessings, only be  
 Pleasures repriev'd to some posterity.  
 Beasts love like men, if men in lust delight,  
 And call that love which is but appetite.  
 When essence meets with essence, and souls join  
 In mutual knots, that's the true nuptial twine  
 Such, lady, is my love, and such is true ·  
 All other love is to your sex, not you.

*An Apology for his false Prediction that  
 his Aunt Lane would be delivered of a  
 Son.<sup>1</sup>*

Μάρτυς ἀριστος ὅς τις εἰκάζει καλῶς — *The best prophets are but  
 good guessers*

ARE then the Sybils dead ? what is become  
 Of the loud oracles ? are the augurs dumb ?  
 Have not the Magi, that so oft reveal'd  
 Nature's intents ? is Gipsism quite repeal'd ?  
 Is Friar Bacon nothing but a name ?  
 Or is all witchcraft brain'd with Doctor Lamb ?  
 Does none the learned Bungay's soul inherit ?  
 Has Madam Davers dispossess'd her spirit ?  
 Or will the Welshmen give me leave to say,  
 There is no faith in Merlin ? none, though they

---

<sup>1</sup> See the verses before the "Jealous Lovers," addressed to Richard Lane.

Dare swear each letter creed, and pawn their  
blood

He prophesied an age before the flood  
Of holy Dee, which was, as some have said,  
Ten generations, ere the ark was made.  
All your predictions but impostures are,  
And you but prophesy of things that were  
And you, celestial jugglers, that pretend  
You are acquainted with the stars, and send  
Your spies to search what's done in every sphere,  
Keeping your state intelligencers there .  
Your art is all deceit, for now I see  
Against the rules of deep astrology,  
Girls may be got when Mars his power doth vaunt,  
And boys when Venus is predominant  
Nor doth the moon, though moist and cold she be,  
Always at full work to produce the she  
Had this been true, I had foretold no lie  
It was the art was in the wrong, not I.  
Thence I so dully err'd in my belief,  
As to mistake an Adam for an Eve  
O gross mistake ! and in the civil pleas  
*Error personæ*, Master Doctor says,  
And may admit divorce, but farewell now,  
You hungry, star-fed tribe ! henceforth I vow  
Talmud, Albumazar, and Ptolemy,  
With Erra Pater shall no gospel be  
Nor will I ever after this, I swear,  
Throw dice upon the Shepherd's Calendar,  
But why do I t' excuse my ignorance,  
Lay blame upon the art ? no, no, perchance  
I have lost all my skill, for well I know  
My physiognomy two years ago  
By the small-pox was marr'd, and, it may be,  
A finger's loss hath spoil'd my palimstry  
But why should I a gross mistake confess ?  
No, I am confident I did but guess

The very truth ; it was a male child then,  
But, aunt, you stay'd till 'twas a wench again.  
To see th' unconstancy of human things,  
How little time great alteration brings !  
All things are subject unto change, we know,  
And if all things, then why not sexes too ?  
'Tyresias, we read, a man was born,  
Yet after did into a woman turn,  
Lovinus, a physician of great fame,  
Reports that one at Paris did the same  
And devout Papists say certain it is,  
One of their popes by metamorphosis  
Endur'd the same , else how could Joan be heir  
To the succession of Saint Peter's Chair ?  
So I at Charing Cross have beheld one,  
A statue cut out of the Parian stone,  
To figure great Alcides, which when well  
The artist saw it was not like to sell,  
He takes his chisel, and away he pares  
Part of his sinewy neck shaving the hairs  
Of his rough beard and face : smoothing the brow  
And making that look amorous, which but now  
Stood wrinkled with his anger , from his head  
He polls the shaggy locks, that had o'erspread  
His brawny shoulders with a fleece of hair,  
And works instead more gentle tresses there ,  
And thus, his skill exactly to express,  
Soon makes a Venus of an Hercules.  
And can it then impossible appear,  
'That such a change as this might happen here ?  
For this cause therefore (gentle aunt), I pray,  
Blame not my prophecy, but your delay.  
But this will not excuse me , that I may  
Directly clear myself, there is no way  
Unless the Jesuits will to me impart  
The secret depth of their mysterious art,  
Who from their halting patriot learn to frame  
A crutch for every word that falls out lame.

That can the subtle difference descry  
Betwixt equivocation and a lie.  
And a rare scape by sly distinction find  
To swear the tongue, and yet not swear the mind.  
Now (arm'd with arguments) I nothing dread,  
But my own cause thus confidently plead.  
I said there was a boy within your womb,  
Not actually, but one in time to come  
Or by antiphrasis my words might be  
That ever understands the contrary :  
Or when I said you should a man-child bear,  
You understood of the sex, I fear,  
When I did mean the mind, and thus define  
A woman, but of spirit masculine.  
Or had I said it should a girl have been,  
And it had proved a boy, you should have seen  
Me solve it thus , I meant a boy by fate,  
But one that would have been effeminate  
Or thus I had my just excuse begun,  
I said my aunt would surely bring a son.  
If not a daughter , what we seers foresee  
Is a certain truth, unless it falsehood be  
Or I affirm, because she brought forth one,  
That will bring boys, she hath brought forth a son  
For do not we call Father Adam thus,  
Because that he got those that have got us,  
Whate'er I said by simple affirmation,  
I meant the right by mental reservation

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*An Epithalamium to Mr F. H.<sup>1</sup>*

FRANK, when this morn (the harbinger of day)  
Blush'd from her Eastern pillow, where she lay

---

<sup>1</sup> So in all the old copies, but in the piece itself the bride-groom's name is said to be Ward, and the bride's Harvey

Clasp'd in her Tython's arms, red with those kisses  
Which being enjoy'd by night, by day she misses !  
I walk'd the fields to see the teeming earth,  
Whose womb now swells to give the flowers a birth.  
Where while my thoughts with every object ta'en,  
In several contemplations rapt my brain,  
A sudden lustre like the sun did rise,  
And with too great a light eclips'd mine eyes.  
At last I spied a beauty—such another,  
As I have sometimes heard call thee her brother  
But by the chariot and her team of doves,  
I guess'd her to be Venus, Queen of Loves.  
With her a pretty boy I there did see,  
But for his wings I'd thought it had been thee  
At last, when I beheld his quiver of darts,  
I knew 'twas Cupid, Emperor of our hearts.  
Thus I accosted them · Goddess divine,  
Great Queen of Paphos and Cytherian shrine,  
Whose altars no man sees that can depart,  
Till in those flames he sacrifice his heart  
That conquerest gods and men, and heaven divine,  
Yea, and hell too—bear witness Proserpine.  
And Cupid, thou that canst thy trophies show  
Over all these, and o'er thy mother too,  
Witness the night which when with Mars she lay,  
Did all her sports to all the gods betray.  
Tell me, great powers, what makes such glorious  
beams  
Visit the lowly banks of Ninus' streams ?  
Then Venus smil'd, and smiling bid me know  
Cupid and she must both to Weston go.  
I guess'd the cause : for Hymen came behind  
In saffron robes, his nuptial knots to bind.  
'Then thus I pray'd Great Venus, by the love  
Of thy Adonis, as thou hop'st to move  
Thy Mars to second kisses, and obtain  
Beauty's reward, the golden fruit again,

Bow thy fair ears to my chaste prayers, and take  
Such orisons as purest love can make.  
Thou and thy boy, I know, are posting thither  
To tie pure hearts in purest bonds together  
Cupid, thou know'st the maid : I have seen thee lie  
With all thy arrows lurking in her eye  
Venus, thou know'st her love , for I have seen  
The time thou wouldst have fain her rival been.  
O, bless them both ! Let their affections meet  
With happy omens in the genial sheet.  
Both comely, beauteous both, both equal fair,  
Thou canst not glory in a fitter pair.  
I would not thus have prayed, if I had seen  
Fourscore and ten wed to a young fifteen  
Death in such nuptials seems with love to play,  
And January seems to match with May  
Autumn to wed the spring, frost to desire  
To kiss the sun, ice to embrace the fire,  
Both these are young, both spritful, both complete,  
Of equal moisture, and of equal heat :  
And their desires are one , were all loves such,  
Who would love solitary sheets so much ?  
Virginity (whereof chaste fools do boast—  
A thing not known what 'tis, till it be lost),  
Let others praise, for me, I cannot tell  
What virtue 'tis to lead baboons in hell.  
Woman is one with man when she is bridged ,  
The same in kind, only in sex divided  
Had all died maids, we had been nothing then ,  
Adam had been the first and last of men.  
How none, O Venus, then thy power had seen ?  
How then in vain had Cupid's arrows been ?  
Myself, whose cool thoughts feel no hot desires,  
That serve not Venus' flames, but Vesta's fires  
Had I not vow'd the cloisters, to confine  
Myself to no more wives than only nine,

Parnassus' brood, those that hear Phœbus sing,  
 Bathing their naked limbs in Thespian spring,  
 I'd rather be an owl of birds, than one  
 That is the Phoenix, if she live alone.  
 Two's the first of numbers . one nought can do.  
 One then is good, when one is made of two.  
 Which mystery is thine—great Venus, thine,  
 Thy union can two souls in one combine  
 Now, by that power, I charge thee, bless the  
                   sheets

With happy issue, where this couple meets.  
 The maid's a Harvey, one that may compare  
 With fruit Hesperian or the Dragon's care  
 Her love a Ward, not he that awed the seas,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fighting the fearful Hamadryades,  
 That ocean terror, he that durst outbrave  
 Dread Neptune's trident, Amphitrite's wave  
 This Ward a milder pirate (sure) will prove,  
 And only sails the Hellespont of love,  
 As once Leander did : his theft is best  
 That nothing steals, but what's within the breast.  
 Yet let that other Ward his thefts compare,  
 And ransack all his treasures ; let him bare  
 The wealth of worlds, the bowels of the West,  
 And all the richest treasures of the East  
 The sands of Tagus, all Pactolus' ore,  
 With both the Indies , yet this one gets more  
 At once by love than he by force could get,  
 Or ravish from the merchants    Let him set  
 His ores together , let him vainly boast  
 Of spices snatch'd from the Canary coast,  
 The gums of Egypt, or the Tyrian fleece  
 Dyed in his native purple, with what Greece,  
 Colchos, Arabia, or proud China yields,  
 With all the metals in Guiana fields

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<sup>1</sup> Captain Ward, a celebrated freebooter in the time of James I.



When this has set all forth to boast his pride  
In various pomp, this other brings his bride ;  
And I'll be judg'd by all judicious eyes,  
If she alone prove not the richer prize.  
O, let not death have power their love to sever !  
Let them both love, and live, and die together.  
O, let their beds be chaste, and banish thence  
As well all jealousies, as all offence !  
For some men I have known, whose wives have been  
As chaste as ice such as were never seen  
In wanton dalliance, such as until death  
Never smelt any but their husbands' breath.  
Yet the goodman still dream'd of horns, still fearing  
His forehead would grow harder . still appearing  
To his own fancy bull or stag, or more,  
An ox at least, that was an ass before.  
If she would have new clothes, he straight will fear  
She loves a tailor , if she sad appear,  
He guesses soon it is 'cause he's at home ,  
If jocund, sure she has some friend to come ,  
If she be sick, he thinks no grief she felt,  
But wishes all physicians had been gelt,  
But ask her how she does, sets him a-swearing,  
Feeling her pulse is love-tricks past the bearing  
Poor wretched wife, she cannot look awry,  
But without doubt 'tis flat adultery ,  
And jealous wives there be, that are afraid  
To entertain a handsome chambermaid  
Far, far from them be all such thoughts, I pray,  
Let their loves prove eternal, and no day  
Add date to their affections (grant, O queen),  
Their loves, like nuptial-bays, be always green  
And also grant—— But here she bid me stay,  
For well she knew what I had else to say ,  
I ask'd no more, wish'd her hold on her race,  
To join their hands, and send them night apace.  
She smil'd to hear what I in sport did say,  
So whipp'd her doves, and smiling rid away.

*To Master Feltham, on his book of  
Resolves.<sup>1</sup>*

IN this unconstant age, when all men's minds  
 In various change strive to outvie the winds,  
 When no man sets his foot upon the square,  
 But treads on globes and circles, when we are  
 The apes of fortune, and desire to be  
 Resolved on as fickle wheels as she  
 As if the planets, that our rulers are,  
 Made the soul's motion too irregular  
 When minds change oftener than the Greek could dream,  
 That made the metempsychos'd soul his theme,  
 Yea, oft to beastly forms—when (truth to say)  
 Moons change but once a month, we twice a day  
 When none resolves but to be rich and ill,  
 Or else resolves to be irresolute still.  
 In such a tide of minds that every hour  
 Do ebb and flow. by what inspiring power,  
 By what instinct of grace I cannot tell,  
 Dost thou resolve so much, and yet so well?  
 While foolish men, whose reason is their sense,  
 Still wandering in the world's circumference:  
 Thou holding passion's reins with strictest hand,  
 Dost firm and fixed in the centre stand!  
 Thence thou art settled others, while they tend  
 To rove about the circle, find no end.  
 Thy book I read, and read it with delight,  
 Resolving so to live as thou dost write  
 And yet (I guess) thy life thy book produces,  
 And but expresses thy peculiar uses,  
 Thy manners' dictate thence thy writing came  
 So Lesbians by their works their rules do frame,

---

<sup>1</sup> Feltham's "Resolves" first appeared in 1628 in an incomplete form, and was often reprinted

Not by the rules the work. Thy life had been  
Pattern enough, had it of all been seen,  
Without a book ; books make the difference here,  
In them thou liv'st the same but everywhere,  
And this, I guess, though th' art unknown to me,  
By thy chaste writing ; else it could not be  
(Dissemble ne'er so well) but here and there  
Some tokens of that plague would soon appear.  
Oft lurking in the skin, a secret gout  
In books would sometimes blister, and break out.  
Contagious sins, in which men take delight,  
Must needs infect the paper when they write.  
But let the curious eyes of Lynceus look  
Through every nerve and sinew of this book,  
Of which 'tis full · let the most diligent mind  
Pry thorough it, each sentence he shall find  
Season'd with chaste, not with an itching salt,  
More savouring of the lamp than of the malt.  
But now too many think no wit divine,  
None worthy life, but whose luxurious line  
Can ravish virgin's thoughts ; and is it fit  
To make a pander or a bawd of wit ?  
But tell 'em of it, in contempt they look,  
And ask in scorn, if you would geld the book  
As if th' effeminate brain could nothing do,  
That should be chaste, and yet be masculine too !  
Such books as these (as they themselves indeed  
Truly confess) men do not praise but read  
Such idle books, which if perchance they can  
Better the brain, yet they corrupt the man.  
Thou hast not one bad line so lustful bred,  
As to dye maid or matron's cheek in red.  
Thy modest wit and witty honest letter  
Make both at once my wit and me the better  
Thy book a garden is, and helps us most  
To regain that which we in Adam lost.

Where on the tree of knowledge we may feed,  
But such as no forbidden fruits doth breed.  
Whose leaves like those whence Eve her coat did  
frame,

Serve not to cover, but to cure our shame  
Fraught with all flowers, not only such as grows  
To please the eye, or to delight the nose,  
But such as may redeem lost healths again,  
And store of hellebore to purge the brain  
Such as would cure the surfeit man did take  
From Adam's apples, such as fain would make  
Man's second paradise, in which should be  
The fruits of life, but no forbidden tree  
It is a garden—ha ! I thus did say ,  
And maids and matrons blushing ran away  
But, maids, re enter these chaste pleasing bowers,  
Chaste matrons, here gather the purest flowers  
Fear not, from this pure garden do not fly,  
In it doth no obscene Priapus lie  
This is an Eden, where no serpents be  
To tempt the woman's imbecility  
These lines' rich sap the fruit to heaven doth raise ,  
Nor doth the cinnamon bark deserve less praise.  
I mean, the style being pure, and strong and round ,  
Not long, but pithy , being short breath'd, but sound,  
Such as the grave, acute, wise Seneca sings—  
That best of tutors to the worst of kings  
Not long and empty , lofty, but not proud ,  
Subtle, but sweet , high, but without a cloud  
Well settled, full of nerves—in brief 'tis such,  
That in a little hath comprised much  
Like the Hind in a nutshell And I say  
Thus much, for style , though truth should not be gay  
In strumpets' glittering robes, yet ne'ertheless  
She well deserves a matron's comeliness  
Being too brave, she would our fancies glut,  
But we should loathe her, being too much the slut,

The reasonable soul from heaven obtain'd  
 The best of bodies ; and that man hath gain'd  
 A double praise, whose noble virtues are  
 Like to the face, in soul and body fair.  
 Who then would have a noble sentence clad  
 In russet-threadbare words, is full as mad  
 As if Apelles should so fondly dote,  
 As to paint Venus in old Baucis' coat.  
 They err that would bring style so basely under :  
 The lofty language of the law was thunder.  
 'The wisest 'pothecary knows 'tis skill  
 Neatly to candy o'er the wholesome pill.  
 Best physic then, when gall with sugar meets,  
 Temp'ring absinthian bitterness with sweets.  
 Such is thy sentence, such thy style : being read,  
 Men see them both together happ'ly wed,  
 And so resolve to keep them wed, as we  
 Resolve to give them to posterity.  
 'Mongst thy resolves put my resolves in too ,  
 Resolve whos' will, thus I resolve to do—  
 That should my errors choose another's line  
 Whereby to write, I mean to live by thine.

---

*In Natalem Augustissimi Principis  
 Caroli.*

*PRIMA* tibi perut soboles (dilecta Maria),  
 Elusitque uterum mæsta Diana tuum  
 Tunc cælo, nunc et terris fecunda fuisti,  
 Quæ potes et reges et peperisse deos.

The first birth, Mary, was unto a tomb,  
 And sad Lucina cheated thy blest womb  
 To heaven thou then wert fruitful, now to earth,  
 That canst give saints as well as kings a birth

*In Auspicatissimâ Beatissimorum  
Principum Caroli et Mariæ.<sup>1</sup>*

MAIO<sup>2</sup> mense venis, dulcissime Carole per te  
Sperant nostra suas regna tenere suas  
Eligit infaustos olim Maria Novembres  
Ut mensem cunis expiet illa suis  
Agnosco superos Patriam tu, Carole, gentem  
Regna soror nobis fida aliena debet

*In Auspicatissimum ejus [Caroli  
Primi] reditum.<sup>3</sup>*

DII prohibete, alios peteres si, Carole, soles,  
Sentiretque sacros terra remota pedes,  
Quantum hæc torqueret trepidas absentia fibras !  
Opprimeret quanto pectora nostra gelu !  
Gens eadem tenuit (Scoti jam nomen et Angli  
Perdidimus, tellus ambo Britanna sumus)  
Ie tamen absentem quærimur Pars, Carole, regni  
Te vellet solum quælibet esse suum.  
Fas odus certare piis, gratoque tumultu,  
Atque omnis justa est lis in amore tui.  
Non tibi tres dicam, non quattuor esse coronas :  
Quot loca tu visis, tot loca Regna facis

<sup>1</sup> Printed in "Genethliacum Illustrissimorum Principum Caroli et Mariæ," &c. 4<sup>o</sup>, Cantab 1631, p. 62 Not in the editions

<sup>2</sup> Charles II. was born on the 29th of May 1630. A very pretty Mary flower !

<sup>3</sup> From the collection of Cambridge verses entitled "Rex Redux, sive Musa Cantabrigiensis," &c., 4<sup>o</sup>, 1633. Not in the editions This was the king's first visit to Scotland, he paid a second in 1641.

*Upon his Picture.<sup>1</sup>*

WHEN age hath made me what I am not now :  
 And every wrinkle tells me where the plough  
 Of time hath furrowed , when an ice shall flow  
 Through every vein, and all my head be snow  
 When death displays his coldness in my cheek,  
 And I myself in my own picture seek,  
 Not finding what I am, but what I was ,  
 In doubt which to believe, this or my glass ,  
 Yet though I alter, this remains the same  
 As it was drawn retains the primitive frame  
 And first complexion , here will still be seen  
 Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin  
 Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,  
 The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.  
 Behold what frailty we in man may see,  
 Whose shadow is less given to change than he

---

*An Ode to Master Anthony Stafford,<sup>2</sup>  
 to hasten him into the Country.*

COME, spur away,  
 I have no patience for a longer stay  
 But must go down,  
 And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.

---

<sup>1</sup> Probably the original from which Marshall engraved the small likeness attached to the 8<sup>o</sup> editions

<sup>2</sup> The well-known writer See Hazlitt's "Handbook," in v. He was no doubt of the family of the Staffords of Blatherwick, Co Northampton, but I do not see any account in Baker's "Northamptonshire" of the Staffords of Blatherwick so late as this. "If we had space, we should certainly quote his 'Ode to Mr Anthony Stafford, to hasten him into the country.' . . .

I will the country see,  
 Where old simplicity,  
 Though hid in grey,  
 Doth look more gay  
 Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad  
 Farewell, you city wits, that are  
 Almost at civil war ;  
 'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows  
 mad

More of my days  
 I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise ;  
 Or to make sport  
 For some slight puisne of the Inns-of-Court  
 'Then, worthy Stafford, say,  
 How shall we spend the day ?  
 With what delights  
 Shorten the nights ?  
 When from this tumult we are got secure,  
 Where mirth with all her freedom goes,  
 Yet shall no finger lose ;  
 Where every word is thought, and every thought is  
 pure

There from the tree  
 We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry.  
 And every day  
 Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,  
 Whose brown hath lovelier grace  
 Than any painted face,  
 That I do know  
 Hyde Park can show

---

Perhaps these were the last lines he wrote in London They tell of weariness, disgust, and impatience for quiet and innocence, and a warm anticipation of once more tasting the pure joys of a country life"—*Retrospective Review*



Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet  
    (Though some of them in greater state  
    Might court my love with plate)  
The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard  
    Street.

        But think upon  
Some other pleasures these to me are none  
        Why do I prate  
Of women, that are things against my fate ?  
        I never mean to wed  
        That torture to my bed.  
        My muse is she  
        My love shall be  
Let clowns get wealth and heirs, when I am gone,  
        And the great bugbear, grisly death,  
        Shall take this idle breath,  
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

        Of this no more ,  
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store  
        No fruit shall 'scape  
Our palates, from the damson to the grape  
        Then (full) we'll seek a shade,  
        And hear what music's made ,  
        How Philomel  
        Her tale doth tell,  
And how the other birds do fill the quire  
        The thrush and blackbird lend their throats  
        Warbling melodious notes ,  
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire

        Ours is the sky,  
Whereat what fowl we please our hawk shall fly  
        Nor will we spare  
To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare ,

But let our hounds run loose  
 In any ground they'll choose,  
 'The buck shall fall,  
 The stag, and all :  
 Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,  
 For to my muse, if not to me,  
 I'm sure all game is free :  
 Heaven, earth, all are<sup>1</sup> but parts of her great royalty

And when we mean  
 To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,  
 And drink by stealth  
 A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,  
 I'll take my pipe and try  
 'The Phrygian melody ,  
 Which he that hears,  
 Lets through his ears  
 A madness to distemper all the brain  
 Then I another pipe will take  
 And Doric music make,  
 'To civilise with graver notes our wits again

*An Answer to Master Ben. Jonson's Ode,  
 to persuade him not to leave the Stage.<sup>2</sup>*

BEN, do not leave the stage,  
 'Cause 'tis a loathsome age ,  
 For pride and impudence will grow too bold  
 When they shall hear it told

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *are all*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr Huth's Kingsborough-Haslewood MS , vol 1 fol 115  
 This ode found many answerers It was annexed to his "New  
 Tune, or the Light Heart," 8°, 1631 See Hazlitt's edit. of  
 Carew, pp 84-5.

They frighted thee. Stand high, as is thy cause ;  
Their hiss is thy applause.  
More just were thy disdain,  
Had they approv'd thy vein.  
So thou for them and they for thee were born,  
They to incense, and thou as much to scorn

Wilt thou engross thy store  
Of wheat, and pour no more  
Because their bacon-brains have such a taste  
As more delight in mast ?  
No, set 'em forth a board of dainties full,  
As thy best muse can cull,  
While they the while do pine  
And thirst 'midst all their wine.  
What greater plague can hell itself devise.  
Than to be willing thus to tantalise ?

Thou canst not find them stuff  
That will be bad enough  
To please their palates, let 'em thine refuse  
For some Pie-Corner muse  
She is too fair a hostess, 'twere a sin  
For them to like thine Inn  
'Twas made to entertain  
Guests of a nobler strain,  
Yet if they will have any of thy store,  
Give 'em some scraps, and send them from thy door

And let those things in plush,  
'Till they be taught to blush,  
Like what they will, and more contented be  
With what Broome<sup>1</sup> swept from thee  
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains  
Write not to clothes, but brains

---

<sup>1</sup> Richard Brome, a well-known dramatist, who is said to have been originally Jonson's body-servant

But thy great spleen doth rise,  
 'Cause moles will have no eyes ;  
 This only in my Ben I faulty find ;  
 He's angry, they'll not see him that are blind.

Why should the scene be mute,  
 While<sup>1</sup> thou canst touch a lute,  
 And string thy Horace ? let each Muse of nine  
 Claim thee, and say [that] thou art mine.  
 'Twere fond to let all other flames expire  
 To sit by Pindar's fire :  
 For by so strange neglect,  
 I should myself suspect  
 The palsy were as well thy brains disease,  
 If they could shake thy muse which way they please.

And though thou well canst sing  
 The glories of thy king,  
 And on the wings of verse his chariot bear  
 To heaven, and fix it there ;  
 Yet let thy muse as well some raptures raise  
 To please him as to praise,  
 I would not have thee choose  
 Only a treble muse ;  
 But have this envious, ignorant age to know .  
 Thou, that canst sing so high, canst reach as low

### *A Dialogue.*

THIRSIS. LALAGE.

Thir MY Lalage, when I behold  
 So great a cold,

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *Cause*

And not a spark of heat in thy desire,  
I wonder what strange power of thine  
Kindles in mine  
So bright a flame, and such a burning fire.

*Lal* Can Thirsis in philosophy  
A true knight<sup>1</sup> be,  
And not have learn'd the power of the sun ?  
How he to sublunary things  
A fervour brings,  
Yet in himself is subject unto none ?

*Thir.* But why within thy eyes appear  
Never a tear,  
That cause from mine perpetual showers to fall ?

*Lal* Fool, 'tis the power of fire, you know,  
To melt the snow,  
Yet has no moisture in itself at all

*Thir* How can I be, dear virgin, show,  
Both fire and snow ?  
Do you, that are the cause, the reason tell ;  
More than [a] miracle to me  
It seems to be,  
That so much heat with so much cold should dwell

*Lal* The reason I will render thee  
Why both should be  
Audacious Thirsis, in thy love too bold,  
'Cause thy sauciness durst aspire  
To such a fire  
Thy love is hot, but 'tis thy hope is cold

*Thir.* Let pity move thy gentle breast  
To one oppress ,  
This way or that, give ease to my desire,  
And either let love's fire be lost  
In hope's cold frost,  
(Or hope's cold frost be warm'd in love's quick fire.

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *truant*

*Lal.* O, neither, boy, neither of these  
 Shall work thy ease!  
 I'll pay thy rashness with immortal pain  
 As hope doth strive to freeze thy flame,  
 Love melts the same -  
 As love doth melt it, hope doth freeze't again

*Thir* Come, gentle swains, lend me a groan  
 To ease my moan.

*Chorus.* Ah, cruel Love, how great a power is thine '  
 Under the poles although we lie,  
 Thou mak'st us fry  
 And thou canst make us freeze beneath the line

### *A Dialogue betwixt a Nymph and a Shepherd.*

*Nymph* WHY sigh you, swain? this passion is  
 not common  
 Is't for your kids or lambkins?

*Shep* For a woman

*Nymph* How fair is she that on so sage a brow  
 Prints lowering looks?

*Shep.* Just such a toy as thou

*Nymph.* Is she a maid?

*Shep.* What man can answer that?

*Nymph* Or widow?

*Shep* No

*Nymph* What then?

*Shep.* I know not what,

Saint-like she looks, a Syren if she sing

Her eyes are stars, her mind is everything

*Nymph* If she be fickle, shepherd, leave to woo,  
 Or fancy me

*Shep* No, thou art woman too.

*Nymph.* But I am constant.

*Shep.* Then thou art not fair.

*Nymph.* Bright as the morning.

*Shep.* Wavering as the air

*Nymph.* What grows upon this cheek ?

*Shep.* A pure carnation.

*Nymph.* Come, taste a kiss.

*Shep.* O sweet, O sweet temptation !

*Chorus.* Ah, Love ! and canst thou never lose the field ?

Where Cupid lays the siege, the town must yield.

He warms the chiller blood with glowing fire,

And thaws the icy frost of cold desire

### *A Pastoral Ode.<sup>1</sup>*

Coy Cœlia, dost thou see

Yon hollow mountain tottering o'er the plain,

O'er which a fatal tree

With treacherous shade betrays the sleepy swain<sup>2</sup>

Beneath it is a cell,

As full of horror as my breast of care :

Ruin therein might dwell,

As a fit room for guilt and black despair

Thence will I headlong throw

This wretched weight, this heap of misery,

And in the dust below

Bury my carcase and the thought of thee

Which when I finish'd have.

O, hate me dead, as thou hast done alive ;

And come not near my grave,

Lest I take heat from thee, and so revive

<sup>1</sup> Addit. MS 11,811, under the title of "A Madrigal."

*A Song.*

MUSIC, thou queen of souls, get up and string  
Thy pow'rful lute, and some sad requiem sing,  
Till rocks requite thy echo with a groan,  
And the dull cliffs repeat the duller tone  
Then on a sudden with a nimble hand  
Run gently o'er the chords, and so command  
The pine to dance, the oak his roots forego,  
The holm and aged elm to foot it too ;  
Myrtles shall caper, lofty cedars run,  
And call the courtly palm to make up one ,  
Then, in the midst of all their jolly train,  
Strike a sad note, and fix 'em trees again.

---

*The Song of Discord.*

LET Linus' and Amphion's lute  
With Orpheus' cittern now be mute.  
The harshest voice the sweetest note  
The raven has the choicest throat,  
A set of frogs a quire for me,  
The mandrake shall the chaunter be.  
Where neither voice nor tunes agree ,  
This is discord's harmony  
Thus had Orpheus learn'd to play,  
The following trees had run away '

---

*To one Overhearing his private  
Discourse.*

I WONDER not my Leda far can see,  
Since for her eyes she might an eagle be,  
And dare the sun , but that she hears so well,  
As that she could my private whisperings tell,



I stand amaz'd. Her ears are not so long,  
 That they could reach my words: hence then it sprung,  
 Love overhearing fled to her bright ear,  
 Glad he had got a tale to whisper there.

---

*Epigram 47, ex decimo libro  
 Martialis.*

THESE are things that being possest  
 Will make a life that's truly blest  
 Estate bequeath'd, not got with toil,  
 A good hot fire, a grateful soil;  
 No strife, warm clothes, a quiet soul,  
 A strength entire, a body whole,  
 Prudent simplicity, equal friends,  
 A diet that no art commends,  
 A night not drunk, and yet secure,  
 A bed not sad, yet chaste and pure,  
 Long sleeps to make the nights but short,  
 A will to be but what thou art,  
 Nought rather choose, contented lie,  
 And neither fear nor wish to die.

---

*In Grammaticum Eunuchum.*

GRAMMATICAM, Diodore, doces, Eunuche,  
 puellis,  
 Credo Solæcismum tu, Diodore, facis,  
 Cum sis exactus quàm nec Sporus ille Neronis,  
 Nec mersus liquidis Hermaphroditus aquis.  
 Non unam liquit tibi sæva novacula testem;  
 Propria quæ maribus cur, Diodore, legis?  
 Quæ genus aut sexum variant, Heterochita tantùm  
 Posthâc si sapias tu, Diodore, legas.

*To the virtuous and noble Lady,  
the Lady Cotton.<sup>1</sup>*

'TIS not to force more tears from your sad eye  
That we write thus—that were a piety  
Turn'd guilt and sin ; we only beg to come  
And pay due tribute to his sacred tomb.  
The Muses did divide his love with you,  
And justly, therefore, may be mourners too.  
Instead of cypress, they have brought fresh bays  
To crown his urn, and every dirge is praise.  
But since with him the learned tongues are gone,  
Necessity here makes us use our own  
Read in his praise your own—you cannot miss,  
For he was but our wonder—you were his.

---

*An Elegy on the Death of that renowned  
and noble Knight Sir Rowland Cotton of  
Bellaport, in Shropshire.*

RICH as was Cotton's worth, I wish each line  
And every verse I breathe like him a mine.  
That by his virtues might created be  
A new strange miracle, wealth in poetry  
But that invention cannot, sure, be poor,  
That but relates a part of his large store.  
His youth began, as when the sun doth rise  
Without a cloud, and clearly trots the skies.  
And whereas other youths commended be  
From conceiv'd hopes, his was maturity,

---

<sup>1</sup> First printed in the "Parentalia Rolando Cottono," 4º, 1635, with the two pieces which follow. The variations are only orthographical.

Where other springs boast blossoms fairly blown,  
His was a harvest, and had fruits full-grown ;  
So that he seem'd a Nestor here to reign  
In wisdom, Aeson-like, turn'd young again.  
This royal Henry,<sup>1</sup> whose majestic eye  
Saw thorough men, did from his court descry,  
And thither call'd him, and then fix'd him there,  
One of the prime stars in his glorious sphere.  
And (princely master) witness this with me,  
He liv'd not there to serve himself, but thee  
No silkworm courtier, such as study there  
First how to get their clothes, then how to wear.  
And though in favour high, he ne'er was known  
'To promote others' suits to pay for's own,  
He valued more his master, and knew well  
To use his love was noble, base to sell.  
Many there be live in the court, we know,  
To serve for pageants, and make up the show,  
And are not serviceable there at all,  
But now and then at some great festival.  
He serv'd for nobler use, the secret cares  
Of commonwealths, and mystic state affairs ;  
And when great Henry did his maxims hear,  
He wore him as a jewel in his ear,  
Yet short he came not—nay, he all outwent  
In what some call a courtier's complement,  
An active body that in subtlewise  
Turns pliable to any exercise  
For when he leap'd, the people dar'd to say  
He was born all of fire, and wore no clay  
Which was the cause, too, that he wrestled so  
'Tis not fire's nature to be kept below.  
His course he so perform'd with nimble pace,  
The time was not perceiv'd, measur'd the race,

---

<sup>1</sup> Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I, died in November 1612.

As it were true that some late artists say—  
The earth mov'd too, and ran the other way.  
All so soon finish'd, when the match was won,  
The gazers-by ask'd why they not begun '  
When he in masques us'd his harmonious feet,  
The spheres could not in comelier order meet,  
Nor move more graceful, whether they advance  
Their measures forward, or retire their dance  
There be have seen him in our Henry's court  
The glory and the envy of that sport.  
And cap'ring like a constellation rise,  
Having fix'd upon him all the ladies' eyes.  
But these in him I would not virtues call,  
But that the world must know that he had all  
When Henry died (our universal woe)  
Willing was Cotton to die with him too  
And as near death he came as near could be  
Himself he buried in obscurity,  
Entomb'd within his study walls, and there  
Only the dead his conversation were  
Yet was he not alone, for every day  
Each Muse came thither with her sprig of bay  
The Graces round about him did appear,  
The genu of all nations—all met there  
And while immur'd he sat thus close at home,  
To him the wealth of all the world did come  
He had a language to salute the sun,  
Where he unharness'd, and where's team begun .  
The tongues of all the East to him were known  
As natural as they were born his own '  
Which from his mouth so sweetly did entice,  
As with their language he had mix'd their spice.  
In Greek so fluent, that with it compare  
Th' Athenian olives, and they sapless are.  
Rome did submit her F'asces, and confess  
Her Tully might talk more, and yet speak less.  
All sciences were lodg'd in his large breast,  
And in that palace thought themselves so blest

They never meant to part, but he should be  
 Sole monarch, and dissolve their heptarchy.  
 But O, how vain is man's frail harmony !  
 We all are swans he that sings best must die.  
 Death knowledge nothing makes ; when we come  
                   there

We need no language nor interpreter.  
 Who would not laugh at him now, that should seek  
 In Cotton's urn for Hebrew or for Greek ?  
 But his more heav'nly graces with him yet  
 Live constant, and about him circled sit,  
 A bright retinue, and on each falls down  
 A robe of glory, and on each a crown  
 Then, madam (though you have a loss sustain'd  
 Both infinite, and ne'er to be regain'd  
 Here in this world), dry your sad eyes, once more  
 You shall again enter the nuptial door,  
 A sprightly bride, where you shall clothed be  
 In garments weav'd of immortality.  
 Nor grieve because he left you not a son  
 To image Cotton forth, now he is gone  
 For it had been a wrong to his great name  
 T' have liv'd in anything but heaven and fame

---

*In Pias Cottoni Ejaculationes paulò  
 ante Obiitum.*

NOSTIS quanta fuit nostræ facundia Vitæ,  
       At nostræ Mortis (credite) major erat  
 Quanta utriusque fuit vultis cognoscere posset  
       Illa movere Homines, ista movere Deum <sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the *Parentalia*, 1635. Not in the editions

*Ausonii Epigram 38.<sup>1</sup>*

SHE which would not I would choose :  
 She which would I would refuse.  
 Venus could my mind but tame,  
 But not satisfy the same.  
 Enticements offer'd I despise,  
 And, deni'd, I slightly prize.  
 I would neither glut my mind,  
 Nor yet too much torment find.  
 Twice-girt Diana doth not take me,  
 Nor Venus naked joyful make me.  
 The first no pleasure hath to joy me,  
 And the last enough to cloy me.  
 But a crafty wench I'd have,  
 That can sell the act I crave.  
 And join at once in me these two—  
 I will, and yet I will not do.

---

*On the Death of a Nightingale.*

GO, solitary wood, and henceforth be  
 Acquainted with no other harmony  
 Than the pies' chattering, or the shrieking note  
 Of boding owls and fatal raven's throat.  
 Thy sweetest chanter's dead, that warbled forth  
 Lays that might tempests calm, and still the north.

---

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps in the copy of Ausonius used by Randolph this epigram may have been so numbered, but in an edition of Amstel, 1671, 8<sup>vo</sup>, p. 31, now before me, it stands the thirty-ninth in order. It begins—

*"Hanc volo, quæ non tollit illam, quæ tollit, ego nolo."*

Randolph's version is, as usual, paraphrastic

And call down angels from their glorious sphere  
 To hear her songs, and learn new anthems there.  
 That soul is fled, and to Elysium gone ;  
 Thou a poor desert left. Go, then, and run ;  
 Beg there to stand a grove, and if she please  
 To sing again beneath thy shadowy trees,  
 The souls of happy lovers crown'd with blisses  
 Shall flock about thee, and keep time with kisses.

---

*In filium Manlii insepultum.*<sup>1</sup>

I N terrâ condi vetuit Pater improbus, at Te  
 In tumulo patitur nobiliore tegi.  
 Pars canis est tumuli , tumuli pars altera tigris ,  
 Altera pars lupus est, et leo forsan erit.  
 Marmoreos Regum tumulos contemne sepulchra  
 Sunt alius tantùm mortua, viva tibi.

---

*Upon the Report of the King of  
 Sweden's Death.*<sup>2</sup>

I 'LL not believe't , if fate should be so cross,  
 Nature would not be silent of her loss.  
 Can he be dead, and no portents appear,  
 No pale eclipse of the sun, to let us fear  
 What we should suffer, and before his light  
 Put out the world enveloped in night ?  
 What thund'ring torrents the flush'd welkin tare,  
 What apparition kill'd him in the air '

---

<sup>1</sup> Gustavus Adolphus, slain at the battle of Lutzen, or Lippstadt, November 16, 1632.

When Cæsar died, there were convulsion fits,  
And Nature seem'd to run out of her wits.  
At that sad object Tiber's bosom swell'd,  
And scarce from drowning all by Jove withheld ;  
And shall we give this mighty conqueror,  
That, in a great and a more holy war,  
Was pulling down the empire which he rear'd,  
A fall unmourn'd of Nature, and unfear'd ?  
A death (unless the league of heav'n withstood)  
Less wept than with an universal flood ?  
If I had seen a comet in the air  
With glorious eye and bright dishevell'd hair,  
And on a sudden with his gilded train  
Drop down, I should have said that Sweden's slain,  
Shot like that star Or if the earth had shook  
Like a weak floor, the falling roof had broke,  
I should have said, the mighty king is gone !  
Fell'd as the tallest tree in Lebanon.  
Alas ! if he were dead, we need no post,  
Very instinct would tell us what we lost  
And a chill damp (as at the general doom)  
Creep through each breast, and we should know for  
whom,  
His German conquests are not yet complete,  
And when they are, there's more remaining yet.  
The world is full of sin ; not every land  
O'ergrown with schism hath felt his purging hand.  
The Pope is not confounded, and the Turk ;  
Nor was he, sure, design'd for a less work.  
But if our sins have stopp'd him in the source,  
In midst career of his victorious course .  
And heaven would trust the dulness of our sense  
So far, not to prepare us with portents,  
'Tis we that have the loss, and he hath caught  
His heav'nly garland ere his work be wrought.  
But I, before I'll undertake to grieve  
So great a loss, will choose not to believe.



*On Sir Robert Cotton, the Antiquary.<sup>1</sup>*

POSTERITY hath many fates bemoan'd,  
But ages long since past for thee have groan'd.  
Time's trophies thou didst rescue from the grave,  
Who in thy death a second burial have.  
Cotton, death's conquest now complete I see,  
Who ne'er had vanquish'd all things but in thee.

---

*An Elegy.*

HEAV'N knows my love to thee, fed on desires  
So hallowed, and unmix'd with vulgar fires,  
As are the purest beams shot from the sun  
At his full height, and the devotion  
Of dying martyrs could not burn more clear,  
Nor innocence in her first robes appear  
Whiter than our affections, they did show  
(Like frost forc'd out of flames, and fire from snow)  
So pure, the Phoenix, when she did refine  
Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine.  
But now my day's o'ercast, for I have now  
Drawn anger like a tempest o'er the brow  
Of my fair mistress, those your glorious eyes,  
Whence I was wont to see my day-star rise,  
Threat like revengeful meteors, and I feel  
My torment and my guilt double my hell  
'Twas a mistake, and might have venial been,  
Done to another; but it was made sin,

---

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Cotton died in May 1631, partly owing, it has been supposed, to worry and annoyance occasioned by the sequestration of his library.

And justly mortal, too, by troubling thee.  
 Slight wrongs are treasons done to majesty.  
 O all ye blest ghosts of deceased loves,  
 That now live sainted in the Elysian groves,  
 Mediate for mercy for me ! at her shrine  
 Meet in full quire, and join your prayers with mine.  
 Conjure her by the merits of your kisses,  
 By your past sufferings and present blisses ,  
 Conjure her by your mutual hopes and fears,  
 By all your intermixed sighs and tears,  
 To plead my pardon Go to her, and tell  
 That you will walk the guardian sentinel,  
 My soul's safe genii, that she need not fear  
 A mutinous thought or one close rebel there  
 But what needs that, when she alone sits there  
 Sole angel of that orb ? In her own sphere  
 Alone she sits, and can secure it free  
 From all irregular motions ; only she  
 Can give the balsam that must cure this sore,  
 And the sweet antidote to sin no more.

---

*Η' Ἐυφρονος ἡ ποίησις ἡ μανικοῦ.—Arist.*

FROM witty men and mad  
 All poetry conception had.

No sires but these will poetry admit—  
 Madness or wit.

This definition poetry doth fit :  
 It is a witty madness or mad wit !

Only these two poetic heat admits :  
 A witty man, or one that's out of's wits.

*Ad Amicum Litigantem.*

WOULD you commence a poet, sir, and be  
 A graduate in the threadbare mystery?  
 The Ox's ford will no man thither bring,  
 Where the horse-hoof rais'd the Pegasian spring;  
 Nor will the bridge, through which low Cham doth  
 run,

Direct you to the banks of Helicon.  
 If in that art you mean to take degrees,  
 Bedlam's the best of universities.  
 There study it, and when you would no more  
 A poet be, go drink some hellebore.  
 Which drug when I had tasted, soon I left  
 The bare Parnassus and the barren cleft,  
 And can no more one of their nation be,  
 Because recover'd of my lunacy  
 But you may then succeed me in my place  
 Of poet, no pretence to make your grace  
 Denied you, for you go to law, 'tis said,  
 And then 'tis ta'en for granted you are mad.

Felicem Anticyram ' nullo ibi credo poetas  
 Insanos tumido corde fovere modos.  
 Hanc fama est tantum sanos admittere cives.  
 Exulat hinc vester (turba molesta) furor '  
 Nullus in hac Elegis, nullus jugulatur Iambis,  
 Incola non Satyram, non Epigramma timet  
 Nullus in hac teneras recitator verberat aures,  
 Non hic judicium, non petit ille tuum.  
 Non hic te Chloris, non hic laudata fatigat  
 Coelia, nulla tuam mordet hirudo cutem  
 Putida nec medias dirumpunt carmina mensas,  
 Mucida nec quisquam vina legendo facit.  
 Nusquam aliquis, terræ securior errat, ob unum hoc  
 Grates Helleboro quin agit ille suo.

*In Corydonem et Corinnam.*

AH! miser, et nullo foelix in amore! Corinnam,  
 Cum rogat illa, negas; cum negat illa, rogas.  
 Ambos urit Amor, quid ut felicius? ambos  
 Tempore non uno sed tamen urit amor.  
 Cum flagras Corydon, frigescit fibra Corinnæ;  
 Cum tua frigescit fibra, Corinna calet.  
 Cur æstas Corydonis hyemis sit facta Corinnæ?  
 Quidve Corinnæ æstas sit Corydonis hyems?  
 Unde ignis glaciem? glacies unde efficit ignem?  
 Desine crudeles, sæve Cupido, jocos!  
 Desine! sed nec te Corydonis tollere flammæ,  
 Tollere nec castas virginis, oro, nives.  
 Ure duos, extingue duos et pectus utrumque  
 Aut calor, aut teneat pectus utrumque gelu.

*Paraphrased.*

AH, wretch! in thy Corinna's love unblest!  
 How strange a fancy doth torment thy breast!  
 When she desires to sport, thou sayest her nay,  
 When she denies, then thou desir'st to play.  
 Love burns you both (O, 'tis a happy turn!)  
 But 'tis at several times love doth both burn.  
 When scorching heat hath Corydon's heart possest,  
 Then reigns a frost in cold Corinna's breast,  
 And when a frost in Corydon doth reign,  
 Then is Corinna's breast on fire again.  
 Why then with Corydon is it summer prime,  
 When with Corinna it is winter-time?  
 Or why should then Corinna's summer be  
 When it is winter, Corydon, with thee?  
 Can ice from fire, or fire from ice proceed?  
 Ah! jest not, love, in so severe a deed!

I bid thee not Corydon's flame to blow  
 Clean out, nor clean to melt Corinna's snow.  
 Burn both ! freeze both ! let mutual fervour hold  
 His and her breast, or his and hers a cold.

---

*Ad Bassum.*

NOSTRI (Basse) solent pretio conducere stultos  
 Quos in deliciis aulicus omnis habet  
 At si quis cuperet sapientem vendere præco,  
 Rarus erit minimo qui velit asse virum.  
 Usque adeò nocet ingenium, tantoque putatur  
 Quo minus est cerebri, charius esse caput.  
 Unde tot ignaræ veneres ? cur stultus amatur !  
 Hei mihi ! cur tanti non sapuisse fuit ?  
 Hæc ratio est, paribus gaudet Venus atque Cupido .  
 Et nunquam similes non sibi jungit Amor.

---

*To one admiring Herself in a Looking-glass.<sup>1</sup>*

FAIR lady, when you see the grace  
 Of beauty in your looking-glass  
 A stately forehead, smooth and high,  
 And full of princely majesty :  
 A sparkling eye, no gem so fair,  
 Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star .  
 A glorious cheek divinely sweet,  
 Wherein both roses kindly meet .  
 A cherry lip that would entice  
 Even gods to kiss at any price .

---

<sup>1</sup> A copy of this is in Addit. MS. 11,811, fol. 15.

You think no beauty is so rare  
 That with your shadow might compare ;  
 That your reflection is alone  
 The thing that men most dote upon  
 Madam, alas ! your glass doth lie,  
 And you are much deceiv'd ; for I  
 A beauty know of richer grace  
 (Sweet, be not angry)—'tis your face.  
 Hence then, O, learn more mild to be,  
 And leave to lay your blame on me ,  
 If me your real substance move,  
 When you so much your shadow love,  
 Wise Nature would not let your eye  
 Look on her own bright majesty,  
 Which had you once but gaz'd upon.  
 You could, except yourself, love none  
 What then you cannot love, let me —  
 That face I can—you cannot, see  
 Now you have what to love, you'll say,  
 What then is left for me, I pray ?  
 My face, sweetheart, if it please thee—  
 That which you can—I cannot, see  
 So either love shall gain his due.  
 Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

*An Eclogue occasioned by Two Doctors  
 disputing upon Predestination.<sup>1</sup>*

*Corydon.*

HO ! jolly Thyrsis, whither in such haste ?  
 Is't for a wager that you run so fast ?

---

<sup>1</sup> It is tolerably clear, from the Eclogue which succeeds, that Tityrus in this interlocution is intended for Jonson. But in Harl MS. 3357, fol. 88 *r seq.*, is a different copy of this poem, which appears to have been made (with the rest of the MS.) by Ralph

Or past your hour below yon hawthorn-tree  
Does longing Galatea look for thee ?

*Thyrsis.*

No, Corydon, I heard young Daphnis say  
Alexis challenged Tityrus to-day  
Who best shall sing of shepherd's art and  
praise—  
But hark ! I hear 'em · listen to their lays.

*Tityrus*

Alexis a-reed,<sup>1</sup> what means this mystic thing ?—  
An ewe I had two lambs at once did bring,  
Th' one black as jet, the other white as snow ,  
Say in just providence how it could be so ?

*Alexis.*

Will you Pan's goodness therefore partial call,  
That might as well have given thee none at all ?

*Tityrus.*

Were they not both ean'd by the selfsame ewe ?  
How could they merit then so different hue ?  
Poor lamb, alas ! and couldst thou (yet unborn)  
Sin to deserve the guilt of such a scorn !  
Thou hadst not yet foul'd a religious spring,  
Nor fed on plots of hollowed<sup>2</sup> grass, to bring

Crane in 1633 The names of the interlocutors vary, there are a few superior readings, and in one or two places an alteration is made in the distribution of the speeches. In the Harl MS it is entitled "A Divine Pastoral I cloque," and the speakers are Thyrsis, Corydon, *Thynot*, and *Colin Clout* the latter two, in fact, occupying the places of *Tityrus* and *Alexis*

<sup>1</sup> Printed copies, *read*. To *a-reed* = judge, decide.

<sup>2</sup> A not unusual form of *hollowed*.

Stains to thy fleece ; nor brows'd upon a tree  
Sacred to Pan or Pales' deity.  
The gods are ignorant, if they not foreknow,  
And (knowing) 'tis unjust to use thee so.

*Alexis.*

Tityr, with me contend, or Corydon ;  
But let the gods, and their high wills alone :  
For in our flocks that freedom challenge we  
This kid is sacrific'd, and that goes free.

*Tityrus.*

Feed where you will, my lambs , what boots it us  
To watch and water, fold and drive you thus ?  
This on the barren mountains flesh can glean ,  
That, fed in flow'ry pastures, will be lean.

*Alexis*

Plough, sow, and compass nothing boots at all,  
Unless the dew upon the tilths do fall.  
So labour, silly shepherds, what we can .  
All's vain, unless a blessing drop from Pan.

*Tityrus*

Ill thrive thy ewes, if thou these lies maintain !

*Alexis.*

And may thy goats miscarry, saucy swain !

*Thyrsis.*

Fie, shepherds, fie ! while you these strifes begin,  
Here creeps the wolf, and there the fox gets in.  
To your vain piping on so deep a reed  
The lambkins listen, but forget to feed.  
It gentle swains befits of love to sing,  
How love left heaven and heaven's immortal King,



His co-eternal Father. O, admire,  
 Love is a son as ancient as his sire.  
 His mother was a virgin : how could come  
 A birth so great, and from so chaste a womb ?  
 His cradle was a manger ; shepherds see  
 True faith delights in poor simplicity.  
 He press'd no grapes, nor prun'd the fruitful vine,  
 But could of water make a brisker wine  
 Nor did he plough the earth, and to his barn  
 The harvest bring, nor thresh and grind the corn.  
 Without all these love could supply our need,  
 And with five loaves five thousand hungers feed  
 More wonders did he, for all which suppose  
 How he was crown'd, with lily or with rose ?  
 The winding ivy, or the glorious bay,  
 Or myrtle, with the which Venus (they say)  
 Girts her proud temples ? Shepherds, none of them  
 But wore (poor head) a thorny diadem.  
 Feet to the lame he gave, with which they run  
 To work their surgeon's last destruction.  
 The blind from him had eyes, but us'd that light,  
 Like basilisks, to kill him with their sight.  
 Lastly, he was betray'd—O, sing of this—  
 How love could be betray'd ! 'twas with a kiss  
 And then his innocent hands and guiltless feet  
 Were nail'd unto the cross, striving to meet  
 In his spread arms his spouse, so mild in show  
 He seem'd to court th' embraces of his foe  
 Through his pierc'd side, through which a spear  
 was sent.

A torrent of all-flowing balsam went.  
 Run, Amaryllis, run ! one drop from thence  
 Cures thy sad soul, and drives all anguish hence  
 Go, sunburnt Thestylis, go, and repair  
 Thy beauty lost, and be again made fair,  
 Love-sick Amyntas, get a phyltrum here,  
 To make thee lovely to thy truly dear.

But, coy Licoris, take the pearl from thine,  
 And take the bloodshot from Alexis' eyne.  
 Wear this, an amulet 'gainst all Syrens' smiles,  
 The stings of snakes, and tears of crocodiles,  
 Now love is dead. O no, he never dies ;  
 Three days he sleeps, and then again doth rise  
 (Like fair Aurora from the Eastern bay),  
 And with his beams drives all our clouds away.  
 This pipe unto our flocks, this sonnet get—  
 But O, I see the sun ready to set.  
 Good night to all, for the great night is come ;  
 Flocks, to your folds, and shepherds, hie you home :  
 To-morrow morning, when we all have slept,  
 Pan's cornet's blown, and the great sheep-shear's  
 kept.

---

### *An Eclogue to Master Jonson.<sup>1</sup>*

*Tityrus.*

UNDER this beech why sitt'st thou here so sad,  
 Son Damon, that was erst a jovial lad ?  
 These groves were wont to echo with the sound  
 Of thy shrill reed, while every nymph danc'd round.  
 Rouse up thy soul, Parnassus Mount stands high,  
 And must be climb'd with painful industry.

*Damon.*

You, father, on his forked top sit still,  
 And see us panting up so steep a hill,  
 But I have broke my reed, and deeply swore  
 Never with wax, never to joint it more.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Tityrus of this Eclogue appears to be Jonson, Damon, Randolph himself.

*Tityrus.*

Fond boy, 'twas rashly done : I meant to thee  
Of all the sons I have, by legacy  
To have bequeath'd my pipe. Thee, thee of all  
I meant it should her second master call.

*Damon*

And do you think I durst presume to play  
Where Tityrus had worn his lip away ?  
Live long thyself to tune it, 'tis from thee,  
It has not from itself such harmony.  
But if we ever such disaster have  
As to compose our Tityrus in his grave ;  
Yonder, upon yon aged oak, that now  
Old trophies bears on every sacred bough,  
We'll hang it up a relic, we will do it,  
And learned swains shall pay devotion to it.

*Tityrus*

Can'st thou farewell unto the Muses bid ?  
Then bees shall loathe the thyme, the new-wean'd kid  
Browse on the buds no more, the teeming ewes  
Henceforth the tender fallows shall refuse.

*Damon.*

I by those ladies now do nothing set ;  
Let 'em for me some other servant get.  
They shall no more be mistresses of mine,  
No, though my pipe had hope to equal thine—  
Thine, which the floods have stopp'd their course to  
hear ;  
To which the spotted lynx hath lent an ear.  
Which while the several echoes would repeat,  
The music has been sweet, the art so great  
That Pan himself, amaz'd at thy deep airs,

Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy cares.  
Of all the gods, Pan doth the pipe respect :  
The rest unlearned pleasures more affect.  
Pan can distinguish what thy raptures be  
From Bavius' loose, lascivious minstrelsy,  
Or Mævius' windy bagpipe—Mævius, he  
Whose wit is but a tavern timpany.  
If ever I flock of my own do feed,  
My fattest lambs shall on his altar bleed.

*Tityrus.*

Two altars I will build him, and each year  
Will sacrifice two well-fed bullocks there ·  
Two that have horns, that, while they butting stand,  
Strike from their feet a cloud of numerous sand.  
But what can make thee leave the Muses, man,  
That such a patron hast as mighty Pan?  
Whence is this fury? Did the partial ear  
Of the rude vulgar, when they late did hear  
Egon and thee contend which best should play,  
Him victor deem, and give thy kid away?  
Does Amaryllis cause this high despair?  
Or Galatea's coyness breed thy care?

*Damon.*

Neither of these . the vulgar I condemn.  
Thy pipe not always, Tityrus, wins with them :  
And as for love, in sooth I do not know  
Whether he wears a bow and shafts, or no.  
Or did I, I a way could quickly find  
To win the beauteous Galatea's mind,  
Or Amaryllis. I to both could send  
Apples that with Hesperian fruit contend ·  
And on occasion could have quickly guess'd  
Where two fair ringdoves built their amorous nest.

*Titurus.*

If none of these, my Damon, then a-reed,  
What other cause can so much passion breed ?

*Damon.*

Father, I will ; in those indulgent ears  
I dare unload the burden of my fears.  
The reapers, that with whetted sickles stand,  
Gathering the falling ears i' th' other hand,  
Though they endure the scorching summer's heat,  
Have yet some wages to allay their sweat ;  
The lopper that doth fell the sturdy oak,  
Labours, yet has good pay for every stroke ;  
The ploughman is rewarded . only we  
That sing are paid with our own melody.  
Rich churls have learnt to praise us, and admire,  
But have not learn't to think us worth the hire.  
So toiling ants, perchance, delight to hear  
The summer music of the grasshopper,<sup>1</sup>  
But after rather let him starve with pain,  
Than spare him from their store one single grain  
As when great Juno's beauteous bird displays  
Her starry tail, the boys do run and gaze  
At her proud train ; so look they nowadays  
On poets, and do think, if they but praise  
Or pardon what we sing, enough they do :  
Ay, and 'tis well if they do so much, too.  
My rage is swell'd so high I cannot speak it,  
Had I Pan's pipe, or thine, I now should break it !

*Titurus.*

Let moles delight in earth, swine dunghills rake,  
Crows prey on carrion, frogs a pleasure take

---

<sup>1</sup> *ie.*, The cicada. Compare Lovelace, edit. Hazlitt, p. 95.

In slimy pools, and niggards wealth admire ;  
But we, whose souls are made of purer fire,  
Have other aims. Who songs for gain hath made,  
Has of a liberal science framed a trade.  
Hark how the nightingale in yonder tree,  
Hid in the boughs, warbles melodiously  
Her various music forth, while the whole quire  
Of other birds flock round, and all admire !  
But who rewards her ? will the ravenous kite  
Part with her prey to pay for her delight.  
Or will the foolish, painted, prattling jay  
(Now turn'd a hearer) to requite her play  
Lend her a straw ? or any of the rest  
Fetch her a feather when she builds her nest ?  
Yet sings she ne'er the less, till every den  
Do catch at her last notes. And shall I then  
His fortunes, Damon, 'bove my own commend,  
Who can more cheese into the market send ?  
Clowns for posterity may cark and care,  
That cannot outlive death but in an heir !  
By more than wealth we propagate our names,  
That trust not to successions, but our fames.  
Let hidebound churls yoke the laborious ox,  
Milk hundred goats, and shear a thousand flocks,  
Plant gainful orchards, and in silver shine,  
Thou of all fruits shouldst only prune the vine,  
Whose fruit, being tasted, might erect thy brain  
To teach some ravishing, high, and lofty strain ;  
The double birth of Bacchus to express,  
First in the grape, the second in the press.  
And therefore tell me, boy, what is't can move  
Thy mind, once fixed on the Muses' love ?

*Damon.*

When I contented liv'd by Cham's fair streams,<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> This is the passage referred to in the "Account of Randolph."

Without desire to see the prouder Thames,  
I had no flock to care for, but could sit  
Under a willow covert, and repeat  
Those deep and learned lays, on every part  
Grounded on judgment, subtlety, and art,  
That the great tutor to the greatest king,  
The shepherd of Stagira us'd to sing—  
The shepherd of Stagira, that unfolds  
All Nature's closet, shows whate'er it holds :  
The matter, form, sense, motion, place, and measure  
Of everything contain'd in her vast treasure.  
How elements do change ; what is the cause  
Of generation ; what the rule and laws  
The orbs do move by ; censures every star ;  
Why this is fix'd and that irregular ;  
Knows all the heavens, as if he had been there,  
And help'd each angel turn about her sphere.  
The thirsty pilgrim travelling by land,  
When the fierce Dog-star doth the day command,  
Half-chok'd with dust, parch'd with the soultry heat,  
Tir'd with his journey, and o'ercome with sweat,  
Finding a gentle spring at her cool brink,  
Doth not with more delight sit down and drink,  
Than I record his songs : we see a cloud,  
And fearing to be wet, do run and shroud  
Under a bush, when he would sit and tell  
The cause that made her mystic womb to swell ;  
Why it sometimes in drops of rain doth flow,  
Sometimes dissolves herself in flakes of snow.  
Nor gaz'd he at a comet, but would frame  
A reason why it wore a beard of flame.  
Ah, Tityrus ! I would with all my heart,  
Even with the best of my carv'd mazers <sup>1</sup> part  
To hear him, as he us'd divinely show  
What 'tis that paints the divers-colour'd bow :

---

<sup>1</sup> Bowls.

Whence thunders are discharg'd, whence the winds  
 stray,  
 What foot through heaven hath worn the Milky Way.  
 And yet I let this true delight alone,  
 Call'd thence to keep the flock of Corydon.  
 Ah ! woe is me, another's flock to keep !  
 The care is mine ; the master shears the sheep !  
 A flock it was that would not keep together ;  
 A flock that had no fleece when it came hither.  
 Nor would it learn to listen to my lays,  
 For 'twas a flock made up of several strays.  
 And now I would return to Cham, I hear  
 A desolation frights the Muses there.  
 With rustic swains I mean to spend my time ;  
 Teach me there, father, to preserve my rhyme.

*Tityrus.*

To-morrow morning I will counsel thee,  
 Meet me at Faunus' beech ; for now you see  
 How larger shadows from the mountains fall,  
 And Corydon doth *Damon*, *Damon* call.

*Damon.*

'Tis time my flock were in the fold,  
 More than high time. Did you not erst behold  
 How Hesperus above yon clouds appear'd,  
 Hesperus leading forth his beauteous herd ?

*A Pastoral Courtship.*

**B**EHOLD these woods, and mark, my sweet,  
 How all the boughs together meet ?

<sup>1</sup> This well-written, though somewhat warm, production is found in Mr Huth's Berkeley MS 1640, with which text the present has been collated. The printed version is on the whole preferable, and more correct.



The cedar his fair arms displays,  
And mixes branches with the bays !  
The lofty pine deigns to descend,  
And sturdy oaks do gently bend.  
One with another subtly weaves  
Into one loom their various leaves,  
As all ambitious were to be  
Mine and my Phyllis' canopy.  
Let's enter and discourse our loves ;  
These are, my dear, no tell-tale groves !  
There dwell no pies nor parrots there,  
To prate again the words they hear,  
Nor babbling echo, that will tell  
The neighbouring hills one syllable.  
Being enter'd, let's together lie,  
Twin'd like the zodiac's Gemini !  
How soon the flowers do sweeter smell,  
And all with emulation swell  
To be thy pillow ! These for thee  
Were meant a bed, and thou for me,  
And I may with as just esteem  
Press thee, as thou mayst lie on them.  
And why so coy ? What dost thou fear ?  
There lurks no speckled serpent here.  
No venomous snake makes this his road,  
No canker, nor the loathsome toad.  
And yon poor spider on the tree  
Thy spinster will, no[t] poisoner be,  
There is no frog to leap, and fright  
Thee from my arms, and break delight ;  
Nor snail that o'er thy coat shall trace,  
And leave behind a slimy lace.  
This is the hallowed shrine of love ;  
No wasp nor hornet haunts this grove,  
Nor pismire to make pimples rise  
Upon thy smooth and ivory thighs.  
No danger in these shades doth lie,  
Nothing that wears a sting but I ;

And in it doth no venom dwell,  
Although perchance it make thee swell.  
Being set, let's sport awhile, my fair,  
I will tie love-knots in thy hair.  
See, Zephyrus through the leaves doth stray,  
And has free liberty to play,  
And braid thy locks ; and shall I find  
Less favour than a saucy wind ?  
Now let me sit, and fix mine eyes  
On thee, that art my paradise.  
Thou art my all ; my spring remains  
In the fair violets of thy veins ;  
And that you are my summer's day,  
Ripe cherries in thy lips display.  
And when for autumn I would seek,  
'Tis in the apples of thy cheek.  
But that which only moves my smart,  
Is to see winter in thy heart.  
Strange, when at once in one appear  
All the four seasons of the year !  
I'll clasp that neck, where should be set  
A rich and orient carcanet.  
But swains are poor ; admit of, then,  
More natural chains—the arms of men.  
Come, let me touch those breasts, that swell  
Like two fair mountains, and may well  
Be styl'd the Alps, but that I swear  
The snow has less of whiteness there.  
But stay (my love), a fault I spy :  
Why are those two fair mountains dry ?  
Which if they run, no Muse would please  
To taste of any spring but these.  
And Ganymede employ'd should be  
To fetch his Jove nectar from thee.  
Thou shalt be nurse, fair Venus swears  
To the next Cupid that she bears.  
Were it not then discreetly done  
To ope one spring to let two run ?

Fie, fie ! this belly, beauty's mint,  
Blushes to see no coin stamp'd in't.  
Employ it, then ; for, though it be  
Our wealth, it is your royalty ;  
And beauty will have current grace  
That bears the image of your face.  
How to the touch the ivory thighs  
Vail gently, and again do rise,  
As pliable to impression  
As virgin wax, or Parian stone  
Dissolv'd to softness , plump and full,  
More white and soft than Cotsall wool,  
Or cotton from the Indian tree,  
Or pretty silkworm's huswifery.  
These, on two marble pillars rais'd,  
Make me in doubt which should be prais'd,  
They or their columns, most : but when  
I view those feet, which I have seen  
So nimbly trip it o'er the lawns,  
That all the satyrs and the fawns  
Have stood amaz'd, when they would pass  
Over the lees, and not a grass  
Would feel the weight , nor rush, nor bent  
Drooping betray which way you went.  
O, then I felt my hot desires  
Burn more, and flame with double fires.  
Come, let those thighs, those legs, those feet  
With mine in thousand windings meet.  
Woven into more subtle twines  
Than woodbine, ivy, or the vines.  
For when love sees us circling thus,  
He'll like no harbour more than us.  
Now let us kiss. Would you be gone ?  
Manners at least allows me one.  
Blush you at this ? pretty one, stay,  
And I will take that kiss away.  
Thus with a second, and that too  
A third wipes off ; so will we go

To numbers that the stars outrun,  
 And all the atoms in the sun.  
 For though we kiss till Phœbus' ray  
 Sink in the sea, and kissing stay,  
 Till his bright beams return again,  
 There can of all but one remain :  
 And if for one good manners call,  
 In one, good manners, grant me all.  
 Are kisses all : they but forerun  
 Another duty to be done.  
 What would you of that minstrel say  
 That tunes his pipes and will not play.  
 Say, what are blossoms in their prime,  
 That ripen not in harvest-time ?  
 Or what are buds, that ne'er disclose  
 The long'd-for sweetness of the rose ?  
 So kisses to a lover's guest  
 Are invitations, not the feast.  
 See everything that we espy  
 Is fruitful, saving you and I :  
 View all the fields, survey the bowers,  
 The buds, the blossoms, and the flowers,  
 And say if they so rich could be  
 In barren, poor virginity.  
 Earth's not so coy as you are now,  
 But willingly admits the plough.  
 For how had man or beast been fed,  
 If she had kept her maidenhead ?  
 Cœlia, once coy as are the rest,  
 Hugs now a babe on either breast,  
 And Chloris, since a man she took,  
 Has less of greenness in her look.  
 Our ewes have ean'd, and every dam  
 Gives suck unto her tender lamb.  
 As by these groves we walked along,  
 Some birds were feeding of their young.  
 Some on their eggs did brooding sit,  
 Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet.

Those that were slower than the rest  
Were busy building of the nest ;  
You only will not pay the fine  
You vow'd and owe to Valentine.  
As you were angling in the brook  
With silken line and silver hook,  
Through crystal streams you might descry  
How vast and numberless a fry  
The fish had spawn'd, that all along  
The banks were crowded with the throng.  
And shall fair Venus more command  
By water than she does by land ?  
The Phoenix chaste, yet when she dies,  
Herself with her own ashes lies.  
But let thy love more wisely thrive,  
And do the act while th' art alive.  
'Tis time we left our childish love,  
That trades for toys, and now approve  
Our abler skill ; they are not wise  
Look babies only in the eyes.  
That smoth'red smile show'd what you meant,  
And modest silence gives consent.  
That which we now prepare, will be  
Best done in silent secrecy.  
Come, do not weep, what is't you fear ?  
Lest some should know what we do here.  
See, not a flow'r you press'd is dead,  
But re-erects his bended head ,  
That whosoe'er shall pass this way  
Knows not by these where Phyllis lay.  
And in your forehead there is none  
Can read the act that we have done.

*Phyllis.*

Poor credulous and simple maid,  
By what strange wiles art thou betrayed !

A treasure thou hast lost to-day  
 For which thou canst no ransom pay,  
 How black am I transform'd with sin !  
 How strange a guilt gnaws me within ?  
 Grief will convert this red to pale ,  
 When every wake and Whitsun-ale  
 Shall talk my shame ! break, break, sad heart !  
 There is no medicine for my smart,  
 No herb nor balm can cure my sorrow—  
 Unless we <sup>1</sup> meet again to-morrow.

---

*Upon a very deformed Gentlewoman,  
 but of a Voice incomparably sweet.<sup>2</sup>*

I CHANC'D sweet Lesbia's voice to hear :  
 O, that the pleasure of the ear  
 Contented had the appetite ;  
 But I must satisfy the sight ,  
 Where such a face I chanc'd to see,  
 From which, good Lord, deliver me !  
 Is't not profane, if I should tell  
 I thought her one of those that fell  
 With Lucifer's apostate train  
 Yet did her angel's voice retain ?  
 A cherubin her notes descri'd :  
 A devil everywhere beside.  
 Ask the dark woods, and they'll confess  
 None did such harmony express  
 In all their bow'rs from May to June,  
 Yet ne'er was face so out of tune.  
 Her virginal-teeth false time did keep,  
 Her wrinkled forehead went too deep

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *you*

<sup>2</sup> Mr Huth's Kingsborough-Haslewood MS., fol. 126.

Lower than gammut sunk her eyes,  
'Bove Ela though her nose did rise.  
I'll trust musicians now, that tell  
Best music doth in discords dwell.  
Her airs entic'd the gentle quire  
Of birds to come, who all admire,  
And would with pleasure longer stay,  
But that her looks frights them away.  
Which for a good Priapus goes,  
And well may serve to scare the crows.  
Her voice might tempt th' immortal race ;  
But let her only show her face,  
And soon she might extinguish thus  
The lusting of an incubus.  
So have I seen a lute o'erworn,  
Old and rotten, patch'd and torn,  
So ravish with a sound, and bring  
A close so sweet to every string,  
As would strike wonder in our ears,  
And work an envy in the spheres.  
Say, monster strange, what may'st thou be ?  
Whence shall I fetch thy pedigree ?  
What but a panther could beget  
A beast so foul, a breath so sweet ?  
Or thou of Syren's issue art,  
If they be fish the upper part.  
Or else blind Homer was not mad  
Then, when he sung Ulysses had  
So strange a gift from Aeolus,  
Who odour-breathing Zephyrus  
In several bottles did enclose ;  
For (certain) thou art one of those.  
Thy looks, where other women place  
Their chiefest pride, is thy disgrace :  
The tongue, a part which us'd to be  
Worst in thy sex, is best in thee,  
Were I but now to choose my dear,  
Not by my eye, but by my ear,

Here would I dote ; how shall I woo  
Thy voice, and not thy body too ?  
Then all the brood I get of thee,  
Would nightingales and cygnets be :  
Cygnets betimes their throats to try,  
Born with more music than they die.  
Say, Lesbia, say, what god will bless  
Our loves with so much happiness ?  
Some women are all tongue , but O !  
Why art not thou, my Lesbia, so ?  
Thy looks do speak thee witch , one spell  
To make thee but invisible,  
Or die ' resign thyself to death,  
And I will catch thy latest breath ;  
But that the nose will scarce ( I fear )  
Find it so sweet as did the ear.  
Or if thou wouldst not have me coy,  
As was the self-enamour'd boy,  
Turn only voice, an echo prove—  
Here, here, by heav'n, I'll fix my love,  
If not, you gods, to ease my mind,  
Or make her dumb, or strike me blind ;  
For grief and anger in me rise,  
Whilst she hath tongue, or I have eyes.

---

### *The Milkmaid's Epithalamium.*

J OY to the bridegroom and the bride,  
That lie by one another's side !  
O, fie upon the virgin-beds,  
No loss is gain but maidenheads.  
Love, quickly send the time may be,  
When I shall deal my rosemary !



I long to simper at a feast,  
To dance and kiss, and do the rest.  
When I shall wed, and bedded be,  
O, then the qualm comes over me,  
And tells the sweetness of a theme  
That I ne'er knew but in a dream.

You ladies have the blessed nights,  
I pine in hope of such delights :  
And (silly damsel) only can  
Milk the cow's teats, and think on man,  
And sigh and wish to taste and prove  
The wholesome sillibub of love.

Make haste at once : twin-brothers bear ;  
And leave new matter for a star.  
Women and ships are never shown  
So fair, as when their sails are blown.  
Then when the midwife hears your moan,  
I'll sigh for grief that I have none

And you, dear knight, whose every kiss  
Reaps the full crop of Cupid's bliss,  
Now you have found, confess and tell  
That single sheets do make up hell.  
And then so charitable be  
To get a man to pity me.

*An Eclogue on the noble Assemblies revived  
on Cotswold Hills by Master Robert  
Dover.<sup>1</sup>*

COLIN. THENOT.

Col. **W**HAT clodpates, Thenot, are our British  
swains !

How lubberlike they loll upon the plains !  
No life, no spirit in 'em ; every clown,  
Soon as he lays his hook and tarbox down,  
That ought to take his reed, and chant his lays,  
Or nimbly run the winding of the maze,  
Now gets a bush to room himself, and sleep .  
'Tis hard to know the shepherd from the sheep.  
And yet (methinks) our English pastures be  
As flowery as the lawns of Arcady,  
Our virgins blithe as theirs ; nor can proud Greece  
Boast purer air, nor shear a finer fleece

*The.* Yet view their outside, Colin, you would say,  
They have as much brawn in their necks as they.  
Fair Tempe brags of lusty arms that swell  
With able sinews, and might hurl as well  
The weighty sledge , their legs and thighs of bone,  
Great as Colossus, yet their strength is gone ;  
They look like yonder man of wood, that stands  
To bound the limits of the parish lands.  
Dost thou ken, Colin, what the cause might be  
Of such a dull and general lethargy ?

---

<sup>1</sup> These verses originally appeared in "Annalia Dubrensia. Vpon, the yeerely celebration of Mr Robert Dovers Olympick Games vpon Cotswold Hills," 4<sup>o</sup>, 1636 The Cotswold Games appear to have been originally instituted by Dover in the reign of Elizabeth. See Hunter's "New Illustrations of Shakespeare," 1. 200-1.

Col. Swain, with their sports their souls were ta'en  
 away,<sup>1</sup>  
 Till then they all were active every day,  
 They exercis'd to wield their limbs, that now  
 Are numb'd to everything but flail and plough.  
 Early in May up got the jolly rout,  
 Call'd by the lark, and spread the fields about :  
 One, for to breathe himself, would coursing be  
 From this same beech to yonder mulberry,  
 A second leap'd his supple nerves to try ;  
 A third was practising his melody ;  
 This a new jig was footing, others were  
 Busied at wrestling, or to throw the bar,  
 Ambitious which should bear the bell away,  
 And kiss the nut-brown lady of the May.  
 This stirr'd 'em up ; a jolly swain was he,  
 Whom Peg and Susan after victory  
 Crown'd with a garland they had made, beset  
 With daisies, pinks, and many a violet,  
 Cowslip, and gilliflower Rewards, though small,  
 Encourage virtue, but if none at all  
 Meet her, she languisheth, and dies, as now  
 Where worth's deni'd the honour of a bough.  
 And, Thenot, this the cause I read to be  
 Of such a dull and general lethargy.

*The* Ill thrive the lout that did their mirth gainsay !  
 Wolves haunt his flocks that took those sports  
 away !

Col Some melancholy swains about have gone  
 To teach all zeal their own complexion .  
 Choler they will admit sometimes, I see,  
 But phlegm and sanguine no religions be.  
 These teach that dancing is a Jezebel,  
 And barley-break the ready way to hell ;

---

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the publication of the "Book of Sports" in 1633.

The morrice-idols, Whitsun-ales, can be  
 But profane relics of a jubilee !  
 These, in a zeal t'express how much they do  
 The organs hate, have silenc'd bagpipes, too,  
 And harmless Maypoles, all are rail'd upon,  
 As if they were the towers of Babylon.  
 Some think not fit there should be any sport  
 I' th' country, 'tis a dish proper to th' Court.  
 Mirth not becomes 'em, let the saucy swain  
 Eat beef and bacon, and go sweat again.  
 Besides, what sport can in the pastimes be,  
 When all is but ridiculous foppery ?

*The.* Colin, I once the famous Spain did see,  
 A nation glorious for her gravity,  
 Yet there a hundred knights on warlike steeds  
 Did skirmish out a fight arm'd but with reeds,<sup>1</sup>  
 At which a thousand ladies' eyes did gaze,  
 Yet 'twas no better than our prison-base<sup>2</sup>  
 What is the barriers but a courtly way  
 Of our more downright sport, the cudgel play ?  
 Football with us may be with them baloon,  
 As they at tilt, so we at quintain run  
 And those old pastimes relish best with me  
 That have least art and most simplicity.  
 Colin, they say at Court there is an art  
 To dance a lady's honour from her heart ;

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated "Guego de caña" This amusement is mentioned as one of the entertainments which were prepared at the Court of Pentapolis in honour of the marriage of Apollonius, Prince of Tyre ("I v'lterne of Painfull Adventures," undated edit., sig. E. 2 r. r. v.) "I may not discourse at large of the liberall challenges made and proclaimed at the tilt, barriers, running at the ring, *roco di can*, managing herce horses, running a foote, and daunsing in armour."

<sup>2</sup> Most of these ancient English amusements will be found described in the editor's "Popular Antiquities of Great Britam," 1870, vol. II. *Prison base* is a corruption of *prison bars*.

Such wiles poor shepherds know not ; all their sense  
Is dull to anything but innocence.

The country lass, although her dance be good,  
Stirs not another's galliard in the blood.  
And yet their sports by some controll'd have been,  
Who think there is no mirth but what is sin.

O, might I but their harmless gambols see  
Restor'd unto an ancient liberty,  
Where spotless dalliance traces o'er the plains,  
And harmless nymphs jet it with harmless swains !  
To see an age again of innocent loves  
Twine close as vines, yet kiss as chaste as doves,  
Methinks I could the Thracian lyre have strung,  
Or tun'd my whistle to the Mantuan song.

*Col.* Then tune thy whistle, boy, and string thy lyre.  
That age is come again, thy brave desire  
Pan hath approv'd, dancing shall be this year  
Holy as is the motion of a sphere.

*The.* Colin, with sweeter breath fame never blew  
Her sacred trump, if this good news be true !

*Col.* Know'st thou not Cotswold Hills ?

*The.* Through all the land  
No finer wool runs through the spinster's hand.  
But, silly Colin, ill thou dost divine ;  
Canst thou mistake a bramble for a pine ?  
Or think this bush a cedar ? or suppose  
Yon hamlet, where to sleep each shepherd goes,  
In circuit, buildings, people, power, and name  
Equals the bow string'd by the silver Thame ?  
As well thou may'st their sports with ours compare,  
As the soft wool of lambs with the goat's hair.

*Col.* Last evening, lad, I met a noble swain,  
That spurr'd his sprightly palfrey o'er the plain,  
His head with ribbons crown'd, and deck'd as gay  
As any lass upon her bridal day .  
I thought (what easy faiths we shepherds prove !)  
This, not the bull, had been Europa's love.

I ask'd the cause ; they told me this was he,  
Whom this day's triumph crown'd with victory.  
Many brave steeds there were ; some you should  
find

So fleet as they had been sons of the wind ;  
Others with hoofs so swift beat o'er the race,  
As if some engine shot 'em to the place.  
So many and so well-wing'd steeds there were,  
As all the brood of Pegasus had been there.  
Rider and horse could not distinguish'd be ;  
Both seem'd conjoin'd—a centaur's progeny.  
A numerous troop they were, yet all so light,  
Earth never groan'd, nor felt 'em in their flight,  
Such royal pastimes Cotswold mountains fill,  
When gentle swains visit her glorious hill :  
Where with such packs of hounds they hunting go  
As Cyrus ne'er did wind his bugle to.  
Whose noise is musical, and with full cries  
Beats o'er the fields, and echoes through the skies.  
Orion hearing wish'd to leave his sphere,  
And call his dog from heaven to sport it there.  
Wat,<sup>1</sup> though he fled for life, yet joy'd withal  
So brave a dirge sung forth his funeral.  
Not Syren's sweetlier rill . hares, as they fly,  
Look back, as glad to listen, loth to die.

*The.* No doubt, but from the brave heroic fire  
In the more noble hearts sparks of desire  
May warm the colder boors, and emulous strife  
Give the old mirth and innocence a new life.  
When thoughts of fame their quicken'd souls shall  
fill

At every glance that shows 'em Cotswold Hill.

*Col.* There, shepherd, there the solemn games be  
play'd,  
Such as great Theseus or Alcides made :

---

<sup>1</sup> The hare.

Such as Apollo wishes he had seen,  
And Jove desires had his invention been !  
The Nemean and the Isthmian pastimes still,  
Though dead in Greece, survive on Cotswold Hill.

*The.* O happy hill ! the gentle Graces now  
Shall trip o'er thine, and leave Citheron's brow :  
Parnassus' cliff shall sink below his spring,  
And every Muse shall on thy frontlet sing.  
The goddesses again in strife shall be,  
And from Mount Ida make appeal to thee ;  
Olympus pay thee homage, and in dread  
The aged Alps shall bow his snowy head.  
Flora with all her store thy temples crown,  
Whose height shall reach the stars : gods, looking  
down,

Shall bless the incense that thy flowers exhale,  
And make thee both a mountain and a vale.  
How many ladies on thy top shall meet,  
And press thy tresses with their od'rous feet !  
Whose eyes when wand'ring men see from afar,  
They'll think thee heaven and each of them a star.  
But, gentle Colin, say what god or man  
Fame we for this great work, Daphnis or Pan ?

*Col.* Daphnis is dead, and Pan hath broke his  
reed,

Tell all your flocks 'tis jovial Dover's deed.  
Behold the shepherds in their ribands go,  
And shortly all the nymphs shall wear 'em too .  
Amaz'd to see such glory met together,  
Bless Dover's pipe, whose music call'd 'em hither.  
Sport you, my rams, at sound of Dover's name ;  
Big-bellied ewes, make haste to bring a lamb  
For Dover's fold. Go, maids, and lilies get  
To make him up a glorious coronet.

Swains, keep his holiday, and each man swear  
To saint him in the *Shepherd's Calendar*.

*Ad Medicum.*

**H**EU, quæ me Colchis, magico quæ Thessala cantu,  
 Sic cruciat, miserum, et tantis coquit ilia flammis  
 Aut quæ cera meas torret liquefacta medullas?  
 Mitius in Lybiam Phœbi jubar antra leonis  
 Ingressum furit, et Vulcania mitius Ætna  
 Sæviit, ardentes cineres, multamque favillam  
 In Calabros jaculata sinus. Heu! quis mihi vestes  
 Induit Herculeas? nam sentio virus, et omnes  
 Ebullire meas Nessæo sanguine venas!  
 Mille licet pascas fibrâ crescente volucres,  
 Felicem Titum, multo quem frigore stringit  
 Caucasus! O liceat mihi tecum monte sub illo  
 Æternum tractare gelu, glacieque perenni  
 Demulcere animum, nivibusque extinguere flammis!  
 Aut tecum sitiam, gelidis modò detur in undis  
 Stare, tuisque meum lymphis solarier æstum,  
 Tantale, namque, uror misere miser, æstuat intus  
 Indomitus, totosque ignis depascitur artus  
 Dum gliscit calor, et sævo coquit igne cruorem,  
 Intumet extemplò cutis, exurgitque tumescens  
 Purpurea maculâ, et multo distincta rubore,  
 Non aliter quam de cœlo cum decidit imber,  
 Plurima (vidi etenim) medio natat æquore bulla,  
 Aut quale in nostris (sæpe est videre) culinis,  
 Cum primum verubus stridet caro: Belides, in me,  
 In me perpetuam diffundite, Belides, urnam,  
 Gens est, humanos, quæ dicitur, impia, carnes  
 Condere visceribus, me, me, petat, et voret ore  
 Jam tostum jecur. Heu! fervent mea et omnia  
 membra  
 Apta Thyestæis vivunt convivia mensis  
 At eum flamma satis totos bacchata per artus  
 Lenius ardescens deferbuit, illicò turgens  
 Descendit cutis, et paulò nunc mitius uror.



Tandem omnis calor expirat, videorque repente  
 Taygeti montis, geledive in vallibus Hæmi  
 Ramorum densâ requiescere tectus in umbrâ ;  
 Et tandem revocata suas redit, improba, vires,  
 Flamma, premitque iterum, solitisque caloribus urit.  
 Tunc mihi scintillant oculi, tremulumque videntes  
 Imbelli spectant, acie, bina omnia, bina  
 Conspicor, et binis exurgit mensa lucernis ;  
 Tum videor Stygiis undis, ipsoque Acheronte  
 Immergi, videor flagranti claudier ære,  
 Inque Perillæo mugire incendia Tauro.  
 Sum meus ipse Rogus quæ tantas pabula possunt,  
 Quo valeam tantas nutrire bitumine flammâ ?  
 Si qua est herbarum virtus (quæ maxima certe est)  
 Extinguas plusquam Phæbeos (Phæbe) calores :  
 Extinguas, precor, et cocto mihi redde salutem,  
 Ut semel annosum reparaverat Æsona Colchis :  
 Utque Aries juvenem redit grandævus in Agnum.

---

### *The Song of Orpheus.*

**H**AIL, sacred deserts ! whom kind Nature made  
 Only to shelter with a loving shade  
 The now neglected music, glad to see  
 Lions afford her hospitality,  
 And tigers bid her welcome, with the rest  
 Of savage beasts accept her for a guest,  
 Since men refuse her, and scarce deign an ear  
 To her high notes, or if they please to hear,  
 'Tis all ; amongst my pupils, you may see  
 The birds that learn'd their sweetest lays of me ;  
 Those that chant carols in this thankless age  
 To pleasure men, rewarded with a cage.

*A Mask for Lydia.*

SWEET Lydia, take this mask, and shroud  
Thy face within the silken cloud,  
And veil those powerful skies ;  
For he whose gazing dares so high aspire,  
Makes burning-glasses of his eyes,  
And sets his heart on fire.

Veil, Lydia, veil ; for unto me  
There is no basilisk but thee,  
Thy very looks do kill  
Yet in those looks so fix'd is my delight,  
Poor soul (alas !) I languish still  
In absence of thy sight.

Close up those eyes, or we shall find  
Too great a lustre strike us blind '  
Or, if a ray so good  
Ought to be seen, let it but then appear,  
When eagles do produce their brood,  
To try their young ones there.

Or if thou wouldst have me to know  
How great a brightness thou canst show  
When they have lost the sun,  
'Then do thou rise, and give the world this theme,  
Sol from th' Hesperides is run,  
And back hath whipp'd his team.

Yet through the Goat when he shall stray,  
'Thou through the Crab must take thy way ;  
For should you both shine bright  
In the same tropic, we poor moles should get  
Not so much comfort by the light,  
As torment by the heat.

Where's Lydia now? where shall I seek  
 Her charming lip, her tempting cheek,  
     That my affections bow'd?  
 So dark a sable hath eclips'd my fair,  
     That I can gaze upon the cloud,  
 That durst not see the star.

But yet (methinks) my thoughts begin  
 To say there lies a white within,  
     Though black her pride control:  
 And what care I how black a face I see,  
     So there be whiteness in the soul?  
 Still such an Ethiop be

*A Parley with his Empty Purse.*

PURSE, who'll not know you have a poet's been,  
 When he shall look and find no gold herein?  
 What respect (think you) will there now be shown  
 To this foul nest when all the birds are flown?  
 Unnatural vacuum, can your emptiness  
 Answer to some slight questions, such as these?  
 How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores  
 Be clear'd with verses to my creditors?  
 Hexameter's no sterling, and I fear  
 What the brain coins goes scarce for current there  
 Can metrie cancel bonds? Is here a time  
 Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?  
 Or if I now were hurrying to the jail,  
 Are the nine Muses held sufficient bail?  
 Would they to any composition come,  
 If we should mortgage our Elysium,  
 Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams  
 Of Tagus and Pactolus - those rich dreams  
 Of active fancy? Can our Orpheus move  
 Those rocks and stones with his best strains of love?

Should I (like Homer) sing in lofty tones  
 To them Achilles and his myrmidons !  
 Hector and Ajax are but sergeant's names,  
 They relish basalt 'bove the epigrams  
 Of the most season'd brain ; nor will they be  
 Content with ode, or paid with elegy.  
 Muse, burn thy bays, and thy fond quill resign,  
 One cross of theirs is worth whole books of mine.  
 Of all the treasure which the poets hold  
 There's none at all they weigh, except our gold ;  
 And mine's return'd to th' Indies, and hath sworn  
 Never to visit this cold climate more.  
 Then crack your strings, good purse, for you need  
     none !  
 Gape on, as they do to be paid, gape on !

---

*Upon Love fondly refused for  
 Conscience' sake.*

NATURE, Creation's law, is judg'd by sense,  
     Not by the tyrant conscience.  
 Then our commission gives us leave to do,  
     What youth and pleasure prompts us to :  
 For we must question else heaven's great decree,  
     And tax it with a treachery,  
 If things made sweet to tempt our appetite  
     Should with a guilt stain the delight.  
 Higher powers rule us, ourselves can nothing do ;  
     Who made us love, made 't lawful too.  
 It was not love, but love transform'd to vice,  
     Ravish'd by envious avarice,  
 Made women first improper : all were free :  
     Enclosures men's inventions be.  
 I' th' golden age no action could be found  
     For trespass on my neighbour's ground :

'Twas just with any fair to mix our blood ;  
The best is most diffusive good.  
She that confines her beams to one man's sight,  
Is a dark lanthorn to a glorious light.  
Say, does the virgin-spring less chaste appear,  
'Cause many thirsts are quenched there?  
Or have you not with the same odours met,  
When more have smelt your violet ?  
The Phoenix is not angry at her nest,  
'Cause her perfumes make others blest.  
Though incense to th' eternal gods be meant,  
Yet mortals rival in the scent.  
Man is the lord of creatures, yet we see  
That all his vassals' loves are free,  
'The severe wedlock's fetters do not bind  
The pard's inflam'd and amorous mind ,  
But that he may be like a bridegroom led  
Even to the royal lion's bed.  
'The birds may for a year their loves confine,  
But make new choice each Valentine.  
If our affections then more servile be  
Than are our slaves, where is man's sovereignty ?  
Why, then, by pleasing more, should you less please,  
And spare the sweets, being more sweet than  
these ?  
If the fresh trunk have sap enough to give  
That each insertive branch may live ;  
The gard'ner grafts not only apples there,  
But adds the warden and the pear  
The peach and apricot together grow,  
The cherry and the damson too,  
Till he hath made by skilful husbandry  
An entire orchard of one tree  
So lest our paradise perfection want,  
We may as well inoculate as plant.  
What's conscience but a beldame's midnight theme,  
Or nodding nurse's idle dream ?

So feign'd as are the goblins, elves, and fairies  
 To watch their orchards and their daines.  
 For who can tell, when first her reign begun?  
 I' th' state of innocence was none:  
 And since large conscience (as the proverb shows)  
 In the same sense with bad one goes,  
 The less the better then, whence this will fall,  
 'Tis to be perfect to have none at all.  
 Suppose it be a virtue rich and pure,  
 'Tis not for spring or summer, sure.  
 Nor yet for autumn; love must have his prime,  
 His warmer heats and harvest-time  
 Till we have flourish'd, grown, and reap'd our wishes;  
 What conscience dares oppose our kisses?  
 But when time's colder hand leads us near home,  
 Then let that winter-virtue come:  
 Frost is till then prodigious, we may do  
 What youth and pleasure prompts us to<sup>1</sup>

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*Mr Randolph's Petition to his  
Creditors.<sup>2</sup>*

**P**OX take you all<sup>1</sup> from you my sorrows swell<sup>1</sup>  
 Your treacherous faith makes me turn infidel.  
 Pray vex me not for heaven's sake, or rather  
 For your poor children's sake, or for their father.  
 You trouble me in vain, whate'er you say:  
 I cannot, will not, nay, I ought not pay,

---

<sup>1</sup> This is the last poem in the 4<sup>o</sup> of 1638, the rest were added in the impression of 1640, and are repeated in those of 1643-68.

<sup>2</sup> Mr Huth's Kingsborough-Haslewood MS, fol 197. In the printed copies the poem is headed "On Importunate Dunces."

You are extortioners ; I was not sent  
 T' increase your sins, but make you all repent  
 That e'er you trusted me ; we're even here :  
 I bought too cheap, because you sold too dear.  
 Learn conscience of your wives ; for they, I swear,  
 For the most part trade in the better ware.  
 Hark, reader, if thou never yet hadst one,  
 I'll show the torments of a Cambridge dun.  
 He rails, where'er he comes, and yet can say  
 But this—that Randolph did not keep his day.  
 What, can I keep the day, or stop the sun  
 From setting, or the night from coming on.  
 Could I have kept days, I had chang'd the doom  
 Of times and seasons that had never come.  
 These evil spirits haunt me every day,  
 And will not let me eat, study, or pray.  
 I am so much in their books, that 'tis known  
 I am too seldom frequent in my own.  
 What damage given to my doors might be,  
 If doors might actions have of battery !  
 And when they find their coming to no end,  
 They dun by proxy, and their letters send,  
 In such a style as I could never find  
 In Tully's long, or Seneca's short wind.

*Good Master Randolph, pardon me (I pray),  
 If I remember you forget your day.  
 I kindly dealt with you, and it would be  
 Unkind in you not to be kind to me.  
 You know, sir, I must pay for what I have  
 My creditors will be paid, therefore I crave  
 Pay me as I pay them, sir, for one brother  
 Is bound in conscience to pay another.  
 Besides, my landlord would not be content  
 If I should dodge with him for's quarter's rent.  
 My wife lies in, too, and I needs must pay  
 The midwife, lest the fool be cast away.*

*And 'tis a second charge to me (poor man)  
 To make the new-born babe a Christian.  
 Besides, the churching a third charge will be  
 In butter'd haberdine and frumity.  
 Thus hoping you will make a courteous end,  
 I rest (I would thou wouldst) Your loving friend.*

*A.B.M.H.T.B.H.L.I.O.  
 I.F.M.G.P.W.*

Nay I know  
 You have the same style all, and as for me  
 Such as your style is, shall your payment be.  
 Just all alike See what a cursed spell  
 Charms devils up, to make my chamber hell.  
 This some starv'd prentice brings, one that does look  
 With a face blurr'd more than his master's book.  
 One that in any chink can peeping lie  
 More slender than the yard he measures by.  
 When my poor stomach barks for meat, I dare  
 Scarce humour it, they make me live by air,  
 As the chameleons do, and if none pay  
 Better than I have done, even so may they.  
 When I would go to chapel, they betray  
 My zeal, and when I only meant to pray  
 Unto my God, faith, all I have to do  
 Is to pray them, and glad they'll hear me too  
 Nay, should I preach, the rascals are so vex'd,  
 They'd fee a beadle to arrest my text,  
 And sue (if such a suit might granted be)  
 My use and doctrine to an outlawry.  
 This stings, yet what my gall most works upon  
 Is that the hope of my revenge is gone.  
 For were I but to deal with such as those  
 That knew the danger of my verse or prose,  
 I'd steep my muse in vinegar and gall,  
 Till the fierce scold grew sharp, and hang'd 'um all.  
 But those I am to deal with are so dull  
 (Though got by scholars) he that is most full



Of understanding can but hither come  
 Imprimis, item, and the total sum.  
 I do not wish them Egypt's plagues, but even  
 As bad as they · I'd add unto them seven.  
 I wish not grasshoppers, frogs, and lice come down,  
 But clouds of moths in every shop i' th' town.  
 Then honest devil to their ink convey  
 Some *aqua fortis*, that may eat away  
 Their books. To add more torments to their lives,  
 Heaven, I beseech thee, send 'um handsome wives.  
 Such as will pox their flesh, till sores grow in't,  
 That all their linen may be spent in lint.  
 And give them children with ingenuous faces,  
 Endued with all the ornaments and graces  
 Of soul and body, that it may be known  
 To others and themselves they're not their own  
 And if this vex 'um not, I'll grieve the town  
 With this curse, States, put Trinity Lecture down.  
 But my last imprecation this shall be,  
 May they more debtors have, and all like me !

---

## *A Character.*

### *Aulico-politico-Academico.*

THOU cousin to great madams, and allied  
 To all the beauties that are lachified !  
 Thou eagle of the realm, whose eyes can see  
 The invisible plots of foreign policy !  
 Thou great and unknown learning of thy nation,  
 Made not by study but by inspiration !  
 The Court, the State, the schools together be  
 By th' ears, and sight, and scratch, and all for thee.  
 When I behold thee cringe in some fair hall,  
 And scrape proportions mathematical,

Varying thy mouth, as 'twere by magic spell,  
To circle, oval, square, and triangle,  
And take a virgin by the ivory hand,  
Minting words to her none can understand  
But in a vision, and some verse repeat  
So well enchanted, none the sense can get,  
Till they have conjur'd, in lines strange and many,  
To find what spirit it has, if it have any.  
To see thy feet (though nature made them splay)  
Screw in the toes to dance and force away  
To make smooth measure, as might justly vaunt  
Thou art turn'd monsieur of an elephant  
Thy mother, surc, going to see some sport,  
Tilting or masque, conceiv'd thee in the Court  
But when I view thee gravely nod, and spit  
In a grave posture, shake the head, and fit  
Plots to bring Spain to England, and confine  
King Philip's Indies unto Middleton's mine ;  
When I read o'er thy comments sagely writ  
On the currantoes, and with how much wit  
Thy profound aphorisms do expound to us  
The Almanacs and Gallobelgicus ;  
When I conceive what news thou wilt bring o'er  
When thou return'st with thy ambassador,  
What slops the Switzer wears to hide his joints .  
How French, and how the Spaniard, truss their  
points,  
How ropes of onions at Saint Omers go,  
And whether 'Turks be Christians, yea or no—  
Then I believe one in deep points so able  
Was surely got under the council table ;  
But when I hear thee of Celarent write,  
In Ferio and Baralypton fight,  
Methinks my then prophetic soul durst tell  
Thou must be born at Aristotle's well.  
But shall I tell thee, friend, how thy blest fate  
By chance hath made thy name so fortunate ?

The statesman thinks thou hast too much o' th'  
Court,  
The courtier thinks thy sager parts do sort  
Best for the State ; as for the ladies, they  
Pos'd with the medley of thy language, say  
Th' art a mere scholar, and the scholar swears  
Thou art of any tribe rather than theirs.  
One thinks thee this, one that, a third thinks either :  
Thou think'st thyself th' art all, and I think neither.

---

*On the Loss of his Finger.*

HOW much more blest are trees than men !  
Their boughs lopp'd off will grow again ;  
But if the steel our limbs dissever,  
The joint once lost is lost for ever.  
But fondly I (dull fool) complain,  
Our members shall revive again,  
And thou (poor finger) that art dust  
Before the other members, must  
Return as soon as heavens command,  
And reunited be to th' hand,  
As those that are not ashes yet.  
Why dost thou then so envious sit,  
And malice oaks that they to fate  
Are tenants of a longer date ?  
Their leases do more years include ;  
But (once expir'd) are ne'er renew'd  
Therefore, dear finger, though thou be  
Cut from those muscles govern'd thee,  
And had thy motion at command,  
Yet still as in a margent stand,  
To point my thoughts to fix upon  
The hope of resurrection.

And since thou canst no finger be  
 Be a death's-head to humble me,  
 Till death doth threat her sting in vain,  
 And we in heaven shake hands again.

---

*A Pareneticon to the truly noble Gentle-  
 man Master Endymion Porter.<sup>1</sup>*

GO, bashful Muse : thy message is to one  
 That drinks and fills thy Helicon,  
 Who, when his quill a sportive number seeks,  
 Plants roses in the ladies' cheeks,  
 And with a sad note from their eyes can call  
 Pearl-show'rs to dew those buds withal ;  
 Whose lays, when I by chance am blest to hear,  
 My soul climbs up into mine ear,  
 And bids your sisters challenge from the moon  
 The learned, as the fair, Endymion  
 Sing of his faith to the bright soul that's fled,  
 And left you all, poor girls, struck dead  
 With just despair of any future men  
 'T'employ or to reward a pen.  
 A soul, that staying would have wonders wrought,  
 High as himself or his great thought,  
 And full of days and honours (with our prayers,  
 Instead of beads summ'd up with tears),  
 Might of her own free flight to heaven have gone,  
 Offer what's heart, his hand, his sword had done,  
 But sing not thou a tale of discontent  
 To him whose joy is to lament.  
 We ought to pay true tears upon the hearse,  
 And lay some up in faithful verse,

---

<sup>1</sup> Some account of Porter will be found in Mr Huth's "In-  
 edited Poetical Miscellanies," 1870, Notes, sig Ff.

And so cast off our black ; for more than thus  
 Troubles the saints for troubling us.  
 Say to him, Cupid, being once too kind,  
 Wept out his eyes, and so grew blind.  
 For dead Adonis, grief being paid her due,  
 He turn'd love's wanton god, and so do you.

---

### *To a painted Mistress.*

THERE are who know what once to-day it was—  
 Your eyes, your conscience, and your morning  
                   glass.  
 How durst you venture that adulterate part,  
 Belabour'd with your fucus and best art,  
 To the rude breath of every rash salute ?  
 What did your proffer whisper ? expect suit ?  
 You were too pliant with your ear ; you wish'd  
 Pomatum and vermillion might be kiss'd.  
 That lip, that cheek by man was never known,  
 Those favours you bestow are not your own.  
 Henceforth such kisses I'll defy, like thee,  
 Which druggists sell to you, and you to me.

---

### *Upon a Hermaphrodite.*

SIR, or madam, choose you whether :  
 Nature twists you both together,  
 And makes thy soul to each confess,  
 Both petticoat and breeches dress.

---

<sup>1</sup> This poem is printed at sig F 4 of Beaumont's Poems, 8°, 1653, with the following heading — "The Hermaphrodite, made after M Beaumont's death by Thomas Randolph, M.A., sometime Fellow of Trinity Colledge, in Cambridge."

Thus we chastise the god of wine  
With water that is feminine.  
Till the cooler nymph abate  
His wrath, and so con corporate.  
Adam, till his rib was lost,  
Had the sexes thus engross'd,  
When Providence our sire did cleave,  
And out of Adam carved Eve.  
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat  
To make his body up complete.  
Thus matrimony speaks but thee  
In a grave solemnity ;  
For man and wife make but one right  
Canonical hermaphrodite.  
Rave thy body, and I find  
In every limb a double kind.  
Who would not think that head a pair,  
That breeds such factions in the hair ?  
One half's so churlish in the touch,  
That, rather than endure so much,  
I would my tender limbs apparel  
With Regulus his nailed barrel.  
And the other half so small,  
And so amorous withal,  
That Cupid thinks each hair to grow  
A sting for his invisible bow.  
When I look babies in thine eyes,  
Here Venus, there Adonis lies.  
And though thy beauty be high noon,  
Thy orbs contain both sun and moon  
How many melting kisses skip  
Betwixt thy male and female lip,  
Betwixt thy upper brush of hair,  
And thy nether beard's despair ?  
When thou speak'st (I would not wrong  
Thy sweetness with a double tongue).

But, in every simple sound  
 A perfect dialogue is found.  
 Thy breasts distinguish one another ;  
 This the sister, that the brother.  
 When thou join'st hands, my ears struck fancies  
 The nuptial sound, *I, John, take Frances.*  
 Feel but the difference, soft and rough :  
 This is a gauntlet, that a muff.  
 Had sly Ulysses at the sack  
 Of Troy brought thee his peddler's-pack,  
 And weapon too, to know Achilles  
 From King Nicomedes' Phillis,  
 His plot had fail'd ; this hand would feel  
 The needle, that the warlike steel.  
 When music doth thy pace advance,  
 Thy right leg takes thy left to dance.  
 Nor is't a galliard danc'd by one,  
 But a mix'd dance, although alone.  
 Thus every heteroclite part  
 Changes [its] gender, but the heart.  
 And those which modesty can mean  
 (And dare not speak) are epicene.  
 That gamester needs must overcome,  
 That can play both Tib and Tom.  
 Thus did Nature's mintage vary,  
 Coining thee both Philip and Mary.

---

*To his well-timbred Mistress.*

SWEET, heard you not fame's latest breath re-  
 hearse  
 How I left hewing blocks to hack a verse,  
 Now grown the master-log, while others be  
 But shavings and the chips of poetry ?

And thus I saw deal-boards of beauty forth,  
 To make my love a warehouse of her worth.  
 Her legs are heart of oak, and columns stand  
 To bear the amorous bulk ; then, Muse, command  
 That beech be work'd for thighs unto those legs,  
 Turn'd round and carv'd, and joined fast with pegs.  
 Contrive her belly round, a dining-room,  
 When love and beauty will a-feasting come,  
 Another storey make from waist to chin,  
 With breasts like ports to nest young sparrows in.  
 Then place the garret of her head above,  
 Thatch'd with a yellow hair to keep in love.  
 Thus have I finish'd beauty's master-prize,  
 Were but the glazier here to make her eyes.  
 Then, Muse, her outworks cease to raise,  
 To work within, and wainscot her with praise.

*On Six Maids bathing themselves  
 in a River.*<sup>1</sup>

WHEN bashful daylight once was gone,  
 And night, that hides a blush, came on,  
 Six pretty nymphs, to wash away  
 The sweating of a summer's day,  
 In Cham's fair streams did gently swim,

<sup>1</sup> In Mr Huth's Scattergood MS the date of this poem is given as June 15, 1629, and the lines are headed differently thus "On 6 Cambridge Maids bathing themselves by Queen's Coll." The variations are chiefly immaterial ; but the MS has two lines omitted in the printed text. It may not be too rash to presume that the adventure described happened to the poet himself. Even down to the present century, it was not unusual for women to bathe publicly, especially in the more sequestered parts of the country or sea-shore ; and it will be seen that the heroines of the present merry tale had waited till the shades of evening began to fall.



And naked bathe each curious limb.  
O, who had this blest sight but seen,  
Would think that they had Clœlias been.  
A scholar that a walk did take  
(Perchance for meditation's sake)  
This better object chanc'd to find :  
Straight all things else were out of mind ;  
What fitter study in this life  
For practice or contemplative ?  
He thought (poor soul) what he had seen  
Fair Dian and her nymphs had been,  
And therefore thought in piteous fear  
Actæon's fortune had been near.  
Or that the water-nymphs they were  
Together met to sport them there.  
And that to him such love they bore,  
As unto Hylas once before.  
What could he think but that his eye  
Six nymphs at once did there espy  
Rise from the waves ? Or that, perchance,  
*Fresh-water Syrens came to dance*  
Upon the stream with songs and looks  
To tempt poor scholars from their books ?  
He could not think they Graces were,  
Because their numbers doubled are,  
Nor can he think they Muses be,  
Because (alas ! ) they wanted three.  
I should have rather guess'd that there  
Another brood of Helens were,  
Begot by Jove upon the plains,  
Hatch'd by some Leda of the swans.<sup>1</sup>  
The maids betray'd were in a fright,  
And blush'd, but 'twas not seen by night  
At last all by the bank did stand,  
And he (kind heart) lent them his hand.

---

<sup>1</sup> These two lines are not in the editions.

Where 'twas his bliss to feel all o'er  
Soft paps, smooth thighs, and something more.  
But envious night hid from his eyes  
The place where love and pleasure lies.  
Guess, lovers, guess, whate'er you are,  
What then might be this scholar's prayer.  
That he had been a cat to spy,  
Or had but now Tiberius' eye  
Yet since his wishes were in vain,  
He help'd them don their clothes again,  
Makes promise there should none be shent ;  
So with them to the tavern went.  
How they all night did sport and play,  
Pardon my muse, I dare not say.  
Guess you that have a mind to know,  
Whether he were a fool or no.

---

### *The Wedding Morn.*

**A**RISE, come forth, but never to return  
To the same centre 'tis thy virgin urn.  
Bury in it those thoughts which did possess  
Thee from thy cradle till this happiness ;  
Which but to think upon will make thy cheek  
Fairer than is the morn you so much seek  
In beauty to outvy, and be the pride  
Of all that ever had the name of bride.  
Up, maids, and let your nimble fingers be  
True instruments of curiosity :  
Set not a pin amiss, nor let a plait  
Be folded in her gown, but what's in state ;  
And when her ivory temples you would deck,  
Forbear your art, for Nature gives you check.  
There in the circuit of her radiant hair  
See Cupid fetter'd in a golden snare.

Mark the triumphant throne, wherein the boy  
Installed sits to give the bridegroom joy !  
But when she's dress'd, and that her listing ear  
Is welcom'd by the bridegroom's being near,  
Look how she stands, and how her steadfast eye  
Is fix'd on him at's first discovery !  
Both being met, mark how their souls do strive  
To be in either's joy contemplative.  
Whose kisses raise betwixt them such a fire,  
That should the Phoenix see, he to expire  
Would shun the spicy mountain, and so take  
Himself between their lips a grave to make.

---

*In praise of Women in general.*

HE is a parricide to his mother's name,  
And with an impious hand murders her fame,  
That wrongs the praise of women : that dares write  
Labels on saints, or with foul ink requite  
The milk they lent us    Better sex, command  
To your defence my more religious hand  
At sword or pen. Yours<sup>1</sup> was the nobler birth ;  
For you of man were made, man but of earth,  
The son of dust , and though your sin did breed  
His fall, again you rais'd him in your seed  
Adam in's sleep a gainful loss sustain'd,  
That for one rib a better self regain'd ,  
Who had he not your blest creation seen,  
An anchorite in paradise had been.  
Why in this work did the creation rest,  
But that Eternal Providence thought you best  
Of all his six days' labour · beasts should do  
Homage to man, but man should wait on you.

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *ours*.

You are of comelier sight, of daintier touch,  
A tender flesh, a colour bright, and such  
As Parians see in marble ; skin more fair,  
More glorious head, and far more glorious hair ;  
Eyes full of grace and quickness ; purer roses  
Blush in your cheeks ; a milder white composes  
Your stately fronts ; your breath, more sweet than his,  
Breathes spice, and nectar drops at every kiss.  
Your skins are smooth , bristles on theirs do grow,  
Like quills of porcupines ; rough wool doth flow  
O'er all their faces , you approach more near  
The form of angels, they like beasts appear.  
If then in bodies, where the souls do dwell,  
You better us, do then our souls excel ?  
No ; we in souls equal perfection see :  
There can in them nor male nor female be.  
Boast we of knowledge, you have more than we :  
You were the first ventur'd to pluck the tree,  
And that more rhetoric in your tongues doth lie,  
Let him dispute against, that dares deny  
Your least commands, and not persuaded be  
With Samson's strength and David's piety  
To be your willing captives ; virtue, sure,  
Were blind as fortune, should she choose the poor  
Rough cottage, man, to live in, and despise  
To dwell in you—the statelier edifice.  
Thus you are prov'd the better sex, and we  
Must all repent that in our pedigree  
We choose the father's name, where should we take  
The mother's—a more honour'd blood, 'twould  
make  
Our generation sure and certain be,  
And I'd believe some faith in heraldry !  
Thus, perfect creatures, if detraction rise  
Against your sex, dispute but with your eyes.  
Your hand, your lip, your brow : there will be sent  
So subtle and so strong an argument

Will teach the stoic his affection too,  
And call the cynic from his tub to woo.  
Thus mustering up your beauteous troops, go on :  
The fairest is the valiant Amazon.

---

*To Master James Shirley on his  
Grateful Servant.<sup>1</sup>*

I CANNOT fulminate or tonitruate words  
To puzzle intellects ; my ninth lass affords  
No Lycophronian buskins, nor can strain  
Garagantuan lines to gigantise thy vein,  
Nor make a jusjurand, that thy great plays  
Are terra-del-fuegos or incognitas,  
Thy Pegasus, in his admir'd career,  
Curvets no capreoles of nonsense here.

Wonder not, friend, that I do entertain  
Such language, that both think and speak so plain.  
Know, I applaud thy smooth and even strains,  
That will inform, and not confound, our brains.  
Thy Helicon like a smooth stream doth flow,  
While others with disturbed channels go,  
And headlong, like Nile's cataracts, do fall  
With a huge noise, and yet not heard at all.  
When thy intelligence on the Cockpit stage  
Gives it a soul from her immortal rage,  
I hear the Muses' birds with full delight  
Sing where the birds of Mars were wont to fight .

---

<sup>1</sup> These lines were prefixed to Shirley's "Grateful Servant," printed in 1630, 4°, and will be found in Dyce's edition of that writer, i. lxxvi-vii. The latter text is far preferable to that found in the old copies of Randolph, and has been consequently adopted.

Nor flatter I (thou knowest I do abhor it) ;  
 Let others praise thy play, I'll do love thee for it ;  
 That he that knows my friend shall say, he has  
 A friend as grateful as his servant was.

---

*Amicissimo suo Shirleio.<sup>1</sup>*

FONS occluditur ille Pegaseius,  
 Et Parnassia transilire septa  
 Jucundos vetat optimosque vates  
 Custos Tartariæ triformis aulæ ,  
 Te trux postulet Hercules, feratque  
 Quem raptum puto Cerberum Charonti  
 Musarum statuisset janitorem .  
 Tu, Shirleie, potes, favente Musâ,  
 Latrantem triplici canem boatu  
 Tutus speruere ; terreat minores :  
 Olim Pirithoum peremit ille,  
 Servum non perimet tuum Fidelem,  
 Gratum, Pirithooque chariorem  
 Dulcis fabula, dulciorque Servus,  
 Et tu, dulcior omnibus, poeta :  
 Quales, quas epulas uterque fundit '  
 Istis delicias parare fas est  
 Crudas, marmoreasque, saxeasque,  
 Et quæ molliculos, amice, dentes  
 Gaudent frangere durior morsu,  
 Qui ferrum chalybemque struthiones  
 Et nil præterea coquant maligni .  
 Tam forti stomacho placere noli :

---

<sup>1</sup> These lines occur before the original impression of Shirley's "Grateful Servant," 1630, but were not included in the old editions of Randolph. Though not important, they make the present collection more complete.

Nec, Shirleie, places : dapes ministras  
 Jucundas, facilisque, melleasque ;  
 Conditas sale, gratia, lepore.  
 I, laurum pete, quam merere totam,  
 Nec te terreat iste, qui poetis  
 Jam Minos, Rhadamanthus, Cæacusque est,  
 Et si quis numeratur inde quartus  
 Quæsitur dubiæ tremendus urnæ.  
 Sphinx Parnassia, quam timemus omnes,  
 Te viso velut CEdipo tremiscat :  
 Sic tu solve gryphos, ut illa nectit.

---

*In Obitum Francisci Verulamii.<sup>1</sup>*

DUM moriens tantam nostris Verulamius Heros  
 Tristitiam Musis, luminaque uda facit :  
 Credimus, heu ! nullum fieri post fata beatum,  
 Credimus et Samium desipuisse senem :  
 Scilicet hic miseris felix nequit esse Camœnis,  
 Nec se, quam Musas plus amat iste suas.  
 At luctantem animam Clotho imperiosa coegit  
 Ad cœlum, invitos traxit in astra pedes.  
 Ergo-ne Phœbeias jacuisse putabimus artes ?  
 Atque herbas Clari nil valuisse Dei ?  
 Phœbus idem potuit, nec virtus absuit herbis,  
 Hunc artem atque illas vim retinere putes :  
 At Phœbum (ut metuit ne Rex foret iste Camœnis)  
 Rivali medicam crede negasse manum.  
 Hinc dolor est ; quod cum Phœbo Verulamius Heros  
 Major erat reliquit, hac foret arte minor.  
 Vos tamen, O tantum Manes atque Umbra, Camœnæ,  
 Eupene inferni pallida turba Jovis,  
 Si spiratis adhuc et non lusistis ocellos,  
 Sed neque post illum vos superesse potem ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Bacon died at Highgate in April 1626.

Si vos ergo aliquis de morte reduxerit Orpheus,  
 Istaque non aciem fallit imago meam :  
 Discite nunc gemitus et lamentabile carmen ;  
 Ex oculis vestris lachryma multa fluat.  
 En ! quam multa fluit ! veras agnosco Camœnas,  
 Et lachrymis Helicon vix satis unus erit.  
 Deucalionæis et qui non mersus in undis  
 Parnassus (mirum est) hisce latebit aquis.  
 Scilicet hic perit, per quem vos vivitis, et qui  
 Multâ Pierias nutrit arte Deas.  
 Vidit ut hic artes nullâ radice retentas,  
 Languere fit summo semina sparsa solo ;  
 Crescere Pegaseas docuit, velut hasta Quirini  
 Crevit, et exiguo tempore Laurus erat.  
 Ergo Heliconiadas docuit cum crescere divas,  
 Diminuent hujus secula nulla decus.  
 Nec ferre ulterius generosi pectoris æstus  
 Contemptum potuit, Diva Minerva, tuum.  
 Restituit calamus solitum divinus honorem,  
 Dispulit et nubes alter Apollo tuas.

Dispulit et tenebras, sed quas obfusca vetustas ;  
 Temporis et prisci lippa senecta tulit ,  
 Atque alias methodos sacrum instauravit acumen ;  
 Gnossiaque eripuit, sed sua fila dedit.  
 Scilicet antiquo sapientum vulgus in ævo  
 Tam claros oculus non habuisse liquet :  
 Hi velut Eoo surgens de littore Phœbus,  
 Hic velut in mediâ fulget Apollo die :  
 Hi velut Typhis tentarunt æquora primùm,  
 At vix deseruit littora prima ratis :  
 Pleiadas hic, Hyadasque atque omnia sydera noscet,  
 Syrtes, atque tuos, improba Sylla, canes ;  
 Scit quod vitandum est, quo diriget æquore navem,  
 Certius et rursum nautica monstrat acus :  
 Infantes illi Musas, hic gignit adultas ;  
 Mortales illi, gignit at iste Deas.



Palmam ideo reliquit Magna Instauratio libris,  
 Abstulit et cedunt (squalida turba) sophi ;  
 Et vestita novo Pallas modo prodit amictu,  
 Anguis depositis ut nitet exuviis.  
 Sic Phoenix cineres spectat modo nata paternos,  
 Aesonis et redit prima juventa senis.  
 Instaurata suos et sic Verulamia muros  
 Jactat, et antiquum sperat ab inde decus.  
  
 Sed quanta effulgent plus quam mortalis ocelli  
 Lumina, dum regni mystica sacra canat ?  
 Dum sic naturæ leges arcanaque Regum,  
 Tanquam à secretis esset utrisque, canat .  
 Dum canat Henricum, qui Rex idemque Sacerdos ;  
 Connubio stabili junxit utramque Rosam.  
  
 Atqui hæc sunt nostris longe majora Camœnis  
 Non hæc infelix Granta, sed Aula sciat.  
 Sed cum Granta labris admoverit ubera tantis,  
 Jus habet in laudes (maxime Alumne) tuas.  
 Jus habet, ut mæstos lachrymis exstingueret ignes,  
 Posset ut e medio diripuisse rogo.  
 At nostræ tibi nulla ferant encomia Musæ,  
 Ipse canis, laudet et canis inde tuas.  
 Nos tamen et laudes, quâ possumus arte, canemus ,  
 Si tamen ars desit, laus erit iste dolor.

---

*Ad Lectorem.*

FESTA velis, qui convivis apponere norunt,  
 Numina Castalias quæ venerantur aquas ?  
 Ecce librum cunctis natura arridere palatis !  
 Vel tibi festa dabit, vel dabit iste sales.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> These lines are prefixed to Huntington Plumtree's "Epi-grammata," 8<sup>o</sup>, 1629. Not in the editions.

*On the Fall of the Mitre Tavern  
in Cambridge.<sup>1</sup>*

LAMENT, lament, ye scholars all,  
Each wear his blackest gown,  
The Mitre, that held up your wits,  
Is now itself fallen down.

The dismal fire on London Bridge<sup>2</sup>  
Can move no heart of mine ;  
For that but o'er the water stood,  
But this stood o'er the wine.

It needs must melt each Christian's heart  
That this sad news but hears,  
To think how the good hogsheads wept  
Good sack and claret tears.

The zealous students of that place  
Change of religion fear .  
That this mischance may soon bring in  
A heresy of beer.

Unhappy Mitre ! I would know  
The cause of this sad hap  
Came it by making legs too low  
To Pembroke's<sup>3</sup> cardinal cap ?

<sup>1</sup> Printed in Mr Huth's Berkeley MS 1640, 8<sup>o</sup>, in "A Crew of Kind London Gossips," 8<sup>o</sup>, 1663 (a miscellany of poetry ranging from 1607 to the Restoration), p 72, and (less correctly) in Bliss's edition of Wood, i 465-6, from Rawl MS 62. Another copy was in Dr Bliss's own collection. Not in the editions.

<sup>2</sup> The fire which occurred in 1630.

<sup>3</sup> William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge at that time, and a nobleman much ridiculed for his eccentricity.

Then know thyself, and cringe no more,  
Since Popery went down,  
That cap should vail to thee, for now  
The Mitre's next the Crown !

Or was't because our company  
Did not frequent your cell,  
As we were wont, to drown our cares :  
So fox'd thyself, and fell ?

Nay, sure, the devil was a-dry,  
And caus'd this fatal blow ;  
'Twas he that made the cellar sink,  
That he might drink below !

Yet, though some say that the devil did it,  
That he might drink up all ,  
I rather think that the Pope was drunk,  
And let the Mitre fall.

Lament, ye Eton conjurors,  
The want of skill acknowledge :  
To let your tavern fall, that stood  
At th' walls of your own college.

Let the Rose with the Falcon moult,  
While Sam<sup>1</sup> enjoys his wishes ;  
The Dolphin, too, must cast her crown :  
Wine was not made for fishes.

That sign a tavern best becomes,  
That shows who loves wine best ;  
The Mitre's, then, the only sign,  
For 'tis the scholar's crest.

Then drink sack, Sam, and cheer thy heart :  
Be not dismay'd at all ;  
For we will drink it up again,  
Though we do catch a fall.

---

<sup>1</sup> The proprietor of the Mitre, it is to be presumed.

We'll be thy workmen day and night,  
 In spite of bugbear proctors :  
 Before we drank like freshmen all,  
 But now we'll drink like doctors.

---

*To Dr Empiric.<sup>1</sup>*

WHEN men a dangerous disease did 'scape  
 Of old, they gave a cock to Esculape.  
 Let me give two, that doubly am got free,  
 From my disease's danger—and from thee !

---

*Epigram.*

HEAVENS decreed, before the world begun,  
 That such fair beauty should not live a nun ;  
 But if thou needs this vow wilt undertake,  
 I wish my arms a cloister for thy sake.

---

*The Townsman's Petition of  
 Cambridge.<sup>2</sup>*

NOW, scholars, look unto it,  
 For you will all be undone ;  
 For the last week (you know it)  
 The townsmen rid to London.

---

<sup>1</sup> This and the following short piece are not in the printed copies. They occur in the Scattergood MS. referred to elsewhere. They are both worthy of Randolph's wit.

<sup>2</sup> Printed in "A Crew of Kind London Gossips," 8°, 1663, p. 67. Not in the editions.

The mayor, if he thrives,  
Hath promis'd, on his word,  
The king a pair of knives,  
If he'll give him a sword,  
That he may put the beadies down,  
And walk in worship here,  
And kill all scholars in the town  
That thus do domineer.  
And then unto the Court  
They do themselves repair,  
To make the king some sport,  
And all his nobles there.  
He down upon his knee,  
Both he and they together :  
A sword, he cries, good king, give me,  
That I may cut a feather  
There's none at all I have at home  
Will fit my hand, I swear ;  
But one of yours will best become  
A sword to domineer.  
These scholars make such reaks,  
As makes us all afeard,  
That if to them a townsman speaks,  
They will pull off his beard.  
But if your grace such licence gives,  
Then let us all be dead ;  
If each of us had not as lief  
He should pull off his head !  
They call us silly drunkards, too ;  
We know not why, nor where -  
All this, and more than this, they do,  
'Cause they will domineer.  
A speech if I do make.  
That hath much learning in't,  
A scholar comes to take,  
And sets it out in print.  
We dare not touch them for our lives :  
Good king, have pity on us !

For first they play upon our wives,  
And then make songs upon us.  
Would we had pow'r to beat,  
And turn on them the jeer ;  
Then we would do the best we could,  
But we would domineer.  
They stand much on their wit :  
We know not what it is ;  
But surely, had we liked it,  
We had got some of this.  
But since it will no better be,  
We are constrain'd to frame  
Petitions to your majesty  
These witty ones to tame.  
A sword would scare them all, I say,  
And put them in great fear ,  
A sword of yours, good king, we pray,  
That we may domineer.  
Which, if your grace permits,  
We'll make them look about 'em ;  
But yet they have such pleasant wits,  
We cannot live without 'em.  
They have such pretty arguments  
To run upon our score .  
They say fair words and good intents  
Are worth twice as much more,  
And that a clown is highly grac'd  
To sit a scholar near ,  
And thus we are (like fools) outfac'd,  
And they do domineer !  
Now, if you will renew  
To us your grace's charter.  
We'll give a ribbon blue  
To some knight of the garter.  
A cap, also, we want,  
And maintenance much more ,

And yet these scholars brag and vaunt,  
As if they had good store.  
But not a penny we can see,  
Save once in twice seven year,  
They say it is no policy  
Drunkards should domineer  
Now reason, reason cries alas !  
Good lordlings, mark it well !  
A scholar told me that it was  
A perfect parallel.  
Their case and ours so equal stand,  
As in a weigh-scale true ;  
A pound of candles on each hand  
Will neither higher show  
Then, prythee, listen to my speech,  
As thou shalt after hear,  
And then I doubt it not, my liege,  
But we shall domineer.  
Vice-chancellors they have,  
And we have mayors wise ;  
With proctors and with testers grave,  
Our bailiffs you may size.  
Their silver staves keep much ado,  
Much more our silver maces,  
And some think that our sergeants, too,  
Their beadle-squires outfaces.  
And if we had a sword (I think)  
Along the street to bear,  
'Twould make the proudest of them shrink,  
And we should domineer  
They've patrons of nobility,  
And we have our partakers ·  
They've doctors of divinity,  
And we have basket-makers.  
Their heads, our brethren dear ;  
Their fellows, our householders ,

We'll match them, and we think to bear  
Them down by head and shoulders.  
A sword give us, O king, we pray,  
That we may top them there ,  
Since every dog must have its day,  
Let us once domineer.  
When they had made the king to laugh,  
And see one kiss his hand,  
Then little mirth they make, as if  
His mind they understand.  
Avoid the room, an usher cries,  
The king will private sup ,  
And so they all went down like fools,  
As they before went up.  
They cried, God bless his majesty '  
And then, no doubt, they sware,  
They'll have the town made a city,  
And here so domineer.  
But wot ye what the king did think,  
And what his meaning was ?  
I vow unto you, by this drink,  
A rare device he has.  
His majesty hath plann'd it,  
That they'll be ne'er the better ,  
And so he means to send it  
All in a Latin letter ;  
Which when it comes for to be read,  
It plainly will appear,  
The townsmen they must hang the head,  
And the scholars must domineer.



*Anagram. Virtue alone thy Bliss.*

**D**ESCENT of birth is a vain good,  
 Doubtfully sprung from others' blood ;  
 Wealth, though it be the worldling's bait,  
 Wise men but use to make up weight.  
 Wit in a woman I scarce know,  
 Whether it be a praise, or no :  
 Beauty's a glorious flow'r, but gone  
 And wither'd ere the spring be done.  
 All these thou dost as jewels wear ;  
 But more thy own perfections are :  
 For thine a nobler blood shall be,  
 Whose pure descent flows but from thee.  
 Thy wealth is goodness—such a store  
 As is more precious than the ore  
 That loads the yearly fleets of Spain,  
 For which the naked Indian's slain.  
 Thy wit so chaste, thou might'st have been,  
 Not Sappho, but the Sheba queen <sup>1</sup>  
 A beauty thou thyself hast made,  
 Whose rose and lily shall not fade  
 Set in the soul, not in the face—  
 That garden is a fading place.  
 So small a piece <sup>1</sup> Then, if the work be shown,  
 This would commend you most—it is your own  
 Pardon, I can't express the thousand bliss <sup>2</sup>  
 I wish you , but the sum of all is this,  
 I'll pray thou may'st so happy be  
 As thy best-honour'd beadman is in thee ,  
 Except but heaven, and he that more will speak,  
 I say, needs his expression must be weak

---

<sup>1</sup> Harl MS 6918, fol 20 Not in the editions

<sup>2</sup> See for *blisses*.

*An Epithalamium.<sup>1</sup>*

BLISS court thee, sweetest soul, and fall as thick  
 That it outwit our poor arithmetic !  
 'Mongst all those joys which from the holy shrine  
 As you return'd the virgins gave, let mine,  
 I pray, let entertainment, for they come  
 To sing in your epithalamium.  
 O, prove so happy in thy nuptial,  
 That when, beleaguer'd, slow-faith virgins shall  
 Cruelly deliberate, and refuse  
 The rights of Hymen, all our youths may use  
 This rare stratagem · tell them but a story  
 Of thy blest bridal's fortune, and their glory  
 Which must so hale them, that they straight will be  
 All wives, in hope to be as blest as thee.  
 Heaven send a sweet-fac'd heir, a chopping boy,  
 To make thee sport at home ! O, what joy  
 'Twould be to view both your portraitures done  
 So rarely to the life, and that in one !  
 In thee both soul and body are  
 Equally noble, rich, and fair.  
 Outward and inward graces kiss,  
 'Cause virtue is alone thy bliss  
 Nor is this stol'n or borrow'd fame  
 Thy praise is all thine own—thy name.

---

*On a Maid, seen by a Scholar in  
 Somerset [House] Garden.<sup>2</sup>*

AS once in black I disrespected walk'd ·  
 Where glittering courtiers in their tissues stalk'd,

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Addit. MS 11811, fol. 15 Not in the editions.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* fol. 16. Not in the editions

I cast by chance my melancholy eye  
 Upon a woman (as I thought) pass'd by.  
 But when I view'd her ruff and beaver rear'd,  
 As if (Priapus-like) she would have fear'd  
 The rav'nous harpies from the cluster'd grape,  
 Then I began much to mistrust her shape ;  
 When, viewing curiously, away she slipp'd,  
 And in a fount her whitest hand she dipp'd.  
 The angry water, as if wrong'd thereby,  
 Ran murmuring thence, a second touch to fly ,  
 At which away she stalks, and as she goes,  
 She views the situation of each rose.  
 And having higher rais'd her gown, she gazed  
 Upon her crimson stockings, which amaz'd  
 Blush'd at her open impudence, and sent  
 Reflection to her cheek for punishment.  
 As thus I stood, the gard'ner chanc'd to pass :  
 "My friend," quoth I, "what is this stately lass?"  
 "A maid-of-honour, sir," says he, and goes away,  
 Drawing a riddle was enough to pose  
 The crafty Œdipus ; for I could [see]  
 Nor maid nor honour—sure, no honesty

*The high and mighty Commendation of the  
 Virtue of a Pot of Good Ale.*

NOT drunken nor sober (but neighbour to both),  
 I met with a friend in Aylesbury Vale ;  
 He saw by my face that I was in the case  
 To speak no great harm of a pot of good ale.

And as we did meet, and friendly did greet,  
 He put me in mind of the name of the Dale  
 That, for Aylesbury's sake, some pains I would take,  
 And not bury the praise of a pot of good ale.

The more to procure me, then did he adjure me  
(If the ale I drank last were nappy and stale),  
To do it its right, and stir up my spite,  
And fall to commend a pot of good ale.

Quoth I, to commend it I dare not begin,  
Lest therein my cunning might happen to fail;  
For many there be that count it a sin  
But once to look towards a pot of good ale.

Yet I care not a pin, for I see no such sin,  
Nor any else that my courage may quail:  
For this I do find, being taken in kind,  
Much virtue there is in a pot of good ale.

When heaviness the mind doth oppress,  
And sorrow and grief the heart doth assail,  
No remedy quicker, but take up your liquor,  
And wash away care with a pot of good ale.

The priest and the clerk, whose sights are [but] dark,  
And the print of the letter doth seem too small,  
They will con every letter, and read service better,  
If they glaze but their eyes with a pot of good ale.

The poet divine, that cannot reach wine,  
Because that his money doth oftentimes fail,  
Will hit on the vein, and reach the high strain,  
If he be but inspir'd with a pot of good ale.

All writers of ballads for such whose mishap  
From Newgate up Holborn to Tyburn do sail,  
Shall have sudden expression of all their confession,  
If the muse be but dew'd with a pot of good ale.

The prisoner that is enclos'd in the grate,  
Will shake off remembrance of bondage and jail,  
Of hunger or cold, of fetters or fate,  
If he pickle himself with a pot of good ale.

The salamander blacksmith, that lives by the fire,  
Whilst his bellows are puffing a blustering gale,  
Will shake off his full can, and swear each true Vulcan  
Will hazard his wits for a pot of good ale.

The wooer that feareth his suit to begin,  
And blushes and simpers, and often looks pale,  
Though he miss in his speech, and his heart were at  
his breech,  
If he liquor his tongue with a pot of good ale

The widow that buried her husband of late  
Will soon have forgotten to weep and to wail,  
And think every day twain till she marry again,  
If she read the contents of a pot of good ale.

The ploughman and carter that toils all the day,  
And tires himself quite at the plough-tail,  
Will speak no less things than of queens and of kings.  
If he do but make bold with a pot of good ale

And indeed it will make a man suddenly wise,  
Erewhile was scarce able to tell a right tale.  
It will open his jaw, he will tell you the law,  
And straight be a bencher<sup>1</sup> with a pot of good ale

I do further allege, it is fortitude's edge,  
For a very coward that shrinks like a snail  
Will swear and will swagger, and out goes his dagger.  
If he be but well-armed with a pot of good ale.

The naked man taketh no care for a coat,  
Nor on the cold weather will once turn his tail,  
All the way as he goes, cut the wind with his nose,  
If he be but well-lin'd with a pot of good ale.

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<sup>1</sup> A quibble on the ale-bench, and on the persons so called in the Inns-of-Court

The hungry man seldom can mind his meat  
(Though his stomach could brook a tenpenny nail) ;  
He quite forgets hunger, thinks of it no longer,  
If his guts be but sous'd with a pot of good ale.

The reaper, the mower, the thresher, the sower,  
The one with his scythe, and the other with's flail,  
Pull 'em out by the poll—on the peril of my soul,  
They will hold up their caps at a pot of good ale.

The beggar, whose portion is always his prayer,  
Not having a tatter to hang at his tail,  
Is as rich in his rags as a churl with his bags,  
If he be but enrich'd with a pot of good ale

It puts his poverty out of his mind ;  
Forgetting his brown bread, his wallet, his mail,  
He walks in the house like a six-footed louse,  
If he be but well-drench'd with a pot of good ale

The soldier, the sailor, the true man, the tailor,  
The lawyer, that sells words by weight and by tale,  
Take them all as they are, for the war or the bar,  
They all will approve of a pot of good ale.

The church and religion to love it have cause  
(Or else our forefathers their wisdoms did fail),  
For at every mile, close at the church-stile,  
A house is ordain'd for a pot of good ale.

And physic will favour ale (as it is bound)  
And stand against beer both tooth and nail,  
They send up and down, all over the town,  
To get for their patients a pot of good ale.

Your ale-berries, caudles, and possets each one,  
And sillabubs made at the milking-pail,  
Although they be many, beer comes not in any,  
But all are compos'd with a pot of good ale.

And, in very deed, the hop's but a weed,  
 Brought o'er against law, and here set to sale :  
 He that first brought the hop had reward with a rope,  
 And found that his beer was [more] bitter than ale.

The ancient tales that my grannam hath told  
 Of the mirth she hath had in parlour and hall :  
 How in Christmas-time they would dance, sing, and  
     rhyme,  
 As if they were mad, with a pot of good ale.

Beer is a stranger, a Dutch upstart, come,  
 Whose credit with us sometimes is but small ;  
 But in the records of the Empire of Rome,  
 The old Catholic drink is a pot of good ale.

To the praise of Gambinius, that old British king,  
 Who devis'd for his nation (by the Welshmen's tale)  
 Seventeen hundred years before Christ did spring,  
 The happy invention of a pot of good ale !

But he was a pagan, and ale then was rife ,  
 But after Christ came, and bade us, *All hail !*  
*Saint Tavy was neffer trink peer in her life,*  
*Put awl Callywhiblin* and excellent ale.

All religions and nations. their humours and fashions,  
 Rich or poor, knave or whore, dwarfish or tall,  
 Sheep or shrew, I'll avow, well I know all will bow,  
 If they be but well-steep'd with a pot of good ale.

O ale, *ab alendo*, thou liquor of life !  
 I wish that my mouth were as big as a whale ;  
 But then 'twere too little to reach the least tittle  
 That belongs to the praise of a pot of good ale

Thus many a virtue to you I have showed,  
 And not any vice in all this long tale ;  
 But after the pot there cometh a shot,  
 And that is the blot of a pot of good ale.

Well said, my friend, that blot I will bear ;  
You have done very well, it is time to strike sail ;  
We'll have six pots more, though we die on the score,  
To make all this good of a pot of good ale.

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### *The Combat of the Cocks.<sup>1</sup>*

GO, you tame gallants, you that have the name,  
And would accounted be cocks of the game !  
That have brave spurs to show for't, and can crow,  
And count all dunghill breed that cannot show  
Such painted plumes as yours , that think'st no vice,  
With cock-like lust to tread your cockatrice.  
Though peacocks, woodcocks, weathercocks you be,  
If y' are no fighting cocks, y' are not for me  
I of two feather'd combatants will write ,  
He, that to th' life means to express the fight,  
Must make his ink o' th' blood which they did spill,  
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.

No sooner were the doubtful people set,  
The matches made, and all that would had bet,  
But straight the skilful judges of the play  
Bring forth their sharp-heel'd warriors, and they  
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet,  
Before they di'd, to have their winding-sheet.  
With that in th' pit they are put , and when they were  
Both on their feet, the Norfolk chanticleer  
Looks stoutly at his ne'er-before-seen foe,  
And like a challenger begins to crow,  
And shakes his wings, as if he would display  
His warlike colours, which were black and grey.

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<sup>1</sup> See what is said as to the authorship of this poem in the  
"Account of Randolph."



Meantime the wary Wisbeach walks, and breathes  
His active body, and in fury wreathes  
His comely crest, and, often looking down,  
He whets his angry beak upon the ground :  
With that they meet—not like that coward breed  
Of Æsop, they can better fight than feed.  
They scorn the dunghill, 'tis their only prize  
To dig for pearls within each other's eyes.  
They fight so long, that it was hard to know  
To the skilful whether they did fight or <sup>1</sup> no,  
Had not the blood which dyed the fatal floor  
Borne witness of it ; yet they fight the more,  
As if each wound were but a spur to prick  
Their fury forward : lightning's not more quick  
Nor red than were their eyes 'twas hard to know,  
Whether it was blood or anger made them so.  
And sure they had been out, had they not stood  
More safe by being fenced in by blood  
Yet still they fight, but now (alas !) at length,  
Although their courage be full tried, their strength  
And blood began to ebb. You that have seen  
A water-combat on the sea between  
Two roaring, angry, boiling billows, how  
They march and meet, and dash their curled brows,  
Swelling like graves, as if they did intend  
To entomb each other ere the quarrel end.  
But when the wind is down, and blust'ring weather,  
They are made friends, and sweetly run together—  
May think these champions such, their combs grow  
low,  
And they that leapt even now, now scarce can go.  
Their wings, which lately at each blow they clapp'd  
(As if they did applaud themselves) now flapp'd,  
And having lost the advantage of the heel,  
Drunk with each other's blood, they only reel.

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *no*.

From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,  
 As if they wept them for their funeral.  
 And yet they would fain fight, they come so near,  
 As if they meant into each other's ear  
 To whisper death ; and when they cannot rise,  
 They lie and look blows in each other's eyes.  
 But now the tragic part after the fight,  
 When Norfolk cock had got the best of it,  
 And Wisbeach lay a-dying, so that none,  
 Though sober, but might venture seven to one,  
 Contracting (like a dying taper) all  
 His force, as meaning with that blow to fall,  
 He struggles up, and having taken wind,  
 Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.  
 And now poor Norfolk, having lost his eyes,  
 Fights only guided by th' antipathies.  
 With him (alas !) the proverb<sup>1</sup> holds not true ;  
 The blows his eyes ne'er see his heart most rue.  
 At length, by chance he stumbling on his foe,  
 Not having any power to strike a blow,  
 He falls upon him with a wounded head,  
 And makes his conquer'd wings his feather-bed  
 Where lying sick, his friends were very chary  
 Of him, and fetch'd in haste an apothecary.  
 But all in vain , his body did so blister,  
 That it was incapable of any glyster,  
 Wherefore at length, opening his fainting bill,  
 He call'd a scrivener, and thus made his will.

*Imprimis, Let it never be forgot,  
 My body freely I bequeath to th' pot,  
 Decently to be boil'd, and for its tomb,  
 Let it be buried in some hungry womb.  
 Item, Exccutors I will have none,  
 But he that on my side laid seven to one*

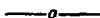
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<sup>1</sup> See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 453

*And like a gentleman that he may live,  
To him and to his heirs my comb I give ;  
Together with my brains, that all may know  
That oftentimes his brains did use to crow.  
Item, It is my will to the weaker ones,  
Whose wives complain of them, I give my stones ,  
To him that's dull, I do my spurs impart,  
And to the coward I bequeath my heart.  
To ladies that are light, it is my will  
My feathers should be given ; and for my bill  
I'd give't a tailor, but it is so short,  
That I'm afraid he'll rather curse me for't !  
And for the apothecary's fee, who meant  
To give me a glyster, let my rump be sent,  
Lastly, because I feel my life decay,  
I yield, and give to Wisbeach cock the day.*



*Oratio praevaricatoria Thomae  
Randolphi. 1632.*



DOMINE Procancellarie, veneranda capita, viri, fratres, et patres, et tota juvenus Attica, ego plurimum salvere jubeo Prævaricatorem. Salve Prævaricator ipsissime, quem ego æque ac me ipsum amo. Scio te esse juvenem formosissimum. nam pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier: hic nomen est. Ego huc attuli dentifrangibulum, ne sales tui mordeant: mordax ingenium semper est jejunum, nihilque appetit perpinguem minervam. Apage caninam facundiam! Fama est Terræ-filos Oxonienses scandali Magnati reos, ita semper gigantes pugnant contra superos! Rumorem istum esse quàm verissimum ego scio me nescire: sed fama est, inquam, eos incarceratos esse; pulchram, herclè! famam nacti sunt. Dicunt etiam suspensos esse istos Terræ-filos. tum Terræ soboles facta est æris progenies. Spes est post auricularem confessionem absolvendos esse; aliter matrem habent, unde sepulturam petant. Tu mi charissime, dilectissime, amicissime ipse, quocumque semper in prosperis gaudeo, in adversis patior, si mecum sentis, quod certè facis,

sedulò cave, ne tam eloquens sis ut mereare Tullianum. Tibi itaque persuadéo : ab omnibus audacioribus dicteris liber sis, memoreris. Sed vereor, ne tibi sit labilis memoria. Sed ut te, ita et me reprimo. Verbum Prævaricatori satis est : vale, mi alter Ego ; vos etiam valet, auditores : Ego abeo. Me-ne abiturum credidistis ? Ego prevaricor. At fidem veram, corona spectatissima, an non saluberri-  
*um consilium mihi dedit ego ? meo quidem iudicio* fuit bonum consilium, certè consultori optimum. Sed bonum consilium scio vobis tædio esse : fiam itaque de novo magister Artium, et sic rursus incipio.

Domine Procancellarie, veneranda capita, viri, fratres, et patres, et tota juvenus Attica, vos etiam consilium (ut aunt) a stulto accipiatis. Dignissime Procancellarie, nisi tu consilus meis pareas, tota Academia, præsertim nostrum sacrarium, multum ingemiscet. moneo itaque et impero autoritate mihi commissâ, ut valeas, te feliciter vivas ; jubeo, ut mihi obtemperes, aut non ridebis amplius. Vos, collegiorum capita amplissima, aliquid hodie mei cerebri accipite. Reverendi Theologiæ Professores, jubeo vos facere quod facitis. si non facitis quod facitis, scio quid facitis—facitis contradictionem, facitis enim quod non facitis. Tu qui Regius es (es etiam Regalis) nolito divitem illam facundiæ venam eripere, cujus variam et multiplicem eloquentiam ipsæ didicerunt scholarum januæ. Tu qui Margaretæ es, tene cum Academiâ unionem, neque nobis invidias gemmam. Jurisperitum Professore humillime obtestor, ut aliquid mihi concedat ex Justiniani Institutionibus, et probabo, etiam per Inductionem, me agnoscere beneficium. Celeberrimum medicum Professore obtestor, ut, si quis nauseabundus jocos nostris stomachabitur, me ab omni crimine purgaret, aut illis daret pharmacum, ut possint concoquere. si non, saltem suum virus evomant. Hebræum professorem admoneo, ut Papista non

evadat, jamdudum enim utitur ignotâ linguâ. Græcæ  
 linguae columnen et decus oro, ut in meam prævarica-  
 tionem non deducat illas, quas melle dulciores inter-  
 pretatur, vespas : ne forsân aliquos pungam, et (ut  
 Periclis oratio) in auditorum animis relinquam aculeos.  
 De Historiæ Professore Tranquillus ero et Tacitus.  
 Pauca jam seriò. Scio gravitatem vestram, viri patres,  
 non esse materiam ludicram. Nunc venio ad Pro-  
 curatores ; æquum non est, ut ad eos veniam semel,  
 qui ad me sæpius quam vellem venerunt ? Senior  
 Procurator, suadeo ut uxorem compares ; pudor est  
 non tot habere filios et nullam legitimum ? Salve <sup>Terraphil, et</sup>  
<sup>Johann.</sup>  
 quoque tu, junior Procurator . tu es in consulatu  
 instar Cæsaris ; ipse agis omnia, nihil audimus de <sup>Gatford,</sup>  
 Bibulo. Cave tu a tonsoribus concessam habent <sup>Jesu et quæq;</sup>  
<sup>imberbia.</sup>  
 auctoritatem jugulandi, si radant tibi barbam. Tu  
 habes barbam per mentalem reservationem : inde  
 patet te esse Jesuitam. Vos, Taxatores, non taxabo ;  
 sed nostra potando pocula parva facitis ; atque—  
 ita vobis sunt similia—non habent capacitatem. At  
 vos habetis capacitatem pecuniæ. Audite me. O,  
 qualis esset Academia, si vinum esset in nullo  
 pretio ! Vestrum, Bedelli, officium est vocare nunc  
 in memoriam totam jocorum congregationem. Præ-  
 lectores alloquor : licet raro videam, nunquam audiam.  
 Cavete vos ab omnibus furtis etiam levioribus ; libri  
 beneficio servari non potestis, nunquam non legitis !  
 Ad vos accedo, magistri uxores habentes et non  
 habentes, magistri uxores regentes et non regentes !  
 Vos, qui uxores non habetis, sedulò curate vestros  
 liberos ; vos qui habetis, curate alienos. Vos,  
 Fœminæ, non verbis, sed osculis salutabo ; mallet  
 non vos tractare clanculùm ? Hesterne Prævaricator,  
 tu mihi ingenium accommodes, si commodè fieri

<sup>Buckley</sup>  
<sup>Johannæ.</sup>

<sup>1</sup> William Tirwhitt published in 1634 a translation of the  
 then popular Letters of Monsieur Balzac.

possit. Tu multos habuisti jocos, plerosque admirabiles et inauditos; multos novos, sed factos ex tempore; multos ipsâ antiquitate venerabiles. Sed ipse, cum sis Wallus, facultate tuæ patriæ nativæ totam eorum prosapiam enarrare potes; ab Æneâ ad Brutum, a Bruto ad Sylvium, a Sylvio ad Caradocam, a Caradoco ad Utherum Pendragonem, ab Uthero Pendragone ad Cadwalliderum et successores—ad Owen, ad Powell, ad Shinkin, ad Shone, et sic ad Buckley.<sup>1</sup> Quanta est hic jocosum generatio! quoniam sunt ex tam antiquâ familiâ, certò certius sunt valde nobiles. Vos qui rostra tenetis, viri prædicabiles, quare tam subito locum illum occupastis? Doctores videtis—illi non tam festinant. Illos ego Phœnices puto, aut nigros cygnos: tam sunt rari in pulpitis. Jam ad vos descendo, qui infra estis ingenium meum, ut fluctuatis! Certè cum alicujus ex vobis faciem intueor, metuo naufragium in mari Rubro; ita luctamini ad sedem meam, ut verear ne aliquis jocus excidat. Vos vocationibus vestris strenuè sudatis; miror ego vos non esse in sublimiori loco, nulla non meteora majores habent exhalationes. Nolite tamen ad cœnam mecum venire; vestri odores non nutriunt. Nunc vos aspicio, qui estis supra sphæram activitatis meæ, vos omnium horarum homines. Ego irascar, si ita me despicitis. Hoc dicam vestræ celsitudini. Nolite bonas horas male collocare; videtis, quam prope estis funibus? Nova campana charitatis altius sonat quam vos, sed nihil de illâ dicam; suas non laudes quotidie sonat? Sed ô tempora! ô mores! incidimus in nova tempora. Liceat mihi paulisper alloqui nobilissimum tempus, habeo quod dicam, quod est alicujus momenti. Tempus est numerosâ famulorum catervâ stipatum: quot Principes et Imperatores, et quot sunt ex Aulicis,

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<sup>1</sup> Probably a member of the family seated then, as now, at Baron Hill, Beaumaris

praesertim Theologis, qui temporis inserviunt. Tu, Tempus, es valde ingeniosum; multos non jocos fecisti heri, et hodiè aliquot facis? Certè ita splendide ornatum es, ut ego credam te esse tempus perfectum, vel plus quam perfectum. Sed vereor ne sis impium, et sine zelo et devotione. Concionatorum est quotidie querela, *Tempus me deficit*, certè, si ita potes facere, potes esse cujushbet Doctoris famulus. Tu a posteriori calvum es; quænam est occasio? Ille qui te posuit, Tonsor fuit, et abrasit crines. Ille tonsor, prout nomen est, dictus est *sacerdos*, oportet non pastorem ecclesiae tondere pecus, non deglubere? Certè hoc tempus est hodiernus Prævaricationum: hoc est tempus jocandi; sed ingenium ejus constat ex minutis. Jam vale, Tempus, ego gaudeo te inventum esse; diu nam perdidisti. Sed jam ad quæstionem. Brevis esse laboro, brevitati studeo; quænam hæc est phrasis? si ego aut laborassem, aut studuissem, non tam essem brevis.

*Veritas in Intellectu fundatur et pendet  
in veritate rei?*

Quæstio.

In ipso limine quæstionis perterrefactus sum. Veritas? Est res periculosa dicere veritatem. Video jam omnium ora in me esse conversa, sed non illinc expecto veritatem. O veritas, quare me fugis? ego te tam vehementer amo, ut non possum loqui. *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* Ego te diu quæsivi, et primum in Cœnopolio; quoniam dicitur: *In vino veritas.* Sed illic nos habemus neque veritatem ad solvendum, neque cauponem ad credendum. In Collegio quæsivi fugit illinc propter sociorum divisiones. Ad Promptuorium accedo: deridet me Promus, dicit tenere falsitatem in capite: nullam esse neque in nostro potu, neque in nostro pane veritatem. Ad Mancipium venio, rogo, Ubinam est



veritas? Veritas? inquit; quodnam est hoc novum ferculi genus! Ad coquum venio: respondet veritatem esse forsitan in igne Elementari, non in Culinari. Tonsorem prehendo; qui, Ne pilos quidem boni viri habeo. Ad Taxatores venio; fatentur se nosse neque ejus naturam, neque pondus. Prælectores video; asserunt se per totum opidum quæsisisse, nec invenisse tamen; fortasse erat in scholis. Aliquis ex Doctoribus—qui nunquam vidit, suspicatus est latere in pulpito. Causidicum appello; Quamnam, inquit, tu causam habes cum appellas veritatem? relegata est hinc per Billam erroris. Nunquam cognosti, at, heus, Ignorame, nunquam-ne vidisti eam? Semel, inquit, in anno 1645<sup>o</sup> ante mundum conditum. Quæro quâ formâ—mulier? Respondet, Formâ pauperis. Iraque rus eo: Agricolam interrogo. Dicit, ego non veritatem, sed agros colo; sed dicam, ubi credo esse. Aut est in hoc oppido, aut vicino, aut in alio, aut in nullo. Ad Academiam revertor; aliquis occurrit ex meis creditoribus, respondet, Procul dubiò veritas est multum in ære alieno; nam æque difficile est illam invenire ac te. Deinde quæsi per omnes scientias. Primò grammaticam exploro; illa dicit veritatem neque esse masculini neque foeminini generis. Putas-ne aliquo casu perisse? Dicit se a veritate declinâsse, quoniam tot habet exceptiones. Deinde logicam; dixit se veritatem quæsisisse in prædicamento, ubi, per omnes causas, *κατὰ πάντας, καὶ αὐτὴ, καθόλου πρῶτον*, neque tamen posse illam demonstrare. Arithmetica nullo habet in numero veritatem, agnoscit se rerum non dicere, sed semper aliquid addere, aut subtrahere, aut multiplicare, et multum hæere in regulâ falsitatis. Metaphysica putat veritatem in suo intellectu Transcendentalem. Geometria arbitratur esse in Terrâ incognitâ. Astrologia dicit Theologiam toto errare cielo. Medicina veritatem non curat;

Probarum est. Scientia naturalis non potuit dare mihi resolutionem quæstionis in materiâ primâ, et concludit esse in vacuo, quia est in nullo loco. Mathematica veritatem negligit, quia veritas non quærit angulos. Tandem ad Philosophos venio. Cynicum postulo : ille putat non esse in terris, sed esse Canem Coelestem. Stoici secundum adagium respondent : Veritas fuit in vino, sed non potuit stare—sic elapsa est. Festino ad Peripateticos ; respondent veritatem illam sectam deseruisse, quoniam defessa fuit ambulando. Scepticum prehendo. Est-ne apud te veritas ? Est et non est ; imo est et non est ; fortasse est, fortasse non est. Per elementa pergo. Pisces interrogo ; muti sunt ; et tamen aqua dixit non posse facile contineri suis terminis. Aer ait, miror te quærere veritatem in elemento tantæ levitatis. Ad ignem vix ausus sum accedere, fuit tanta combustio. Terra gravissimè negat veritatem posse ad suum centrum descendere, quia res nullius est ponderis. Cùm tantum operis perdidissem, quæsivi illam in religione. Loyolam interrogo ; respondet se habere veritatem, sed claudicare : nec esse in cœlis, nec in terris. Juravi ego, non esse in animarum culina, quod dicit Purgatorium. Venio ad Papam dixit in Cathedrâ sua non sedere veritatem, sed infallibilitatem. Ego non credidi, sed tamen testes habuit. Arminium quæro. Respondet, se temporibus inservire, et non curare veritatem, quoniam excidit de gratiâ. Tandem video Puritanum. Frater, tu-ne vidisti veritatem ? respondet : In veritate, non, neque mea conscientia patitur prophanam veritatem agnoscere, quia veritas est conformitas. Semel illam vidi Amsterodami in conspectu tantum objectivo, non formali. Quid faciam ? Tempus, tu mihi filiam tuam ostende. Mirum est ; stultorum, hic omnia plena ; sed aliquis veritatem enarret mihi simplicem, aut vos, ô fœminæ, nudam veritatem ostendite. Sed vos plerumque illam cerusâ, fuco, et minio

occultatis. O mulieres, mulieres, ex quot materiis constant vestrae formae! Sed quam ego stultus! Ego diu fui in quaestione veritatis, et videte, invenio veritatem in quaestione. Jam ad proximum terminum—*In.* In est praepositio, et tamen ego posthabeo. Proximus terminus est *Intellectus*. Alterum mihi peragendum est iter. Ubi inveniam Intellectum! Intellectus est vel practicus, ut Medicorum: vel patiens, ut aegrotantium. Intellectus Procuratoris non est rationalis, quamvis discursivus. Intellectus Aulicorum est in habitu: at Doctorum nuperrimis Comitibus creatorum non fuit in actu, neque in exercitio. Sapientes, pol! homines! ubi argumenta non potuerant solvere, solvebant pecunias. O quanti, quanti constat non disputare! Ego illos Doctores feci. Credidi me scripsisse Comœdiam, et ego scripsi Comitibus; non tot histriones, quam Doctores exierunt. Sed agnosco hominum modestias; erubuerunt in purpurâ. Aliqua ex ipsorum uxoribus, cum audierat maritum Doctorem creatum, dixit gaudens, se iterum iturum ad proximas Nundinas Sturbrigienses ad emendos gradus. Sic duæ nuper felicissimæ Doctorum generationes fuere, ex duabus corruptionibus—æris et secretarii. Sed nolo vobis nimium Intellectus dare. *Fundatur.* Fundare est ante-ædificare. Sed aliqui ex nostris incipientibus, prius quam nati fuerunt Theologiæ fundamenta, sunt ad ædificandum populum. Ego fundabo Collegium in gratiam Bonorum Sociorum: sed, si hoc unquam fundatur, confundatur. Fundabo etiam Monasterium propter sanctimoniales; sed claudam fores, adde ut ne possit Papa ingredi, nisi afferat claves. *Et.* Illud vocabulum commendo foeminis, quia est conjunctio copulativa. *Pendet.* Certè veritas in Intellectu habet optimam causam finalem. Sed pendere est honestum vocabulum: nam omnis sacellanus pendet pro beneficio ab ancillâ patroni;

et tandem pendent simul in laqueo, scilicet in matrimonio: *Uxor narrantis pendet ab ore viri.* Non vobis affero robustas lineas; nam *omnia sunt hominum tenui pendencia filo.* Olim totus terrarum orbis pendebat: nam secundum Ovidium, *Librato pendebat in aere Tellus.* Sed Puritani nolunt pendere; abominantur crucem. Neque vult Prævaricatoris oratio pendere; nam una pars non pendet ab alterâ. *In.* Iterum jacta est alea *in et in;* possum etiam *In.* interdicere. *Veritate.* Aliam invenio veritatem; *Veritate.* sed hæc est in ablativo casu, et veritas debet esse in Recto. *Rei.* Jam ad rem venio Sed ego non *Rei* possum dicere aliquid ad rem. Suspicio cum mulieribus rem habere; nam est in gignendi casu. Res est aliquid. Est vel Comica vel Tragica. Nihil dicam de Tragicâ; non commovebit risum. De re, Comicâ actum est. Illa res Comica, quæ primò ante Regem acta est, *amicos* habuit, sed sine *Rivalibus*<sup>1</sup> Fuit optima Comœdia a priori, sed olet a posteriori. Nunc impressa est. Miror ego ejus hominis stomachum, qui talem librum edere potuit. Ego in illius laudes sic cecini.

Jam sileat *Jack Drum*.<sup>2</sup> taceat miracula *Tom Thumb*,  
 Nec se gigantem jactet *Garagantua* tantum,  
 Nec ferat insanus sua præha *Tamberlanus*,<sup>3</sup>  
 Nec *Palmerinus*,<sup>4</sup> nec strenuus *Albovinus*<sup>5</sup>  
 Se quondam ratus sapientem *Tom Coriatus*,  
 Et *Don Quichotte* dicit, sum nunc idiota!

<sup>1</sup> Referring to Hausted's "Rival Friends"

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to "Jack Drum's Entertainment," 1601. The other references to popular tales and heroes of fiction are very curious

<sup>3</sup> Randolph had probably in his mind Marlowe's "Tamberlane," first printed in 1590.

<sup>4</sup> "Palmerin of England," a well-known romance

<sup>5</sup> Alluding, I suppose, to Davenant's play on Albion, King of the Lombards, 4<sup>th</sup>, 1629

Nunc metuit *dia* divortia *Technogamia* :  
 Insignis *Pericles* non audet tam *celebres* res.  
 Impiger *Orlando* jam non est tam *furiato* ;  
 Non te, *Jeronyme*, cogemus surgere lecto.<sup>1</sup>  
 Nemo dicat jam prudentes pascere *Gotham*  
 Namqu'est doctorum comœdia scripta virorum.  
 Quis superat cunctas (tanta est *fiducia*!) laudes  
 Et jam securum petit post *prius* prælium  
 Ignavum fucus pecus est, petit illico lucos ;  
 Et factus blancum non saltat prinkum prankum.  
 Dicunt hoc puerile *Odium* vicisse *Senile*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Hic est sensus non, et possis ludere *checkstone*.  
 Jam peracta est Fabula—Plaudite.

<sup>1</sup> In reference to the famous passage in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," Hazlitt's Dodsley, x. 54

<sup>2</sup> A reference to his friend Hausted's Latin drama, entitled "Senile Odium," 12°, 1633

THE END

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